THE LITERARY DIGEST
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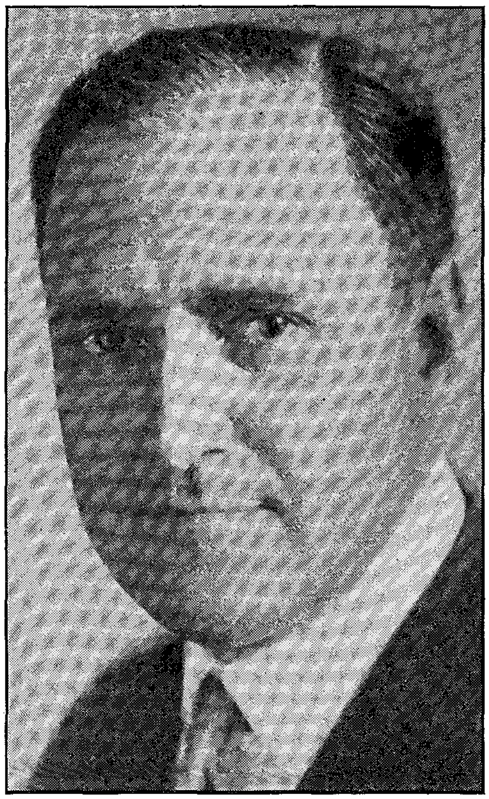
TOPICS ▼ OF ▼ THE ▼ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE COAL STRIKE WON BY THE PUBLIC

THE HERO of the coal-strike settlement is a tall, broad-shouldered, black-haired, clean-shaven, prognathous hard-coal operator who, until a week before its dramatically sudden ending, had played no part at all in this bitter and long-drawn-out controversy. Even during that last week, when his tireless efforts as a go-between were gradually bringing the miners and operators to an agreement despite their avowedly irreconcilable differences, the peace-making activities of Richard F. Grant were entirely unsuspected by the press and the public. Yet it is due chiefly to this man, spokesmen of both sides agree, that a five-year truce has been established in the hard-coal industry that, as Governor Pinchot says, "will restore prosperity to the anthracite region and bring relief and comfort to millions of American homes." And while the settlement, which reveals Mr. Grant as a new figure in American affairs, wins praise from both the operators and the miners, the real victor in the controversy, editorial observers generally agree, is the anthracite-using public. But before discussing the profit and loss of the longest and most costly strike in the history of the industry, let us glance at the dramatic story of its ending.

When Richard F. Grant, of Cleveland, took a hand in the controversy on Saturday, February 6, it had already dragged along for more than five months, the latest conference having resulted, like its predecessors, in a deadlock, both sides stoutly declaring that there was no hope of a compromise. What was accomplished by a dynamic personality in five days is thus narrated in a Philadelphia dispatch to the New York *Times:*



"LET US HAVE PEACE"

Another Grant ends another war. Richard F. Grant, who made the miners and operators bury the hatchet.

"Complete credit for the initiation of a settlement on terms which both sides would accept goes to Richard F. Grant, president of the Susquehanna Collieries Company and vice-president of the M. A. Hanna Company of Cleveland.

"Up to last Saturday, [February 6] Mr. Grant had taken no part whatever in the strike. As a practical business man (he was president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States last year), Mr. Grant had no faith in the politicians. He waited until the politicians eliminated themselves and then acted.

"Last Saturday, he had his first long talk with Major Inglis, chairman of the operators' negotiating committee, in Scranton. He was familiar with the proceedings and had his own views on what form a settlement should take, but he knew that he was confronted by a condition and not a theory.

"Scranton is an hour from Wilkes-Barre, where President Lewis of the Miners' Union had his headquarters. Mr. Grant saw Mr. Lewis Tuesday. The conversation was earnest on both sides. It lasted seven hours.

"On Wednesday, Mr. Grant saw Samuel D. Warriner, president of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, in this city. Mr. Warriner has been declared by the miners to be the 'man behind the operators' committee.' The conversation was a long step toward the climax of Mr. Grant's efforts. Mr. Warriner was wary, and just as vigorous as Mr. Grant.

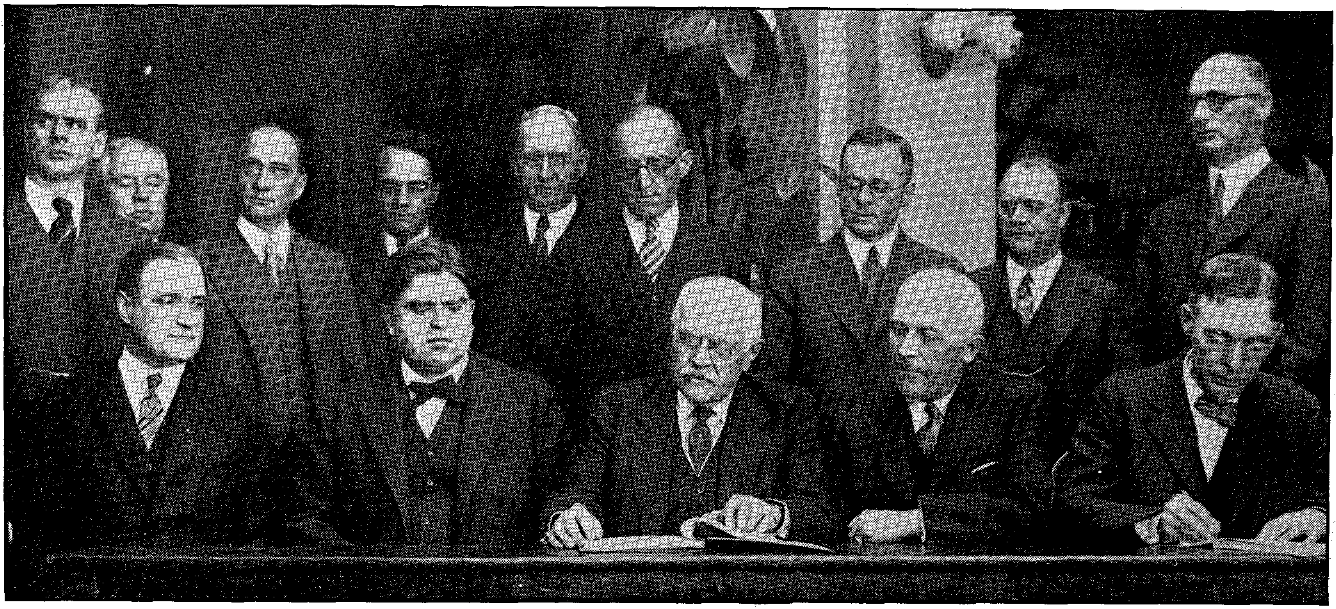
"But in the end the strongest man in the industry yielded to the persuasion of Mr. Grant. The latter's legal training helped. Next day, Thursday, the members of the anthracite operators' conference arrived here. They slipt into the city secretly. Their presence leaked out in the afternoon, when it was discovered that Mr. Lewis and his negotiating committee of six were here.

"Mr. Grant went back and forth between the two sides. He began with no plan, a procedure adopted by him because the politicians all came to grief when they presented plans. It was a case of 'cut and deal.' Slowly but surely he whittled down the differences that separated the parties in the controversy. Sleep meant nothing to him. He remained with Mr. Lewis until four o'clock yesterday morning, and after forty winks and a bath he continued doggedly. Three nights he went without sleep.

"Everything depended on secrecy. It took Mr. Grant two hours to leave the room of one of the negotiators without discovery by reporters. A most elaborate code was arranged for him.

"In the end Mr. Grant won. His was a personal victory that is not disputed by either side, tho the conclusion is not as satisfactory for the operators as they had hoped, for the settlement meant that they gave up their most cherished wish—for arbitration as a permanent method of breaking deadlocks and avoiding suspensions.

"Mr. Grant's weapons were a forceful, driving personality and the facts. He knew the strength of the miners. He knew that despite wide-spread advertising of the supposed plight of the coal-digger, their resources were such that they could hold out for a year at least. He was aware that after five months of strike the bank deposits in the 500 square miles of anthracite territory, perhaps the richest area of that size in the United States, had shrunk but 10 per cent. Silk-mills in the large cities and industries in other centers employed strikers' sons and daughters.



International Newsreel photograph

SIGNING UP FOR FIVE YEARS OF PEACE IN THE ANTHRACITE INDUSTRY

Seated, from the reader's left to right, are: R. F. Grant (credited with bringing about the agreement), John L. Lewis (president of the United Mine Workers), Alvan Markle (who presided at the conference), W. W. Inglis (chief spokesman for the operators), and H. A. Gorman (secretary). Standing behind them are other representatives of miners and operators, including at the extreme right J. B. Warriner, a leading operator.

> "In effect, Mr. Grant said to the operators: 'The miners will never agree to give up the right to strike. They will not grant arbitration.' He spoke of the tremendous financial burdens of the operators up to date. He won the confidence of the miners. But he does not lay claim to having settled the strike."

Mr. Grant, who is a Republican, declares that the success of his efforts to end the strike were due in great part to "the great common sense and wisdom of President Coolidge" in refusing to intervene, despite pressure from the Senate. The "White House spokesman," Washington correspondents tell us, disclaims any credit in the matter.

The long-drawn-out anthracite strike was the result of the expiration of a two-year contract on August 31, 1925, and the failure to reach a new agreement by negotiation before that date. The representatives of the miners, headed by John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, asked for a 10 per cent. increase in tonnage rates, $1 a day more for day workers, the check-off, a two-year contract, and certain minor concessions. The operators, whose chief spokesman was W. W. Inglis, declared that they would not consider any demands that would increase the cost of coal, and suggested the submission of differences to arbitration. Negotiations were twice begun and then broken off.

Finally, on February 11, the representatives of the two sides agreed to end the strike by resuming work under the terms of the expired contract, which is to be kept in force until August 31, 1930, with certain modifications. These provide that after January 1, 1927, not more than once a year either side may propose changes in the wage scales; that failure to agree on such proposed changes shall call for the appointment of a board of two men to make a final decision. In choosing this board, the operators are to name three men and the miners three, none of them connected with the coal business. Then, the operators are to take one man from the miners' list and the miners one man from the operators' list to make up the board. In case the two men can not agree, they are empowered to enlarge the Board to an odd number, in which event a majority vote is to be binding.

The miners' demand for the check-off and the operators' desire for increased production on the part of the workers are both said to be provided for in the following sentence: "The demands of the operators and mine workers on the question of cooperation and efficiency are referred to the Board of Conciliation, exclusive of the umpire, which shall work out a reciprocal program of cooperation and efficiency." Equalization of wages is also left to this Board, a permanent body in the anthracite industry, established after the Roosevelt strike settlement in 1902.

The agreement made at Philadelphia on February 11 resulted in the official end of the strike on February 16, when the miners in convention assembled ratified the agreement. At the convention Pres. John L. Lewis said that "the operators fully understand that 'cooperation' means, on our part, that we will try to reduce costs; on their part, that they will grant the check-off."

Thus ended the strike which had begun on September 1. Its five months and sixteen days of existence made it the longest as well as the costliest strike on record. The newspapers remind us that it is only one in a long series of anthracite strikes during the last quarter century. Most of these strikes, it will be recalled, resulted in increased wages for the miners. During this twenty-five-year period miners and operators twice managed to draw up new wage contracts without suspension of work.

"The public wins," exclaims the Chicago *Journal of Commerce;* and *The Evening Post* of the same city agrees that "the coal-using public has been the big victor in the dispute" since "the anthracite industry, in both its worker and its operator phases, has been disillusioned as to its dictatorship." This view of the strike settlement as one in which only the public wins is shared by many editors, who point out that the miners did not get the wage increase they demanded and the operators did not win their fight for compulsory arbitration, but that the public won its independence of anthracite by learning to use such substitutes as coke, soft coal, gas and oil. This point is emphasized by such New York papers as *The Herald Tribune, Sun, Times, Wall Street Journal* and *Wall Street News;* Boston *News Bureau,* Springfield *Union,* Newark *News,* Washington *Post,* and Springfield *Republican.* As the Boston *News Bureau* sees it, the settlement is a victory not only for the public, but for "the no-strike principle." In the New York *Sun* we read:

> "The anthracite strike is one strike that has been settled by the public.
>
> "Euphemistic phrases will be used in an attempt to explain what has happened and at the same time to save as many faces as is possible. But back of all the soft and soothing words is the hard fact that in this endurance race, which has been going on

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since September, the public, the operators and the miners have finished in the order named.

"Of all the blunders that precipitated this unnecessary contest the first and greatest was that of underestimating the public intelligence and the public endurance. The public very wisely concluded that the strike was a desperate attempt to enable the tail to wag the dog—to turn the highly organized and well-disciplined anthracite field into a battle-ground on which to fight out all the woes of the coal industry as a whole.

"Such tactics might have been effective in former times—were actually effective. But the common welfare is not so dependent on anthracite as it used to be. This time the public knew it could depend on substitute fuels—soft coal, coke, oil—and while it might be inconvenienced, it would not be frozen. It refused to be stampeded, as it had been stampeded before."

In the Newark *News* we are reminded that—

"Hitherto coal strikes have been in effect strikes of operators and miners against the public in an effort to make that public pay a higher price for coal. This time the consumer balked.

"The public has won, helped somewhat by the relatively mild weather of the first half of the winter. The fight has ended expensively for both contenders. It remains for those who fought to pay for the damage. The consumer will not foot the bill, and any attempt to make him do so will be met by the same recourse which kept him out of the fight—substitutes. He has learned he can get along without their precious—too precious—services. That knowledge is going to be useful hereafter."

For both the miners and the operators, however, the result is "a peace without victory," says a Washington correspondent of the New York *World;* and the Springfield *Union* points out that through loss of wages and loss of profits both sides have been heavy losers. Yet the spokesmen for both sides profess themselves pleased with the settlement. Says Pres. John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers:

"The settlement is satisfactory and constructive. It assures stability and continuous operation for a five-year period, which is the longest agreement ever made in the coal industry.

"It does not contain the principle of arbitration for which the operators have been contending, but it does provide machinery for the exercise of reason in the industry.

"The wage schedules of the expired [illegible] are continued for five years unless changed by mutual consent of the representatives of both parties; both sides are thus given full protection.

"It is the dawn of a new era in the anthracite industry, and both operators and miners should make the most of the opportunity which is given them."

Since the terms were indorsed by the 700 delegates to the Tri-District Convention of the United Mine Workers with only two dissenting votes, President Lewis's view of the settlement seems to be shared by the miners. The agreement was reached on Mr. Lewis's forty-sixth birthday, and in honor of the event the chairman of the anthracite operators' negotiating committee sent him, we read in the dispatches, "a huge basket of roses." Perhaps this incident gives color to the belief of Secretary of Labor Davis that the settlement "marks a departure in the relations between capital and labor that may and should prove permanent."

Turning to the operators' side, we find Samuel D. Warriner, chairman of the Anthracite Operators' Conference, declaring himself "intensely gratified" that the strike is ended, and expressing the hope that any bitterness it may have engendered will soon pass away. In a statement to the press he says further:

"Out of the strike and misunderstanding there has been obtained an assurance of five years of peace. During that time the public is guaranteed a regular, dependable supply of anthracite.

"Production will be resumed at the earliest possible date. . . . It is then expected that the recognized producers of anthracite will maintain normal winter prices for domestic sizes. It is also expected that the retail trade will maintain normal margins, so that our customers may not suffer from profiteering."

Press comment from the anthracite-producing section of Pennsylvania also sounds a note of gratification. "Since this agreement does much toward curing the strike evil, our joy for the miners and our anticipation of their future prosperity are boundless," says the Scranton *Republican.* "The miners have successfully established the principle of no wage-reduction, and it is not probable that the mine-owners will ever attempt such a reduction again," thinks the Pottsville *Republican.*

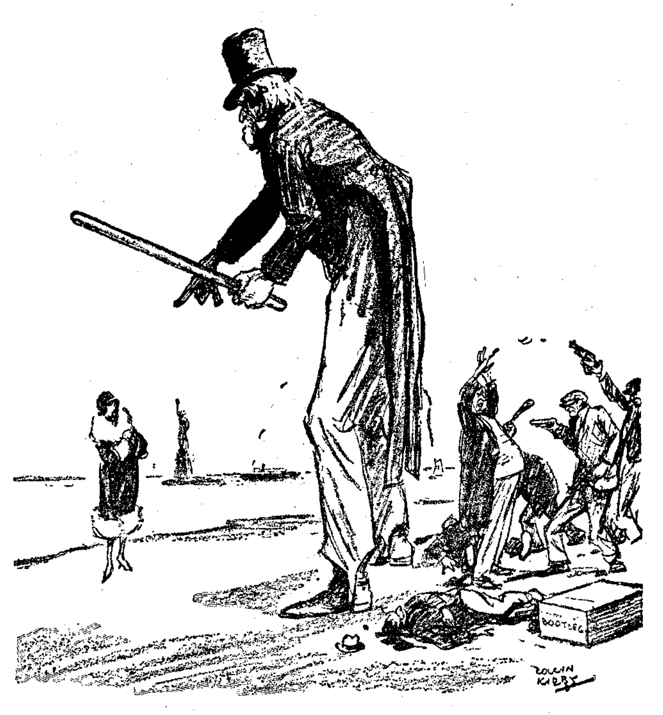
Photograph from Wide World

HANDS EAGER FOR THE PICK

Anthracite miners celebrating the news of the end of the long strike, which had involved a total loss of $1,150,000 in wages, and had brought business in the anthracite region to the verge of bankruptcy.

AMERICA SAVED FROM "TURPITUDE"

"MORAL TURPITUDE" becomes one of the popular phrases of the day, grave and reverend Senators in Washington loudly discuss the double standard of morals, and British and Canadian papers cry to high heaven against American hypocrisy, because a British Countess runs afoul of one of our immigration laws and is detained at Ellis Island. The personalities involved in the Cathcart-Craven case, whose pictures and statements have been enlivening the newspaper pages this month, seem to interest editors throughout the country rather less than the permanent principles involved.



WHY NOT LOOK BEHIND?
—Kirby in the New York *World*.

The stupidity of our officials and of our regulations is asserted in one place; the narrow-mindedness and unsportsmanlike qualities of Uncle Sam are proclaimed in another; again and again appear newspaper denunciations of national Pharisaism, sanctimoniousness and hypocrisy; and along with them are milder reflections on the validity of our private and public codes of morality. The apparent distinction drawn between the Countess of Cathcart and her one-time paramour rouses to wrath both leaders of women's rights organizations and newspaper writers. And there is at least one paper which calls attention to the coincidence that the Countess Cathcart and her moral turpitude arrive on our shores "just at the moment when publishers are coming to grips over her memoirs."

Just enough of the story to enable readers to understand the lessons that are being drawn from it may be summarized from the voluminous narratives and interviews that appeared in the New York papers during the middle of the month. It seems that Vera, Countess of Cathcart, left her elderly husband and eloped with the young Earl of Craven, himself a married man. The Earl of Cathcart secured a divorce from the Countess in 1922, the Earl of Craven figuring as corespondent. The Earl of Craven was subsequently reconciled to his wife, with whom he came to this country last fall. On February 10, the Countess of Cathcart arrived at New York, her purpose, according to the dispatches, being to make certain negotiations with New York publishers and play producers. She was first detained on the liner, and then sent to Ellis Island to appear before a board of inquiry. According to Immigration Commissioner Curran, the Countess "was excluded by the board because she admitted the commission of a crime involving moral turpitude and adultery." She appealed from the decision to the Secretary of Labor. The law involved in the case reads as follows:

> "Any alien who has been convicted of, or who has admitted the commission prior to entry of a crime involving moral turpitude may be excluded after admittance within five years."

Protests against the exclusion of the Countess in view of the fact that the Earl of Craven was freely admitted last fall led to an examination of the Earl by a representative of the Ellis Island authorities, the issuance of a warrant for him, and his flight to Canada.

At once "the militant leaders of the single-standard crusade in this country, as well as in England," writes Robert T. Small from Washington to the Baltimore *Sun*, were "up in arms over the situation and threatening all sorts of dire reprisals against the man-made laws." For instance, representatives of the National Woman's party went to Secretary of Labor Davis to "demand that the law should be enforced in a way that does not discriminate against women." A group of prominent New York women protested to Secretary Davis. According to Miss Alice Paul, leader of the Woman's party, "this action of the immigration authorities shows clearly the need for writing into the Constitution the principle of equal rights between men and women." Mr. Ralph Neale, fiancé of Countess Cathcart, appealing to the women of America, declared that the question at issue "concerns each and every woman, apart from her nationality." Thus, we read in one of Robert T. Small's Consolidated Press dispatches, the Countess became "more than a mere visitor—an issue."

Perhaps the commonest editorial view of the whole affair is that it is a sample of the muddle-headedness of officialdom. The Philadelphia *Record* finds four reasons why the Countess should not have been held up by the "moral turpitude" clause:

> "First, the phrase 'moral turpitude' was undoubtedly used by the framers of the law to indicate that mere political offenses should not operate to exclude applicants for admission. Second, neither the laws of her own country nor of this recognize that marital infidelity impairs in the remotest degree the civil rights of an offender, the most fundamental of those rights being liberty of travel. Third, it is officially acknowledged that her exclusion rests solely upon her frank admission of the facts; if she had chosen to deny them, all the power of the Government could not have prevented her entry. And fourth, the immigration authorities admitted without question, not three months ago, the man who was her partner in the illicit and temporary relation."

In an editorial entitled "Official Dunces," the New York *World* points out that:

> "Neither the Countess nor the Earl has been convicted of any crime. They were, respectively, the respondent and corespondent in a civil divorce action, and, however much they may have sinned they are under no obligation to admit that they are criminals. They are not criminals.
>
> "An administration which works in this fashion is contemptible. The officials who conduct it are contemptible. Their stupidity, their hypocrisy, their utter lack of sense of justice, is galling. The cost of such administration to the people of the United States is immeasurable. For it represents us to all the world as a nation of Pharisees, of hypocrites and of self-satisfied fools."

"Has our decadent Puritanism carried us so far," asks the Hartford *Times*, "that we must maintain a staff of investigators to snoop into the private lives of the visiting ladies?" "Something of the same sort happened a year or two ago," the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* recalls, "when Luis Angel Firpo was allowed to land, while a Cuban lady who accompanied him from Havana, was excluded." The law which was invoked in the Cathcart case, comments the Washington *Star*, "is aimed at those who upon entry into the United States might menace the public morals or become public charges. Its invocation against an individual who can not conceivably do either is unwarranted by any consideration." This Washington daily and the Louisville *Courier-Journal* protest vigorously against what seemed to be an official adoption of the double standard of morals, altho the Brooklyn *Eagle* declares that the officials "are simply following the standards of actual society, which are the standards of all Christendom's society":

> "The woman pays. The man goes scot-free. Her name touched by scandal is tabu in the drawing-rooms where he is welcome. However, men do not make these social conventions. Women make them. When women reject the double standard of turpitude, things will be different, and not before."

To many of our papers it seems that our Government's attitude on the subject of morality as displayed in the Cathcart case savors of hypocrisy. As the Brooklyn *Citizen* explains:

> "It certainly takes nerve for this country, with the highest percentage of divorces of any country in the world, to bar out any foreigner, whether a Countess or an humble mechanic, on the ground of 'moral turpitude.'"

The holding up of the divorced Countess, in the opinion of the Omaha *World-Herald*, "represents the apotheosis of national hyprocrisy by the side of which the Pharisaism of the Volstead Law, Mann Act, post-office censorship, and the thousand other pretensions to a rigid morality, local and national, fade into trivialities":

> "The real offense of the Countess lies not in the fact that she had her year in paradise, but that she was honest about it. Had she chosen to dissimulate, she would have been welcomed to a country where multitudes of men and women are doing surreptitiously what she did openly."

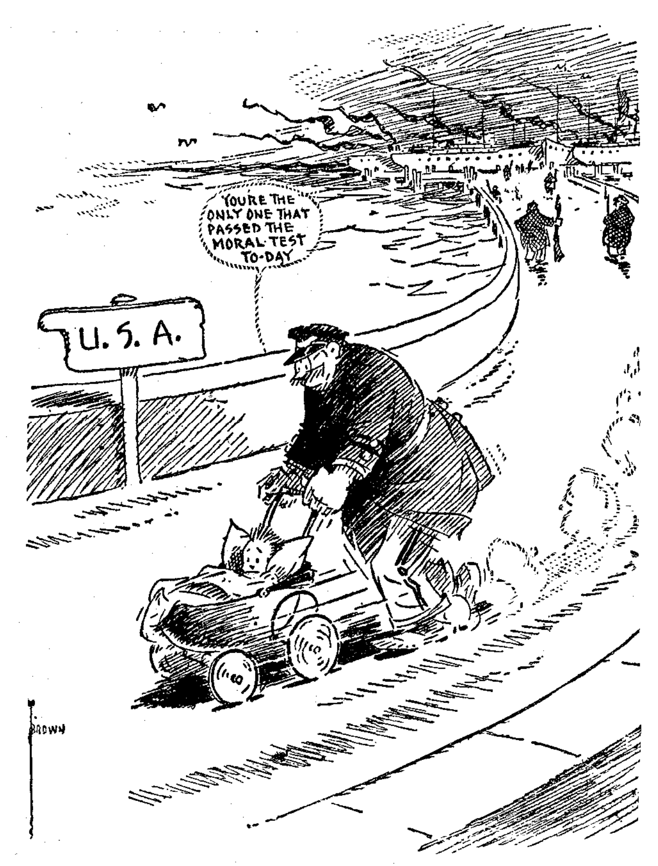
While our own papers exclaim over our national hypocrisy as exhibited in the Cathcart case, critically inclined foreigners have been quick to take advantage of the opportunity. The London *Evening Standard* thinks "it may provoke a smile to compare the moral standards of Ellis Island with those of Hollywood, and to reflect that the land which permits so much freedom in matrimonial readjustment within its own borders should be so squeamish concerning the divorces of foreigners." In the future, predicts the London *Daily Express*, "no divorced woman can visit America without facing the possibility or, indeed, the certainty of being subjected to cross-examination on her moral turpitude; there are many distinguished persons in Europe who could not undergo the ordeal." The London *Star* hears of American divorces "in which the details are quite as lurid as any which come before our courts. And one of the first things which divorced Americans do seems to be to make a honeymoon trip to London or Paris," and the London *Daily Express* says:

> "Victims of matrimonial mistakes are sufficiently penalized to be in any need of further punishment than that which courts of law inflict. No Government can embroil itself in such a matter under pain of incurring the resentment and contempt of the whole civilized world."

And nearer to our borders the Vancouver *Sun* vehemently denounces the United States as "The World's Prize Hypocrite":

> "For the United States, the home of divorce, where the breaking of marriages has become a great industry, to hold up its official hands in holy horror at the 'moral turpitude' of Lady Cathcart is nothing but rank hypocrisy. America has more official prudery and more private immodesty than any other country on earth. In short, the official hypocrisy of the United States is becoming offensive, and all that offensive hypocrisy seems to be concentrated in this Cathcart case."

The Springfield *Republican* thinks that "perhaps the wisest course to pursue is to have the immigration officials make no inquiries into sex crimes or sex morals." Yet it concludes that "no overflowing sympathy need be spent on foreign visitors, however highly placed in society, whose escapades do violence to proper legal and social safeguards." This note is sounded even more strongly by the Raleigh *News and Observer*, which, in an editorial entitled "Let Such Women Stay Out," insists that "we have enough divorcees and other undesirable women in this country without letting down the bars for others." America, says the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph*, "is the traditional land of refuge for the opprest, but not an asylum for those not in accord with America's principles and ideals." And the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, remembering the exclusion of the young woman who accompanied the prize-fighter Firpo to this country, says "there is no more valid reason why the Countess should be allowed to enter the country than there was in the case of Firpo's paramour; there can be no vindication of a course that would exclude the paramour of a prize-fighter and admit the paramour of an Earl."


YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THAT PASSED THE MORAL TEST TO-DAY
U.S.A.
BROWN

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IF IMMIGRATION LAWS BECOME ANY STRICTER

—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Finally, we have the Baltimore *Evening Sun* calling attention to what it calls "the silver linings," which it sees behind the clouds of embarrassment and discomfort which were piled on the Countess of Cathcart:

> "Verily, virtue is its own reward and the wages of sin run into large figures. Some one has said: Confess your sins and there will be a check in the morning mail from a confessional magazine. It might have been added that achieving some personal publicity at the moment when the confession is to become literature has a pleasing effect on the value of the publishing rights, with a corresponding inflation of the check. Of course, it is a mere coincidence that the Countess Cathcart arrives at Ellis Island, moral turpitude and all, just at the moment when publishers are coming to grips over her memoirs. But even so, it is an interesting coincidence."

WANTED: A DEMOCRATIC PROGRAM

THE POLITICAL HONEYMOON in Washington, now that World Court and tax-revision matters have been disposed of by the Senate, is over, according to dispatches from the capital. These were the chief measures of the Coolidge legislative program, and were passed by the Senate only through strong support from the Democratic side. But from now on, observes more than one editorial writer and political correspondent, there is to be war in Washington between the Democratic organizations in the Senate and House and the Coolidge Administration. In fact, the skirmishing between the two political armies has begun. For this is the year when Congressional elections are held, and, as usual, the party in power is being made the target of an assault.

The first definite program for the rehabilitation of the Democratic party, says Charles Michelson in a Washington dispatch to the influential New York *World* (Dem.), was the recent Democratic gathering at the Washington residence of Senator Walsh, of Montana. The Democratic situation, we are told, was thoroughly canvassed, with the idea of formulating important issues for the 1926 campaign and bringing about unity of action. One of the guests was Franklin D. Roosevelt, who managed Governor Smith's preconvention campaign in 1924, and who, if his health permits, may be the next Democratic candidate for Governor of New York. Said Mr. Roosevelt after the dinner:

> "It seems almost inevitable that there will follow a meeting of the National Democratic Committee in the spring for the definite purpose of planning an active campaign of education throughout the country on party policies and the reasons therefor. This is the first step in the Congressional campaign. And of course steps will be taken to place the National Committee on a firm business basis."

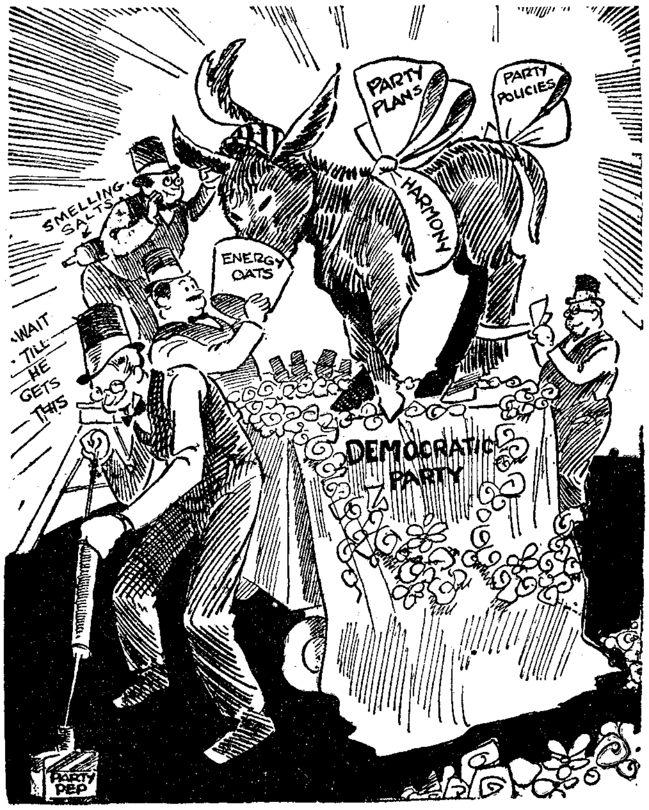
While it would have been poor political strategy to announce the policy of the Democratic offensive several months ahead of the "zero hour," Mr. Michelson tells us in a second dispatch that—

> "The present intention is to devote most of the legislative effort to the tariff, linking it up with the farmers' troubles, and to agree on a definite agricultural measure; and, most disturbing of all to the Administration, to oppose the Italian debt settlement. This program is, of course, tentative as yet, but the harmony hunters think they will be able to get the Senate and House delegations solidly behind all three propositions.
>
> "The program slants importantly in the direction of co-operation with the insurgent Republicans, for they have already indicated their distaste for the Italian settlement."

It seems, moreover, that in future the Democratic party will ignore, as much as possible, controversial questions. Says *The World* editorially of the party's latest policy:

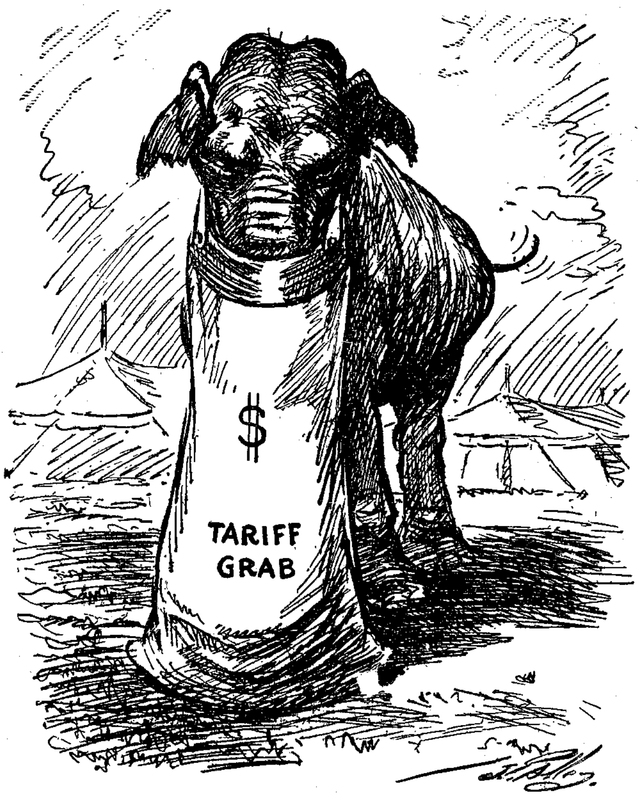
> "It has been the chief characteristic of the Democratic party in recent years that it fought most over what it least agreed on. There is no reason why it should continue so to fight, and plenty of other things for it to do. It is necessary for the Democratic party not only to agree that it will not fight over issues which hopelessly divide it, but also necessary for it to find something that it can fight for without wrangling, and be certain that the issue really matters.
>
> "The Democratic party is off on a better tack when, under the leadership of Senator Walsh, it examines the record of the Department of Justice in its aluminum investigation, and when, under the leadership of Representative Hull, it turns Mr. Hoover's rubber flurry inside out, and points out the logical consequences of a trade war fought with tariffs.
>
> "The most useful services which the Democratic party has performed have consisted of its efforts to oppose domination of the Government by corporate wealth. The most useful services which it can perform to-day lie in the same direction. The party has its opportunities. Misuse of the Federal commissions; failure to enact such legislation as is carried in the Coal Commission's plans, apparently for fear of treading on the toes of corporate interests; the worst tariff in the country's history—these things invite the interest of the Democratic party and call on it for leadership."

Another Democratic paper, the Brooklyn *Eagle*, remarks that



GETTING READY FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL PAGEANT

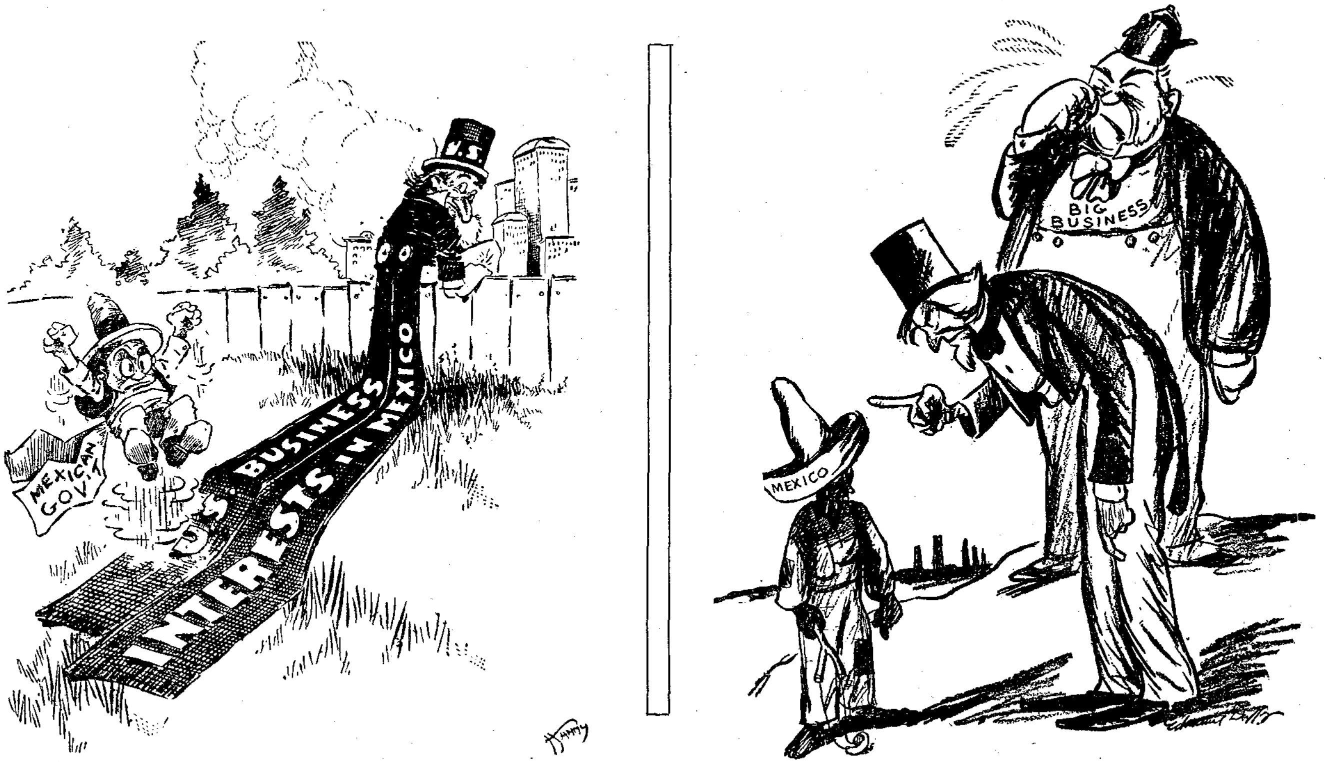
—Donahey in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.



THE FEED-BAG

—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*.

POLITICAL FODDER FOR MAUD AND BOLIVAR



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HUNTING TROUBLE

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

PROTECTING THE WEAK

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*.

TWO VIEWS OF THE MEXICAN RUMPUS

"out of the gathering at Senator Walsh's home comes a hope that the Senate Democrats and House Democrats will begin to work in harmony. The Walsh move is a step forward."

Here and there in the solid rank of Democratic dailies, however, harmony seems to be missing. All is not serene, it appears, in Democratic editorial sanctums; the 1926 campaign is not yet won. In fact, declares the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.):

> "The Democratic statesmen who put their legs under Senator Walsh's table and discust the policies by which the Democrats may win the next Congress elections, might just as well have predicted the weather of the Tuesday after the first Monday in November. Issues are born, not made. If no unexpected ones leap up in the next few months, the general wisdom or folly of the Democrats in Congress, provided the Republicans and Mr. Coolidge make no gross blunders, is likely to be the chief Democratic hope or despair."

The great fault to be found with Democratic leaders in the Senate and House, maintains Frank R. Kent, Washington correspondent of the independent Democratic Baltimore *Sun*, is that "after Congress has been in session three months, the minority party still is without a definite policy on a single public question. Furthermore, the Walsh conference was entirely futile so far as finding a unifying and effective issue is concerned." The future of the Democratic party, asserts the Democratic Boston *Globe*, "seems to depend upon three conditions: The elimination of the rival cliques that disrupted the Madison Square Garden convention; the formation of real issues that will reveal to the voters a different set of principles from those represented by the Republican party; and emergence of effective leadership." As the Louisville *Herald-Post* (Ind. Dem.) declares:

> "The truth is, the plight of the Democratic party remains almost exactly as it was the day John W. Davis was nominated for President. In the Democratic party to-day there are two strong men—McAdoo and Smith. They fought each other to death in New York in 1924; they are strong enough to do the same thing in 1928. Unite these two men and their followings, and there is a Democratic party; keep them divided, and the Republicans will win without exerting themselves. That is the whole story, and no Democratic conference can alter it."

THE MEXICAN CACTUS

PRESIDENT CALLES, OF MEXICO, observes the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, "is now out in the open." In a three-column interview obtained by L. C. Speers, special correspondent of the New York *Times*, and approved by the Mexican President, we are told for the first time by the Executive himself what the Mexican Government's attitude is toward foreign criticism of its newly promulgated land and oil laws. Prior to 1917, it will be recalled, Mexican law recognized that the owner of land also owned whatever petroleum or mineral deposits might lie beneath the surface. Article 27 of the 1917, or Carranza, Constitution, about which the "Mexican controversy" has centered, provides that, regardless of the ownership of any given tract of land, the oil and other mineral deposits beneath the surface belong to Mexico. This article would thus deny recognition of legally acquired rights under the old law to these deposits, and would make the denial retroactive.

Much criticism has come from the United States government officials, and from American citizens who believe their property rights below the Rio Grande are in danger. President Calles, notes the Louisville paper, instead of evading the questions put to him by the *Times* correspondent—questions relating to the recently enacted laws, and to rumors that the present deadlock between the United States and Mexican Governments might result in severed diplomatic relations—"answers them frankly." Furthermore, we are told, this is the first statement of any kind whatever given to the press from the Executive office at Mexico City.

The Mexican "situation," briefly, is as follows: Our State Department maintains that an agreement was made by which the Mexican Government would not violate American property rights in Mexico, and that it was upon the strength of this agreement that recognition was granted. To the intimation that recognition may be withdrawn because of the so-called retroactive clauses in the recently promulgated land and oil laws, President Calles replies that he will not be scared off by any such threats. Meanwhile, notes the Newark *News*, "the deadlock between the two

Governments grows tighter." In the words of General Calles, the position of the Mexican Government in the controversy involving the alien land and petroleum laws is "absolutely unchanged." But he points to a rift in the cloud. "I tell you absolutely that these laws are neither retroactive nor confiscatory," because they still lack the executive regulations necessary to carry them out, and hence they present "an incomplete legal situation," he told the special correspondent of the New York *Times*. *Portia* seems to have a worthy successor here, likewise the famous candidate who favored the law, but was "agin' its enforcement." As the situation now stands, it will take, to use the words of a prominent American at the Mexican capital, "the best statesmanship of both the United States and Mexico to reach a settlement that will make possible the continuance of diplomatic relations." Said President Calles:

> "In all my statements since the election in the campaign that brought me to the Presidency of Mexico, I have clearly exprest that the tendencies of my Government would be, as they have been, directed toward the benefit of the great masses of the population of Mexico without neglecting the rights and legitimate interests of any social class.
>
> "To affirm that we follow in Mexico any exotic proceedings in government and methods and doctrines not authorized by the constitutional charter is simply ridiculous. The Constitution of 1917 in clear words establishes our system of government. Not a single case could be pointed out in which proceedings this Government has gone beyond constitutional boundaries.
>
> "I insist, however, upon the fact that a sense of elementary justice and the unavoidable social and economic needs of our country bind the Mexican Government fundamentally to procure the economic liberation of the Mexican proletariat for the development and prosperity of Mexicans as a whole. But this attitude does not imply an abandonment of or an attack upon the legitimate interests of the privileged classes.
>
> "The law regulating paragraph 1, Article 27, of the Constitution, improperly called *ley de extranjeria*, and the regulating law of the same article concerning oil, are not yet perfected, because, in the process of enactment and enforcement, Mexican laws are still lacking the regulations the Executive has to issue. Therefore, I think that the stand taken by the American Government, of considering the so-called land and oil laws retroactive and confiscatory, is based on the impression of an incomplete legal situation."

To quote from another Mexico City dispatch tending to show the seriousness of the present situation:

> "The repeated statement of the Mexican Government—that it is resolved to maintain the position that it has power to legislate as it sees fit and that the new laws recently passed by Congress are not in any way affecting foreign, especially American, interests—and the firm stand by the American State Department that the United States considers the passage of such laws is directly against American interests in Mexico, have produced a serious situation.
>
> "The prospect of a break between the United States and Mexico is viewed as unfortunate, as it is stated in diplomatic circles that several other Powers will follow suit, leaving Mexico with the recognition only of minor countries, whose position in the world is unimportant.
>
> "Another question is, according to a prominent diplomat: Will the United States, in case relations are suspended, lift the present embargo on arms shipments from the United States? At present the Washington Government is not willing to permit enemies of a recognized Government to secure arms in the United States to start a movement against it."

The State Department, says a Washington dispatch, has maintained an attitude of silence since the outset of the correspondence with the Mexican Government on the subject of the oil and land laws, with the exception of a short statement issued by Secretary of State Kellogg following the publication of a long memorandum by the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, when Mr. Kellogg held that the position of this Government "has been, and still is, that the so-called land and petroleum laws recently promulgated in Mexico contain provisions which are plainly retroactive and confiscatory." But, points out the New York *World:*

> "One statement by President Calles is reassuring. He declares that the laws can not yet be regarded as in final form; that the Executive must issue regulations 'in order to fix the scope and the proceedings of the enforcement.' If President Calles has a certain right to interpret the laws, he may do so in a way to meet our objections. Since Great Britain's protest is understood to follow the lines of ours, and other Powers are reported ready to act, the pressure toward a moderate course is great. All the more unnecessary was the talk of threats which the Administration allowed in connection with its first protest, and which President Calles rightly resents."

While *The Christian Science Monitor* admits that "any expression of lay opinion in times of crisis may be futile," it nevertheless believes that—

> "It may be possible, from the testimony of disinterested private individuals, to gain an unprejudiced view of a matter that seems in danger of becoming confused by the tendency of partizans to defend purely nationalistic attitudes. It is possible to quote from a letter written by an American whose business required him to live for years in Mexico a somewhat illuminating statement of the case written to a correspondent in Boston. He says:
>
> "'The "nub" of the whole is hidden from the public eye. The fact is that some of the oil men, Americans, have large tracts of highly valuable land to which they acquired some shadowy title prior to 1917, the year of the adoption of the new Constitution. They were required by the Carranza Government, in common with all natives and foreigners claiming to hold title to land, to present their proofs of title for registration.'
>
> "It is explained that those whose titles were valid and incontestable submitted their proofs as required, but that those who refused at that time have persisted in their declared right to rest their claim upon such pretended paper titles as they possest.
>
> "Is it the duty of the United States Government to attempt, by what must be the exercise of admittedly superior power, to protect the questionable rights of these claimants? There is a possibility, by no means remote, that those who have represented the United States in the controversy have been misled or deliberately deceived. The people of the United States have not yet forgotten that within quite recent years their own Government, ever watchful of their welfare, has been imposed upon and victimized by representatives of the same powerful interests which now complain that they are not being fairly treated by the Mexican Government."

On the other hand, maintains *The Times*, in an editorial:

> "The Mexican controversy has been going on for almost eleven years, antedating even the Constitution of 1917. A chronology of events shows that the Mexican Governments by legislation and decrees have constantly threatened confiscation of American petroleum properties, and that our State Department lodged protest after protest, until diplomatic relations with Mexico had to be suspended. They were resumed upon the pledge of the Mexican Government to live up to the agreement made by the Joint Commission. Certainly the United States can not be charged with unreasonableness in its negotiations."

"The United States does not contest Mexico's sovereign rights," explains the New York *Herald Tribune*. "It only challenges any assertion of right to annul the guaranties given investors by laws in force at the time of purchase." Of the Calles interview in general, and the promise that Mexican laws will be enforced, in particular, the New Haven *Register* says:

> "The familiarity with which Mr. Calles slides in the words proletariat,' 'privileged classes,' and the rest of the stand-bys of Marxian Socialism, gives one an assurance that there must have been at least a modicum of truth in the assertion that Bolshevism triumphed in Mexico when this man carried the election. That he sees through Communistic eyes and hears through Marxian ears, there can be no manner of doubt in the mind of any one reading this interview in its entirety.
>
> "Secretary Kellogg has a real test of his ability as a diplomat waiting his next move. It is to be hoped that this move will be more thoughtfully made than was the one to the same President some months ago on a similar question. Otherwise it would seem that a severance of relations so recently resumed will be inevitable, and with such a man in the saddle down below the Rio Grande, there is no way to tell just what will happen to Americans and American rights."

P. & A. photograph

"HAIL TO THE CHIEF"

Mussolini receiving the Fascist salute from Italian deputies from the Provinces, in the courtyard of the Palazzo Chigi, Rome.

MUSSOLINI'S THREAT AGAINST GERMANY

MUSSOLINI'S REMARKABLE OUTBURST against Germany in the Italian Chamber, laying down Italy's new policy in the South Tyrol of "two eyes for an eye and a whole set of teeth for a tooth," has led to what is generally described as the most violent long-distance altercation between two nations since the Armistice. The subject of the dispute is the Italian section of the Tyrol, or the Upper Adige Valley, the Italian "dictator" claiming that the German press, with the connivance of the Government, has been carrying on a campaign against Italian sovereignty over German-speaking inhabitants of what formerly was South Tyrol. "Let Germany remember," he cried, while the Italian Chamber rose to its feet and cheered, "that Italy is ready if necessary to carry her banners beyond her present frontiers, but back, never!"

But what do German-American and Italo-American editors think of this outburst from a nation already a member of the League of Nations to one just about to enter it; from a nation fully armed to one that has been disarmed under the Treaty of Versailles? Let us see what a telegraphic poll of many of the well-known papers reveals. In the opinion of an Italian-language newspaper, the *Corriere d'America*, of New York City, "Mussolini merely said what was necessary to compel the German Government to show its hand. No milder language could have forced Herr Stresemann to undertake to clear the situation so quickly." "The spirited utterances of Premier Mussolini are not out of place," agrees a Swiss-Italian-American daily, the *Colonia Svizzera*, of San Francisco. "It is a well-known fact," we are assured by this paper, "that an active anti-Italian propaganda has been carried on among the German population of South Tyrol. His speech seems startling only because the same publicity has not been given to the militant utterances of Premier Held of Bavaria." "The Italo-German crisis involves the right of Italian sovereignty on Italian territory," explains a New York Italian-American paper, the *Il Popolo-Bollettino Della Sera*, which reminds us that "Italy can not accord to the Germans living within her boundaries privileges denied to other citizens." Continues this editor:

> "The speech of Premier Mussolini can not be construed as a threat to Germany or Austria. He just gives warning that Italy under no circumstances would consent that the Italian flag shall be brought back from the boundary fixt by the peace treaties. This is not a question of culture. This is a question of *irridentismo*, which Italy must suppress, as it would be supprest in the United States if such an emergency should ever arise."

Another Italian-language daily, the San Francisco *L'Italia*, replying to a telegraphic request for its opinion on the Mussolini-Stresemann controversy, wires as follows:

> "There is a limit in the patience of men as well as nations. Italy has shown this patience since the acquisition of the Upper Adige.
>
> "The bitter resentment of the Italians, which burst out after Mussolini's memorable admonition and warning to Germany, besides the shameful behavior of the German population in the Upper Adige, has been made keener by the low, ungrateful treachery of Germany, which too soon forgot that Italy was the only one among the nations of all Europe to favor German interests and rehabilitation to such a generous and noble extent, both in the Paris and Locarno conferences and in the matter of reparations, as to arouse the suspicion and jealousy of France, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, which had shown their determination to keep Germany down forever."

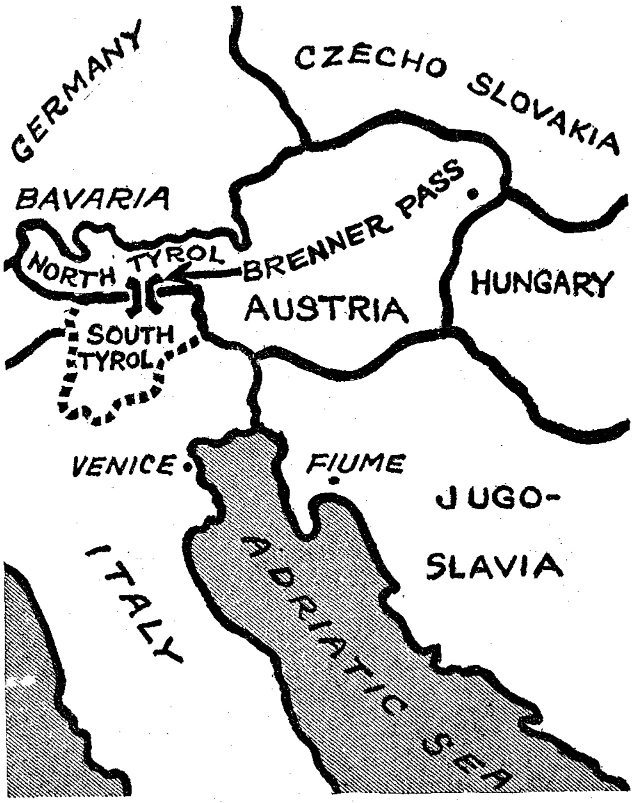
According to *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*, of New York City:

> "The crucial point of the controversy is the Italian objection to the annexation of Austria to Germany. But in objecting to such an attempt, Italy is not alone. France, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and Jugo-Slavia follow the same policy. Any attempt of Germany to carry out such a unionistic policy, which would make Germany a stronger Power than before the war, would be detrimental to the peace of Europe. Consequently the strong and unequivocal warning of Mussolini has cleared up a situation that could have become very dangerous, and has destroyed any German illusion on this question.
>
> "The only tyranny against the Tyrolese is the one that prevents them, as well as any other Italian subject, to speak and act to the detriment of the Italian State, as the Tyrolese have done since the very day of their annexation.
>
> "The 150,000 Austrians living within the new Italian boundary enjoy the same rights as other Italian citizens, and consequently must abide by the Italian laws.
>
> "Where, therefore, is the alleged excess of the Italian tyranny?"

The answer, it would seem, is found in several of the leading German-American newspapers, to whom telegraphic inquiries were sent. "The Italian measures in the Tyrol," maintains a Pittsburgh paper, the *Volksblatt und Freiheits Freund*, "constitute a flagrant breach of the promises made the Germans there.

They were guaranteed liberty in the matters of language, religion, and racial customs." A Cleveland paper, the *Waechter und Anzeiger*, declares that—

> "Mussolini, by raising the mailed fist against a disarmed and defenseless country, proves himself to be the most dangerous potential disturber of international peace.
>
> "Resenting any interference of the League of Nations, he claims to be legally justified in his tyrannical mistreatment of South Tyrol, notwithstanding the fact that Tittoni, Italy's representative at St. Germain, and the Italian King himself, solemnly pledged their country to a policy opposed to denationalization and oppression."



After a map in the New York *Sun*

"TRACED BY THE INFALLIBLE HAND OF GOD"

Premier Mussolini thus characterizes the frontier marked by the boundary of the Brenner Pass.

To the New York *German Herold*, "Mussolini's speech amounts almost to a declaration of war against Germany." "Violence of deed is the essence of his domestic, violence in gesture of his foreign policy," remarks the New York *Volkszeitung*. "He imitates Poincaré, and like Poincaré his policies will be a failure," predicts the Winona (Minn.) *America-Herold und Lincoln Freie Presse*. This is also, in effect, the view of an Italian-American labor organ, *La Notizia*, of Boston, and the New York *Staats Zeitung*. In this German-American paper's opinion, "what Mussolini said about South Tyrol is insolent falsification of history and bombastic word juggling." We read on:

> "In answering Stresemann's speech, Mussolini makes the naively stupid assertion that there is no Tyrolean question. Perhaps not for himself, but for the world and for the League of Nations. He attacks the League with the statement that the Fascist Government would oppose with 'utmost energy' any attempt of a meeting or a council to present the South Tyrolean question for discussion. Mussolini's blusterings will not deter the League from considering the Tyrolean question."

"Citizens of German blood can well be proud of the dignified attitude and scholarly reply of Foreign Minister Stresemann to Premier Mussolini," thinks a St. Paul German-American daily, the *Volkszeitung*. Continues this paper:

> "Dr. Stresemann acknowledges that Bavarian organizations have tried to capitalize discontent in the Tyrol and turn it against Italy, but he denies that these attempts can be blamed against the German Government. He specifically rebukes the originators of an attempted Italian boycott, and he points out that he can not accept the responsibility for the hot words of the South German press. This is quite true. There is no censorship in Germany, as there is in Italy. His statement is not like the boastful 'two eyes for an eye' and 'a whole set of teeth for a tooth' of the Italian despot."

In his speeches of February 6 and 10, Prime Minister Mussolini "threw down the gauntlet to the Germans," as one Rome correspondent puts it, in this fashion:

> "Has Foreign Minister Stresemann denied the existence of a German press campaign, which for several months has passed the elementary limits of decency, speaking anti-Italian lies and offending institutions and sentiments most dear to the heart of Italians? No, because that campaign of the press was organized, and acclaimed also in the government journals.
>
> "Has he denied that a campaign has been set afoot for a commercial and tourist boycott of Italy? No, because that campaign was begun and continued.
>
> "Stresemann would like to minimize the importance of this campaign and make it appear the work of small groups of irresponsibles. Does he not know that propaganda for an anti-Italian boycott in Bavaria was carried on in the universities, in the post-offices, in the public markets, on the trains?
>
> "Germany intends to assume, without and within, spiritual tutelage of all the Germans of the world, as well as of these few in the Upper Adige, who even before the war did not belong to the Reich.
>
> "I declare in the most explicit manner:
>
> "1. That the alien population of the Upper Adige is outside of those minorities who were the object of special accord in the peace treaties.
>
> "2. That Italy will not engage in any discussion of that matter by any Assembly or Council, and because of that, the action of the Tyrol Diet (for intervention by the League of Nations) is useless.
>
> "It is false that in the Upper Adige violence and terror reign, as has been said by Dr. Held, Premier of Bavaria. We will render that region Italian, because it is Italian, both historically and geographically. The boundary of the Brenner Pass is a frontier traced by the infallible hand of God.
>
> "We believe we are furthering the cause of truth and civilization and even of peace —to substitute a new formula for an old one, namely, this one:
>
> "We exact the payment of two eyes for the loss of only one eye, and of a whole set of teeth for the loss of only one tooth."

In his reply to the February 6 speech of the Italian Prime Minister, Dr. Stresemann deplored the German press campaign against Italy and the proposed boycott of Italian goods, and declared that Germany wished to live at peace with Italy. He asserted that the anti-Italian agitation had neither the support nor the approval of the German Government, and at the same time recognized Italian sovereignty over the Upper Adige region. Said Germany's Foreign Minister, in part:

> "Germany has no means of interfering directly in South Tyrol. But Italy has the duty of protecting the minority there. If out of a policy of oppression there arises international danger, an appeal to the League of Nations is in order."

Following this reply to Mussolini's first speech, the German Reichstag approved the following declaration, which seems to have closed the incident, so far as Germany is concerned:

> "The German Reichstag vigorously rejects the Italian Prime Minister's objectively unjustifiable and insultingly phrased attacks and sneers. Throughout the whole world the judicial conception prevails that the fate of racially related minorities is followed with heartfelt sympathy by their mother nation and that their struggle for the preservation of their nationality invokes her support.
>
> "Altho the German people desire nothing other than to promote their own restoration in peaceful cooperation with other peoples, they will not permit themselves to be hindered from demanding just treatment of German minorities under foreign sovereignty. Least of all through insulting sneers and senseless threats, from wherever they may come, shall we be deterred from the exercise of this right."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

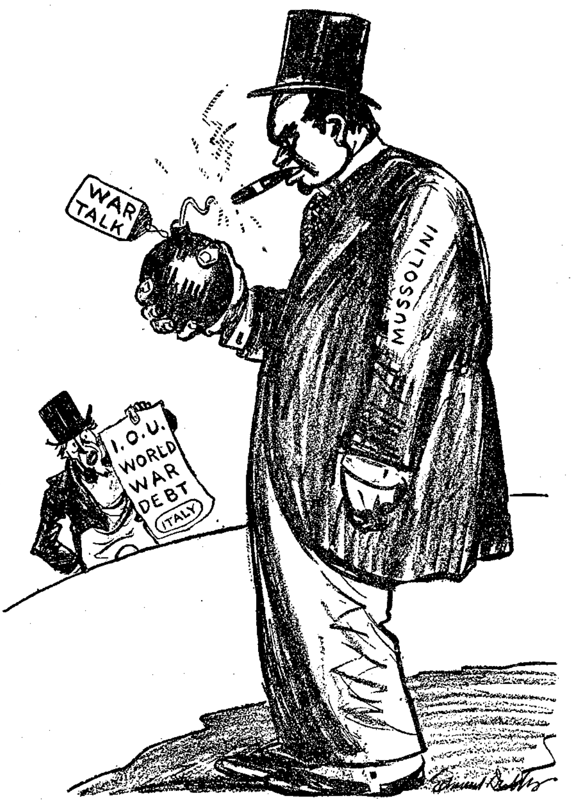
The happiest people are those who are too busy to notice.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Traffic Judge, 1950—"Wrong side of the cloud, eh? Fifty dollars and costs."—*Baltimore Sun.*

Sometimes we doubt whether man's descent from the monkey has started yet.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Many of the girls of the younger set aren't as black as they are painted, or even as pink.—*Louisville Times.*

You needn't wait for a great occasion to die for a principle. Just try preserving your right of way.—*Washington Post.*


WAR TALK
MUSSOLINI
I.O.U. WORLD WAR DEBT (ITALY)

HEY! JUST A MINUTE

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun.*

The trouble with the bitter-enders is that they usually get on the wrong end.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

If all the food and baking companies are merged, consumers may be in danger of being submerged.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Our idea of an optimist is an American who goes right along with his effort to invent a non-refillable whisky bottle.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Eventually the political descendants of Mr. Jefferson will have to decide between burying the hatchet or a few Democrats.—*Detroit News.*

There are 17,000,000 telephones in the United States, so when a girl makes it in two guesses she isn't doing so badly at that.—*American Lumberman.*

General Feng has ordered 8,000 Bibles for his soldiers, and think of the fighting spirit he will have when the controversies get started!—*Boston Transcript.*

Some seers declare the Democratic party dead, but just wait till it has another national convention and see if it isn't as alive as a nest of wildcats.—*Louisville Times.*

The ruins of a Roman forum have been unearthed in London, and first thing those Britishers know Mussolini will be claiming their capital as an Italian city.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Mark Sullivan undertakes to tell why California doesn't like New York. But, really, isn't it because New York is not in California?—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Evidently the Department of Justice has figured it out that the great rank and file of life won't stand for any monopoly in the staff of it.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Broadcasting of Congressmen's speeches by radio began last week. If the radio survives this acid test of its popularity, its future is assured.—*Southern Lumberman.*

Anthracite miners have lost $142,000,000 in wages. Now if it were known what the operators have lost the consumers would know how much they will have to pay.—*Toledo Blade.*

Headline reads, "Mussolini's threats startle all Europe." Let him go ahead, and the probabilities are that pretty soon all Europe will startle Mussolini.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

Report has it that the National Pawnbrokers' Association is preparing to branch out in a social way. We suppose that their entertaining will be limited to three balls per season.—*New York American.*

Signor Mussolini has discipline for everything in Italy save his tongue.—*Dallas News.*

A quiet neighborhood in which to live is just inside your income.—*New York Evening Telegram.*

About the time one learns how to make the most of life, the most of it is gone.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Two men have been fined for cruelty to calves. I've seen golf hose like that.—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

Fascism could never go in this country. All the politicians would insist on being Mussolini.—*Portland Oregonian.*

That Prince of Wales is a lucky bird. Suppose, for instance, that he had taken up aviation.—*Davenport* (*Iowa*) *Democrat.*

There are many more women than men. Which may mean that nature is slowly eliminating the weaker sex.—*Washington Post.*

Of course if pie is to be included in this gigantic food monopoly, the politicians are going to have a lot to say about it.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Political alchemists are making desperate efforts to effect that transmutation of aluminum into scandal. — *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

Sometimes we are almost persuaded that Calvin has got his own consent to see the White House spokesman as his successor.—*Dallas News.*

Probably they call him "Muss" at the Rome Rotary Club, and, the way he is trying to start one in Europe, it sounds appropriate.—*American Lumberman.*

Democrats in Washington have organized a "get-together" campaign. This should be comparatively easy; the hard thing is to get them apart.—*Detroit News.*

Fortunately we are not a warlike nation. So only 67.5 per cent. of our annual appropriations are for war purposes, past present and future.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

The Ohio woman who married eight men and poisoned only two paid a compliment to our sex which not every woman who has married once will indorse.—*Louisville Times.*

Henry Ford is buying up old violins and if he wants to make himself really popular in some neighborhoods he will reach out for the ukuleles and saxophones.—*Portland Oregonian.*

We have an inquiry from a citizen who wants to know where the population of this country is the most dense. That's an easy one—from the neck up, brother.—*New York American.*

A party of 300 American millionaires is to visit England this year. We understand there is a strict understanding among them that nobody is to buy the place without consulting the rest.—*The Passing Show.*

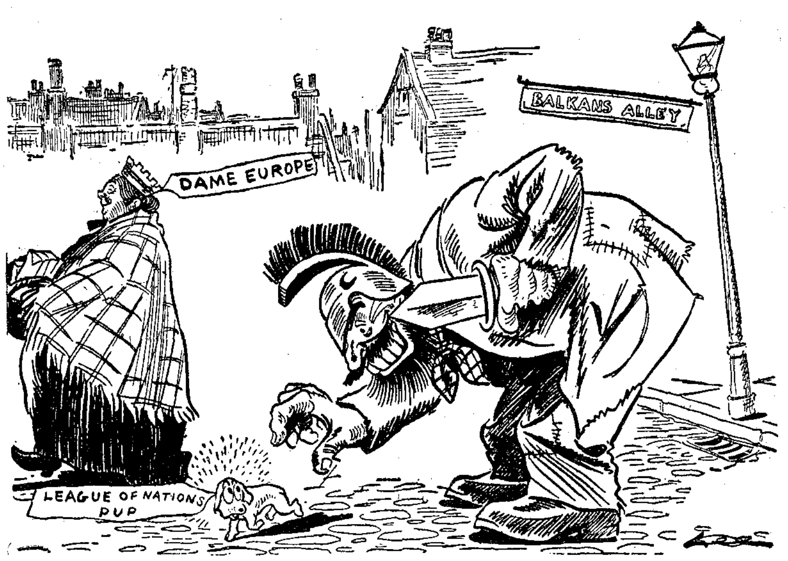
The late W. L. George averred that he had analyzed women and cataloged them, and found sixty-five distinct species. He must have had acquaintance with just about sixty-five different women.—*Troy Record.*

A New Yorker claims to have a scheme by which firemen can extinguish a blaze without ever leaving their quarters, and if it works it will mean much for the development of the pinochle game.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE LOCARNO SPIRIT IN THE BALKANS

IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE the Balkan Peninsula will be the center of discussion, according to some German journals, which point out that this troubled section of Europe now occupies the closest attention of several Foreign Offices, but especially those of London and Moscow. According to the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, British influence dominates in Athens and in Bucharest, while Russia, having signed a treaty with Turkey, is endeavoring to get Bulgaria and Jugo-Slavia to join hands with the Soviet Republics. Meanwhile, in Switzerland, the *Gazette de Lausanne* ominously remarks that "while the war of 1914 started in the Balkans, the peace of 1919 has failed to settle the situation in that section of Europe, which even now is a potential source of many painful surprizes." But notwithstanding these solemn auguries, it is the belief of certain Balkan editors that the spirit of Locarno has penetrated as far as Constantinople, Belgrade, Bucharest, and Athens. In view of the perennial feud between the Turks and the Greeks, they are pleased to note in the Constantinople *Vakit* the following:



A GENTLE BRITISH JIBE

DAME EUROPE: "I used to be so nervous in this district, but now that dear Rover is with me, I feel so safe."
—*The Daily Courier* (Liverpool).

> "For some days past we have been receiving good news from Athens. This news concerns the relations between the two countries, and the point strest is the need of a better and more solid friendship between them. All this is good and agreeable. For many and various reasons, we claim that Greece and Turkey should live side by side in a peaceful and friendly way, especially because of their common economic and commercial interests."

While the Turkish press gives this intimation of Turkish friendship, the Bulgarian *Preporetz*, which is said to reflect the views of the new Liaptcheff Cabinet, also declares that "the program of the Government aims to reestablish complete tranquillity in the country, to wipe out the near as well as the remote past, to consolidate the nation's finances, to improve the living and working conditions of all classes of the population, and to cultivate better and more truly neighborly relations with adjoining countries." Another Bulgarian newspaper, the Socialist *Narod* of Sofia, in considering the possibilities of a Balkan pact, assures us that "all the Slavs in the Balkans are favorably disposed toward it, and it is up to Jugo-Slavia to further the accomplishment of such a pact by granting full religious and educational autonomy to the Bulgarian minorities of Serbian Macedonia."

In Serbia the Belgrade *Vreme*, which is described as representing the views of the Jugo-Slav Government, explains the failure of the original proposal of the Greek Foreign Minister Rentis for a Balkan pact as follows:

> "The whole plan was to procure the reestablishment of the alliance without additional economic agreements. Jugo-Slavia wanted the pact in order to obtain some economic and commercial advantages, while Greece desired it in order to make its position secure in the Balkans. Therefore, Greece wished a Jugo-Slav guaranty for its security without giving us adequate compensation. Yet the fact remains that Europe considers the Balkan pact as the best guaranty for peace in the Balkans, which remain the only sore spot in Europe, now that the Rhine pacts have removed all danger of conflict in the West."

This language of the Jugo-Slav press is regarded as more significant in view of recent friction between Athens and Belgrade over the alleged ill-treatment of some Serbian minorities in Greek Macedonia, and in view also of the more or less bitter clashes between the newspapers of the two countries. Notwithstanding such antagonism we find the radical Serbian journal, *Samooupravа*, urging friendship between Greece and Jugo-Slavia, in these words:

> "The life of the two peoples is marked by mutual sympathy. The Greek struggle for independence found a sympathetic reaction in what at that time was Serbia. Even to-day the fortunes of the two nations are closely interwoven, and this detail should not be omitted from the thoughts of the politicians of the two countries."

Roumania is said to be so occupied with her domestic problems, following the sensational abdication of the Crown Prince Carol, that it has no time to spend on possibilities of a Balkan pact. Yet it is pointed out by some Greek editors that the Bucharest *Lupta* has significantly remarked that Roumania's policy at home and abroad will suffer no change as the result of the Crown Prince's coup. Instead of a new Balkan war in the spring, say some editors, we may therefore expect guaranteed peace, and we find the Constantinople correspondent of the semiofficial Athens daily *Eleftheros Typos* saying, on official information, that "before the dangerous season reaches the peninsula, the Turkish Foreign Minister will have his Balkan pact ready," and we read:

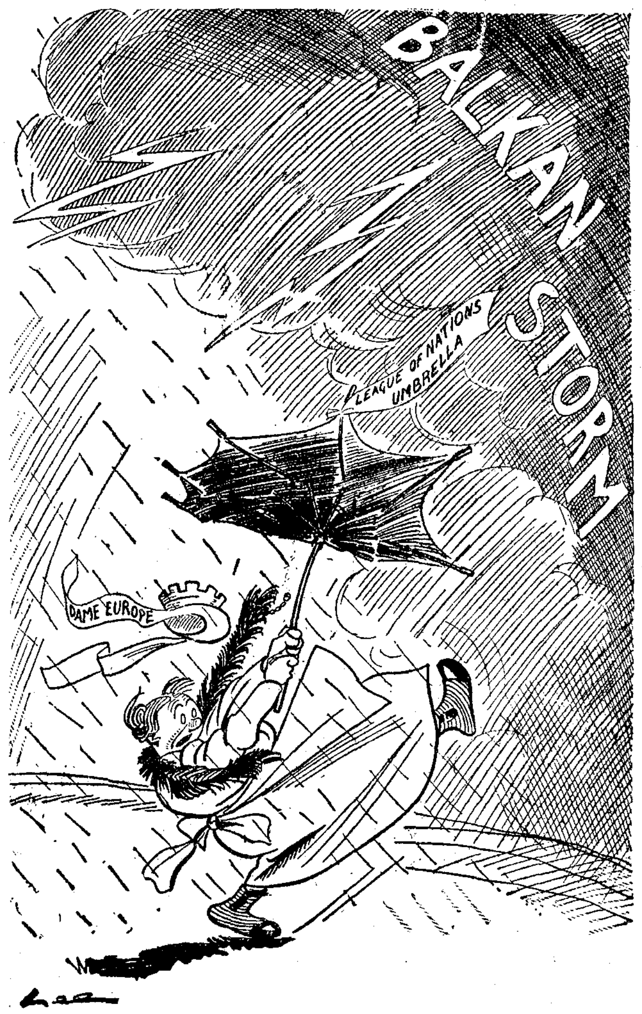
> "This Balkan pact will guarantee Turkish security from the West in the same manner as the Paris treaty with Soviet Russia has taken care of the Eastern frontiers of Turkey. Moreover, and this is the most important part of the whole question, the Turkish Government desires the conclusion of a Balkan pact, not as a sequel to Locarno, but rather as a counterpart. What Turkey wants is to show Europe and the world that the Balkans are entirely independent of the League of Nations and fully able to take care of their own interests without outside interference."

Our policy, said Bulgaria's Foreign Minister Bouroff, to the Sofia correspondent of the Athens *Proia*, is "to sign the pact when it is ready and when it is submitted to us. Also we will help and cooperate in every effort to promote peace in the Balkans, but at the same time without injuring our independence and those rights we have secured by treaties." In another Greek newspaper, the Athens *Athenæ*, we read:

"The Greek Government has laid the foundations on which a Balkan pact of peace can be firmly established. What we want is not a partial understanding with Jugo-Slavia alone, because that would be contrary to the spirit of Locarno. Such a pact, as we understand it, should take in all the Balkan States, including former belligerents, as well as Albania. The basis for this pact should be mutual equality and mutual respect of the sovereign rights of the contracting countries."

A discordant note in the general chorus favoring a Balkan pact is heard from Moscow, where we find the *Isviestia* opposed to the pact, which it considers "impossible, on account of the many differences of opinion between the various Balkan peoples." With characteristic dogmatism it adds that: "The only pact possible is one between Soviet Russia and Jugo-Slavia, and this simply because of the many past associations, and the interbound interests of these two essentially Slav countries."

The Paris *Temps* notes that Soviet Russia has been reaching to put its finger in the Balkan pie, but wonders why Russia should think that Bolshevik propaganda in Southeastern Europe is due for any more success now than it had in the past. This newspaper goes on to say:



"DRAT THIS WEATHER!"

—*The Daily Courier* (Liverpool).

"Roumania forms a solid block against which all schemes of national dissolution have struck in vain. This is a State built on sound foundations, and the facility with which it lately settled the delicate question of Prince Carol's renunciation of his rights to the throne, prove that the dynasty has deep roots in the country, and that the Roumanian people and their king are thoroughly united. In Bulgaria, all the healthy elements of the nation reacted with savage energy against the Communist menace that declared itself so tragically last year. The coming to power there of the Liaptchef Cabinet proves that the situation has sufficiently cleared up to permit a return to normal constitutional order. In Jugo-Slavia differing interests have been finally consolidated by the reconciliation of the Serbs and the Croats. Then in Greece the proclamation of the military dictatorship of General Pangalos is at least evidence of the will to combat the spirit of disorder and anarchy and parliamentary impotence. It is hard to see where Moscow's influence could take hold in the Balkans, because even tho it be true that there are grave matters for solution between the Balkan States, they all have the same vital need to keep themselves free from revolutionary contagion."

No Bolshevik maneuver, this daily goes on to say, could break up the Little Entente, which is the supreme guaranty for the maintenance of the territorial *status quo* of Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, and Jugo-Slavia. As to the idea of a Balkan Locarno being unrealizable, which the *Isviestia* seems to believe, the *Temps* reminds us that such a project is now engaging the most serious attention of the Balkan countries.

CHANCES OF FRANCO-GERMAN CORDIALITY

THE FATE OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE depends largely on whether the Locarno spirit passes from the paper on which the treaties are written into the hearts of the French and the Germans, say some German editors, who feel that the war-time psychology still lingers in some sections of both France and Germany. Altho it is believed that Franco-German cordiality will eventually ensue, yet when this will take place is the subject of much speculation and divergence of opinion. Meanwhile the Berlin *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* notes that French statesmen have lately been speaking of a Franco-German understanding as "the corner-stone of European policies," and it avers that they are correct, for "upon this problem and only this problem, the fate of Europe hangs." We read then:

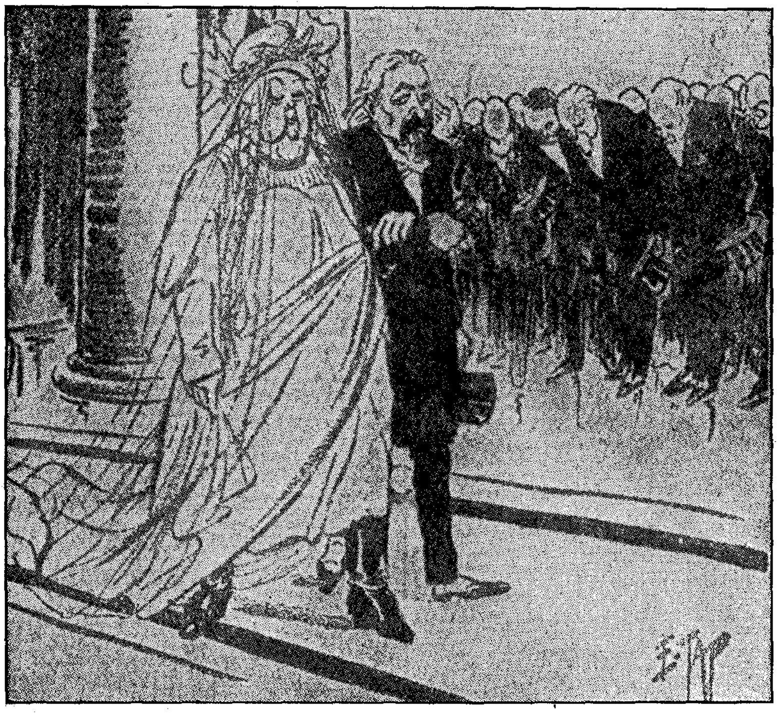
"Perhaps skeptics are right in asserting that the European peoples have no love of peace, but are simply tired. Perhaps. But this, after all, is immaterial. It suffices to glance at the economic difficulties with which Germany has to cope in order to realize that this is no time for political hatred. We decided at Locarno to follow the path of peace. Let us remain faithful to this engagement, and let us carry it out in a clear, firm and consistent manner, without paying any attention to the shouts that reach us from the street."

This Berlin daily goes on to say that in the years immediately after the war it was often asserted abroad that the purpose of German policy was to alienate British sympathy from France and French sympathy from Britain. These reports were always denied in Berlin, we are told, and now "it becomes clear that they were no more than malicious lies." Anglo-French relations are now better than they ever have been, it is declared, and therefore "if we want to profit by Locarno, we should solve the old problem, namely, work out a direct agreement with France." This newspaper then says:

"It is important to note that the Locarno treaties will become profitable to Germany only in case a Franco-German agreement is added to them, and not a paper agreement, but a real one, that penetrates deeply into the political, economic, and cultural life of both countries. . . . German policies must, above all, become economic policies. This has never been so important as now. One may doubt whether in all our procedure, which finally resulted in Locarno, we treated this aspect of the problem with sufficient attention. However that may be, it is admitted by all that before long the Locarno treaties may become advantageous in the economic sense of the word."

As to economic cooperation between France and Germany, this journal reminds us that numerous ideas for such cooperation have been suggested, such as the alliance of coal and iron interests, the exchange of various sorts of raw material and of manufactured goods, the coordinated regulation of certain industries in both countries, and finally a customs alliance. That all these ideas are sound at bottom, we are told, and that each of the two countries possesses material which the other lacks, can not be doubted, but the practical difficulties in the way of realizing these suggestions are described as enormous. Yet even admitting this fact, it is declared, one can but wonder why so little has been done to introduce them into the economic life of the two countries. A wide field lies open here for private initiative, according to this newspaper, which continues:

> "The recent customs conference in England made it clear that the English customs laws are directed against Germany above all, and that each achievement of German industry awakens a sharper competition in England than in any other country. France also suffers from English tariff laws, tho less than Germany. This might result in a joining of the interests of Paris and Berlin which, in turn, might result in a unification of their customs policies. Should an international economic conference be held, it would show that the pacification of Europe is only half accomplished as long as only the political and not the economic features of the problem are kept in mind."



THE BRIAND-STRESEMANN WEDDING

"In their household, the wife will wear the trousers."

—*La Victoire* (Paris).

For all that, this daily admits that the psychologic factors are perhaps even more important than the economic, and this keeps it from being too optimistic, for it tells us that there are still "too many voices in the street" shouting hatred, west as well as east of the Franco-German boundary. Another German view is exprest by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* as follows:

> "Every British Government hitherto has been obliged to abide by the policy of the balance of power on the Continent, no matter whether it admitted it in principle or not. But the downfall of Germany and the Treaty of Versailles brought about a situation in which there was nothing like a balance. Russia found itself quite apart, Germany was utterly defeated. France, possessing a large and well-trained Army, remained the only autocratic ruler on the Continent. Moreover, thanks to her submarines and airplanes, France is also a very dangerous factor to Britain. . . . Is there any way of reestablishing a balance of power in Europe, outside of the way leading to the general consolidation and reinforcement of shattered Germany? It is but natural that there should appear a far-reaching parallel between German and British interests."

THE LATIN-AMERICAN PRESS ON TACNA-ARICA

A PROFOUND SENSATION was caused throughout Latin-America, we are told, when General Pershing withdrew from the Plebiscite Commission on the Tacna-Arica dispute, and was succeeded by Major-General Lassiter. Some Latin-American editors refused to believe in the serious nature of General Pershing's dental troubles, and looked upon his illness as a diplomatic one; but they have since learned of his announcement that he would enter a hospital at Washington for treatment. Meanwhile an Arica (Chile) press dispatch advises us that President Coolidge, as arbitrator in the Tacna-Arica dispute, ruled that he would entertain the Chilean and Peruvian appeals in connection with the election law, and that he allowed until February 14 for the filing of the necessary documents with the Plebiscite Commission. The Plebiscite Commission, we read further, is specifically ordered to continue its work pending the final ruling. According to the Santiago (Chile) *Mercurio*—

> "It is no secret that Washington would gladly give up the rôle of arbitrator if a solution to the tangle could be found. While General Pershing is reported to have abandoned the task because of failing health, the State Department faces a dilemma: either it must continue the plebiscite struggle, and shoulder the inevitable consequences, or it must invite a Latin-American State to share in the doubtful honor of trying to disentangle the knot.
>
> "A very important domestic issue, moreover, has arisen in the United States in connection with the plebiscite. An influential Republican faction, led by Mr. Borah, begins to realize the mistake made in accepting the arbitratorship, should the plebiscite prove to be a failure. These critics are weighing very heavily on Messrs. Coolidge and Kellogg, who are endeavoring to lead Washington out of the present impasse.
>
> "We have been told on most authoritative sources that Mr. Kellogg wishes another Latin-American State to join him, but his efforts have so far been fruitless, because nobody wants to mix in the controversy. Both Argentina and Brazil have been approached by Mr. Kellogg, but their attitude has been noncommittal. Should Mr. Kellogg make an official request, Argentina's position would be most difficult, because however willing she might be to lend a helping hand, the chances of success are too remote to be attractive."

Chilean press dispatches to the Buenos Aires *Prensa* attribute General Pershing's resignation to rumored objections made by the State Department to his activities against Chile. This report is seen by the Peruvian press in a different light, and the semi-official Lima *Commercio* has this to say:

> "There has been something inexplicable in the course of events. The Chilean representative, Mr. Edwards, who had fought General Pershing tooth and nail, who bluntly accused him of favoring the Peruvian claims and protested to the arbitrator against every step taken by his representative, made a sudden about-face upon arriving at Santiago, fresh from the rupture, stating he had faith in General Pershing's impartiality, and credited him with wishing only for the welfare of America and for peace for both Peru and Chile. If Chile held General Pershing in such high esteem, why did she so bitterly attack him at every turn? The key to this contradiction lies in that the attacks were made before Santiago knew of Pershing's withdrawal, and the praise pronounced after he was no longer considered an obstacle to Chilean ambitions."

The press of neighboring Latin-American countries seem to be divided as to the likelihood of a satisfactory settlement of the Tacna-Arica controversy. The Buenos Aires *Razon* has this to say:

> "The bloody incidents of the last six months reveal the existence of an impasse that the United States can not solve. Every-

thing points to the continuance of Chile's hold on the disputed territory. Altho this country will very likely offer a proposal concerning the matter of giving Bolivia an ocean outlet—to be discust at a special conference by the three nations who were at war in 1879—Peru would probably refuse such a proposal, inasmuch as it has entered into some sort of understanding with Bolivia on the subject of the ocean outlet. All told, Chile is the only country that needs territorial expansion, and would therefore be justified in upholding by might, if need be, the rights secured by her victory over her enemies."

O Jornal of Rio de Janeiro considers General Pershing's withdrawal a warning to South America of the beginning of American armed intervention, and it observes:

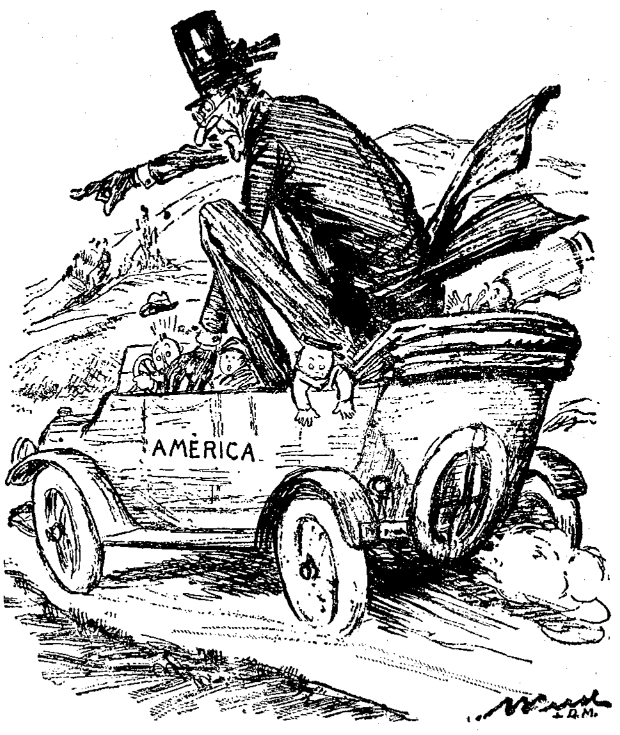
"The outcome of the plebiscite tangle will be the occupation of the zone by American forces, thus establishing a protectorate in name, where one already exists in fact. Such is at least the aim Washington must have in mind when we consider the strange doings of the arbitrator. Will Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, and Paraguay, the only five countries remaining free from American interference, be passive witnesses of this attempt?"

The *Diario Del Plata* of Montevideo (Uruguay) declares that the United States has at last "realized that the plebiscite under Chilean supervision is a fake," and it adds: "No impartial results can be obtained under a régime of force, no matter what regulations are put on paper by the commission." The Buenos Aires *Nacion* remarks:

"We must not forget that the United States is not authorized to enforce any decree, and that it has no intention to carry out a decision by force of arms or economic pressure, nor to intervene in any way in case clashes occur between the contenders. Should a break come, the only step Washington would take would be to offer mediation. Were this declined, it would entirely withdraw from the controversy."

An Arica press dispatch to *Listin Diario* of Santo Domingo charges that General Pershing's break with the Chilean delegation was the result of a gross mistake committed by the American delegation, and it argues:

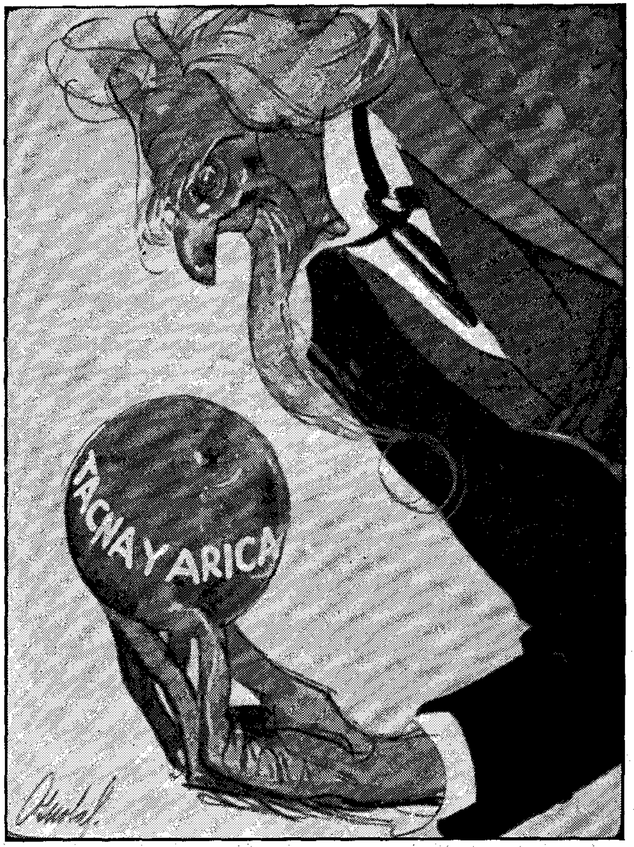
"The Americans arrived ignorant of the fact that Chile is not an Indian country like Peru. The great mass of Chileans are white and educated. They are intensely patriotic. All public matters are freely discust, and there is really a public opinion deserving of the name. When we add to this an absolute freedom of the press, which permits the transmission of uncensored news everywhere in the country, it will be easy to understand how the whole nation was aroused by the unwarranted investigations and the partiality shown by the Americans. Furthermore, the American members always aim to impress the residents of Arica and Tacna with the superiority of the United States, and that is highly unsavory to the natives. General Pershing tried to build up a proconsulate by obnoxious methods, lending his ear always to Peru's claims and turning it away from Chile's."



AN ARGENTINE SLAM

"The United States wants to lead the rest of America, but is having a hard time trying to manage so many."

—*Atlantida* (Buenos Aires).



A BITTER BITE FOR UNCLE SAM

UNCLE SAM: "This little apple is giving me a good many headaches!"

—*Caras Y Caretas* (Buenos Aires).

The Buenos Aires *Prensa* sums up the situation as follows:

"However unfortunate the successive crises suffered by the negotiations, they must not be allowed to sway the final results. There is a common agreement that no change of governments must interfere with the solution. There is a solemn engagement which must be fulfilled quietly in spite of temporary setbacks and unavoidable clashes. The whole continent is pledged to carry out the award. The road is mapped out. Pessimism and dilatory tactics are entirely out of place.

"The plebiscite must not and will not be the source of new conflicts. The real way to peace and concord will be a democratic and peaceful struggle, frank, loyal, correct and just. No diplomatic interference must be permitted to halt the solution."

The desire of the United States, according to the Washington correspondent of the London *Times*, to find a friendly and dignified way out of an impasse, is as urgent as ever, but no hurried movement will be made. This informant points out that deliberation is the more necessary as the general character of the relations between the United States and other States of the Western Hemisphere are involved. Meanwhile he describes General Lassiter as a man of great administrative ability and of exceptional charm, who is remembered in London as a military attaché at the United States Embassy, and whose record during the war was admirable. He took part in the Champagne-Marne, the Aisne-Marne operations, and in the St. Mihiel offensive, and rose, we are told, from Lieutenant-Colonel to Major-General.

CHINA'S NEED OF A MAN OF DESTINY

UNTIL CHINA'S MAN OF DESTINY appears, it is said, individual satraps like Chang Tso-Lin of Manchuria and the model Tuchun of Shansi may succeed in keeping something like order within the limits of the territories they rule, but China, as a whole, must continue to be "a land of treasons, stratagems and spoils." This is the belief of a well-known authority on the Far East, J. O. P. Bland, who writes in the London *Sunday Times*, that once this simple truth is recognized by the Powers, whose first and last object in China is the security of their trade, the "futility of the benevolent platitudes" recorded in the Washington Treaties becomes at once apparent, and he adds:

> "What is needed, if China is to be saved from herself, is, for the present, firm insistence on the observance of the existing treaties pending the restoration of unity and tranquillity by the strong hand of competent authority. Incidentally, it may be observed that England and Japan, with or without America, could do much, when a favorable opportunity occurs, to assist in the establishment of that authority. In the meanwhile, however, persistence in their present policy of subscribing to the American doctrine of patient acquiescence in Young China's impossible demands can only result in making things much harder for all concerned when the time comes for undertaking the serious business of national reconstruction."

Mr. Bland remarks further that any one who possesses, or who is supposed to possess, some special knowledge of Far Eastern affairs, must be struck by the frequency with which he is met by the question: "When is China going to settle down?" or words to that effect. Now the constant recurrence of such questions, he tells us, is evidence of a very wide-spread misconception concerning the real nature of the disease from which China's body politic is suffering, and he continues:

> "It is generally assumed by those who ask when China is going to settle down that the chaotic conditions which have existed and increased since the overthrow of the Monarchy in 1912 are mostly transitory disorders, natural enough in the early stages of a nation's post-revolution development. There is also a marked tendency to believe (the wish being father to the thought) that under the beneficent influences of Western culture and democratic institutions these disorders must speedily disappear and representative government eventually be established, to the great benefit of the Chinese people. It is difficult to persuade those who have not given these matters serious thought that the causes of unrest and civil strife in China are deep-rooted in the life of the nation (the strongest racial type on the earth), and that it is impossible to effect any rapid modification of the type of a social structure, either by political revolutions or by the application of imported formulæ and codes of law."

It is becoming increasingly evident, according to Mr. Bland, that nothing can be done by the Powers to put an end to the present anarchy in China until they grasp "the fundamental truth, proclaimed in every line of Chinese history," that only under an autocratic form of government can the warring factions be suppress, and tranquillity restored to the long suffering people. We read then:

> "All talk about the abolition of likin, extraterritoriality, or opium; all professions of sympathy with Young China's aspirations and denunciations, are sheer waste of time, so long as this truth remains tacitly ignored. The Augean stables can not be cleansed with a cup of rosewater. Let the eloquent arguments imported by the Chinese Intellectuals from Yale and Harvard be discarded for what they are—the baseless fabric of a dream; and let it be remembered that the lawless elements in this essentially law-abiding land have never yet been kept in check, and never can be, except by the firmly exercised authority of a benevolent despotism. It will be time enough to discuss the revision of 'unequal treaties' when China has recovered her unity and other essential attributes of a sovereign State.
>
> "The most discouraging feature of the present situation is that during ten years' turmoil of strife between the various groups of political adventurers and predatory chieftains, no leader has emerged to achieve preeminence of the kind which would win the loyalty of the *literati*, the good-will of the merchants and gentry, and the obedience of the masses. Since the death of Yuan Shihk'ai there has been no figure on the Chinese stage to compare with the great Viceroys of the old régime, no commanding personality to serve as a rallying-point for the law-abiding majority of the nation. Twenty-four years ago Sir Robert Hart deprecated the activities of the anti-dynastic element of Young China, and advocated 'patching up the Manchu rule,' on the ground that 'there was no man of mark whom all China would accept as the founder of a new dynasty.' Ten years later, Liang Ch'i-Ch'ao, a famous scholar and historian, declared that 'the end of the disturbances created by the Revolution would be a Constitutional Monarchy, which would be brought about by one man, not at present on the stage.'"

BENEFIT OF THE HUNGARIAN FORGERIES

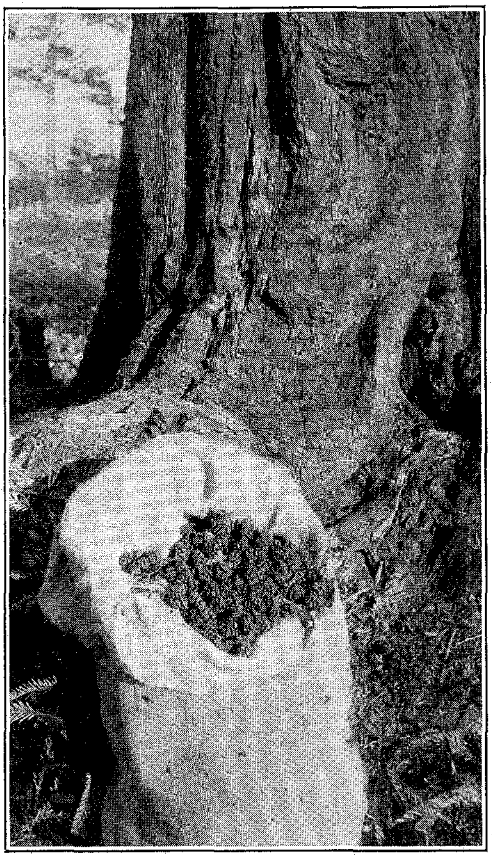
FAR MORE IMPORTANT than the forgery of French franc notes in Hungary, we are told, is the issue it raises of Hungary's position in the new Europe. Sir William Goode, who has been the unofficial financial adviser of the Hungarian Government, says that the publicity given to these forgeries has been of benefit because it has served to strip Central Europe of unrealities. The bitterness which has marked the attacks on Hungary by the "inspired press" of the Little Entente, he declares in an interview in the London *Observer*, reveals the undiminished hatred with which Hungary has had to contend on the part of most of her victorious neighbors. Sir William is quoted further as saying:

> "That hatred may or may not be justified, but to my mind it raises an issue far greater than that of the forgeries; namely, the importance of extending the spirit of Locarno from the Rhine to the Danube.
>
> "If the Locarno spirit had prevailed in the Danubian basin, it is quite probable that Count Bethlen, the Prime Minister of Hungary, would have been given unstinted credit for dealing so firmly and so fearlessly with a difficult internal situation. Certainly there would have been no such orgy of foreign-press inventions regarding the forgeries. Compared with some of these inventions, the 'German corpse factory' was a friendly inexactitude.
>
> "The facts are that notes to the value of not more than £200,000 were forged, that many of these were discarded by the forgers themselves as useless, and that only a very few spurious notes were disposed of.
>
> "The moment the plot was discovered the Hungarian Government, without foreign pressure, arrested a Prince with a famous name, and their own Chief of Police, and also ordered a bishop to be tried. In all twenty-four persons, regardless of their social standing or official connections, have been put into prison and are kept there under Hungarian law, pending their trial.
>
> "Count Bethlen has further granted a Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry, on which the Opposition, numerically quite unimportant, is generously represented. I doubt if the Prime Minister of any other Central European country would have shown the same fairness and fearlessness under similar circumstances.
>
> "It should be remembered that there is great temptation to the Little Entente so to project Hungary as to make her appear a country ruled by irredentist or Hapsburg forgers. Thus it would be easier to keep Hungary under the subjection of a Military Control Commission indefinitely, and to obtain the much-desired territorial 'corridor' connecting Czecho-Slovakia with Jugo-Slavia—previously refused by the Allied Powers. Count Michael Karolyi, the former rather pathetic President of a short-lived Hungarian Republic and now convicted of high treason, also finds that these forgeries give him another opportunity to vilify his own country; opportunity which the United States Government has officially prohibited him from utilizing.
>
> "It is all rather discouraging to those who have worked toward European reconstruction and who, in official or other capacity, have helped most of these countries on to their economic legs. Evidently some of these States have not yet learned that vindictiveness does not pay. The sooner there is a Locarno for the Danube Basin the better."

SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION

SEEDING CALIFORNIA REDWOODS FOR FUTURE FORESTS

ALONG THE CALIFORNIA COAST, in the heart of the timber country, where there yet remains a goodly part of the only redwoods in the world, infant forests of pine and cedar and fir and redwood are beginning to grow. And not merely a few acres at a government experiment station or the scattering seedlings from seeds dropt by a parent tree. This is something more far-reaching and more vital to the needs of coming generations—an organized and planned effort, on the part of large lumber concerns, to provide a generous supply of timber for the future, says Mr. W. W. Fairbanks in *The Southern Lumberman* (Nashville):



Illustrations from *The Southern Lumberman*

REDWOOD SEED WHEN FIRST GATHERED

Showing the cones containing the seed, which is later shaken out, dried, and planted.

"Beginning on a small scale about two years ago, two nursery stations for the propagation of young forest trees have grown into considerable proportions. The first of its kind in the United States is in the lumber town of Fort Bragg on the northern California coast. The second is a hundred miles farther north, at Scotia, in the heart of the lumber belt of Humboldt county.

"The initial operations at Fort Bragg resulted in the organization of the California Redwood Association, which now includes about twenty of the big lumber concerns which operate in the timber belt from Point Arena on the south to the Oregon line.

"These young forest plant nurseries at Fort Bragg cover four acres of land. An established system has been developed and this and the nursery at Scotia supply all other concerns whose owners are members of the organization with young seedlings used for replanting their respective holdings.

"First of importance in the work of growing new forests is the gathering of the seed; no slight undertaking either, for one can not go into the open market and buy, even with ready money, seed for the growing of a million young forest trees. In 1924 seed-gathering began early in October and continued nearly through November. Redwood was the principal seed, and of this there was gathered 5,500 pounds; no simple task when it is remembered that about five thousand seed are required to weigh one pound.

"To obtain a two-hundred-pound barrel of the seed, there is required the labor of three men for four weeks. The seed-gatherers are helped in their work from a strange and unusual source. Squirrels gather for their winter's supply of food large quantities of the seed-cones. With unerring instinct they select the best and largest—those containing the most fertile seed—and just what the seed-gatherers would choose were their judgment as perfect.

"Far out on the topmost branches of the trees these little animals cut the cones free with their sharp incisors. Soon they litter the ground and the seed men have but to gather in the spoils. At the nursery plant, these cones, no larger than a walnut, are placed in trays in an electric drier. The cones soon open and the seed are easily shaken out. Even with the best judgment in selection, seeds yield but twenty-five per cent. of young plants.

"Seeds are sown broadcast in beds shaded by an enclosure of lathing. When a year old the strongest plants are selected for immediate planting on the cut-over lands. The weaker are again planted in fresh beds and allowed to remain for a year or more longer. Thus there is always a fresh supply of available seedlings coming on. When ready to plant the young growth has reached a height of eight to ten inches.

"Planting of the seedlings begins in December, when the ground is well water-soaked, and it continues till the following March, usually the end of the rainy season. Three hundred and fifty trees is considered a day's work for one man, and that number is supposed to cover an acre of ground.

"But little attention may be given the individual plant after it is once in the ground, when it is a matter of replanting sixteen hundred acres, which one company proposes to cover this season. The greater bodies of redwood grow on the roughest land, on the topmost peaks of mountain ranges, and down the steepest of hillsides to the narrow bottom of wedge-shaped gulches.

"Over fallen timber—wreckage from the logging operations of other days—comes a small crew of men, each armed with a mattock and a supply of young plants. A hole is scooped, the roots of the plant hastily arranged, soil is packed in and the planter is ready for the next.

"Those of the young trees that survive the first season of California sunshine and summer's drought might be said to have passed one of the most serious periods of their problematic existence. But just how this replanted area may appear, let us say fifty or a hundred years hence, it's not wise to venture even a guess. Human endeavor has never before reached out in an effort to duplicate the work of nature on such a scale. The infant seedlings, feeble of root and slow of growth, planted in clay or shale where the rains of winter cause streams to wash and gully down the hillsides; where the long, rainless summer causes the ground to bake and all vegetation to wither, will fail—large numbers of them—to survive the first summer. Many years will be required to bring those that do live to any noticeable size or to present even the semblance of a tree of the forest.

"Twenty years from the time of planting, a single forest fire sweeping over the land may cause hundreds of acres to be denuded.

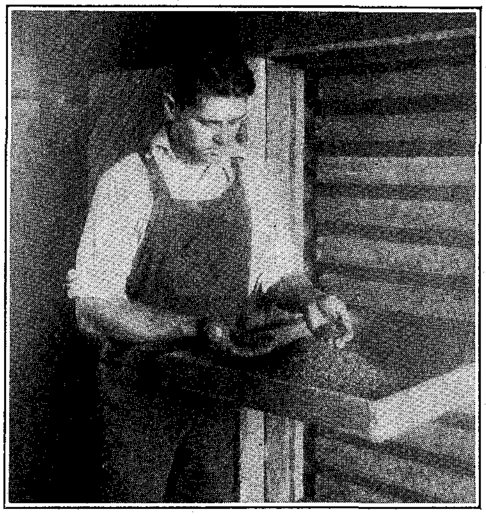
"Nor does any one know, nor can they safely predict, the length of time that may be required to produce a forest growth that profitably may be converted into usable material. Neither does any one know the quality of timber that may be produced by means of these artificial plantings. That a period of fifty years will produce a new growth, ready and awaiting the ax and saw, as stated by some alleged authority, might be gravely questioned. A safe and conservative opinion might give a period of a hundred or a hundred and fifty years, instead.

"Fortunately, a new growth of forest is not dependent, absolutely, upon the replanting of young seedlings. From the stump of a fallen redwood there will come at once a circular growth of 'suckers.' These, with a strong root power behind have been known to reach a diameter of two feet within thirty years. Where these young growths are thinned to but few in number their progress is much more rapid.

"In 1900 the area of redwood timber cut yearly embraced less than 7,000 acres. In 1922 the area cut over had increased to more than 11,000 acres, and with about twenty-two large companies now operating in this redwood belt, the quantity cut annually may be expected to increase steadily."

ARTIFICIAL WOOL NEXT?

THE SHEEP-GROWER has something new to worry about, writes O. M. Kile in the Baltimore *Sun*. Within another five years, he thinks, artificial wool may be as common in our textiles as artificial silk has become to-day. Already it is being produced in the United States, and considerable quantities are being imported from Italy, where the industry started. We read:



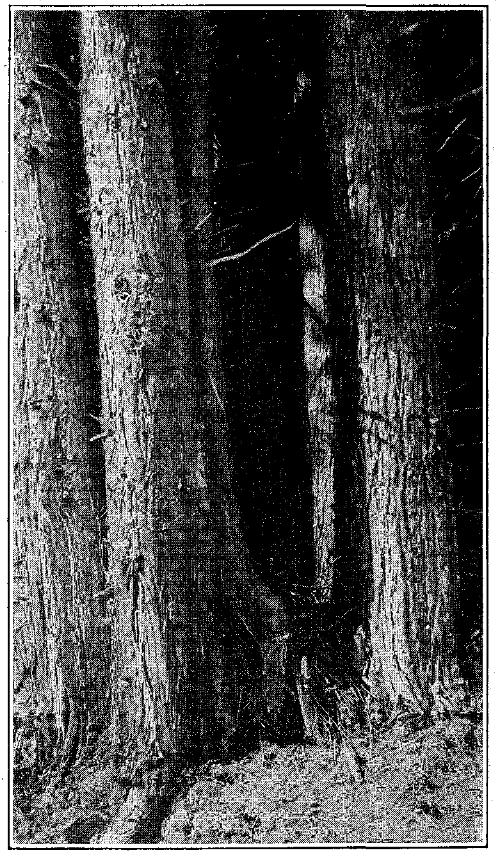
DRYING THE REDWOOD SEED

One stage in the replanting process described on the preceding page. Examining seed in the electric drier.

"This new 'wool' is a chemical product made from cellulose or wood fiber, just as is artificial silk. In fact, most of the wool now being manufactured is a by-product of the artificial silk industry. The short or broken 'silk' threads are worked over into this new 'wool' yarn. The product is said to have the soft warm feel of lambs' wool, and, in addition, has a lustrous quality which improves the appearance of woolens in which this artificial fiber is used as a mixture.

"According to officials of the Department of Commerce, the price of this artificial wool yarn will be between 50 cents and $1 per pound, as compared with $2 per pound for real wool yarn.

"Just what degree of competition this new development may bring to American wool-growers can not be foretold at this early date. At present the artificial yarn seems to be used mainly in mixing with the natural product. Unquestionably, this practise will give greater impetus to the demand for truth-in-fabrics legislation, designed to require each piece of woolen cloth to be marked as to its exact composition. Senator Arthur Capper's new truth-in-fabrics bill, by the way, impresses farm leaders in Washington as being more practical and having a better chance of enactment than any of the bills of this type that have been pending in Congress for the last twenty-odd years.



YOUNG REDWOOD TREES

Not all redwoods grow from seed. Here is a clump of second-growth trees which grew from the stump of a large tree felled thirty years ago.

"But restrictive laws will not help the wool-grower much if the new fabric proves satisfactory to the purchaser. And, of course, the tariff on wool could be of no help whatever in meeting this new situation, unless it should turn out that this artificial wool is of a type to replace merely the grades which we do not grow extensively in this country.

"The natural tendency is to underestimate the ultimate effect of a new development of this kind. Five years ago few persons took the artificial silk industry seriously. Japan paid little attention to it for a time. Silkworm farmers felt perfectly certain that nothing could displace nature's method of making silk thread. To-day Japan herself rapidly is becoming a large user of artificial silk, now rechristened 'rayon.'

"In 1920 American rayon mills turned out but 8,000,000 pounds of the product. The next year this figure almost was doubled with a production of 15,000,000 pounds. In 1922 the output rose to 24,000,000 pounds, and during 1925 we turned out that amount from January to June. The full year's figures are not yet available. In addition to this large production we have imported more than 5,000,000 pounds of rayon.

"With the technical development of the artificial fiber industry already well beyond the experimental stage, and with no essential difference in the process necessary to produce artificial wool rather than artificial silk, there would seem to be reason to expect rather rapid increase in fiber wool production, provided the product satisfies the consumer's taste.

"If it is argued that artificial wool must compete with a cheaper article than is the case with artificial silk, the answer is that artificial wool also may be made at less cost than artificial silk. Being a coarser fiber, it takes less time and machinery to turn out a pound of the finished product.

"Our raw-wool production during the last five years has averaged around 265,000,000 pounds, or, roughly, half that amount of scoured clean wool. We import around 300,000,000 pounds (in 1924, 240,147,000 pounds) of raw wool. It will be seen that wool is no small item in American agriculture. Its future concerns owners of farm flocks, as well as the proprietors of the large Western sheep ranches."

ELECTRIC RAILROADS WITHOUT WIRES—Railroad electrification has taken a new turn, we are told in an editorial by *The Engineering News Record* (New York). This has been brought about by the perfection of oil-electric locomotives to a point where they can be substituted for steam locomotives in switching service. We read:

"The possibilities of such locomotives for use in and around cities, where steam locomotives are objectionable because of their noise, smoke and dirt, are indicated by the fact that the New York Central Railroad proposes to use them for all switching work on Manhattan Island below its Seventy-second Street yards, a section of New York City where its tracks are at street grade and located in large part directly in the streets. Electrification of these, and all tracks in New York City, was ordered two years ago by the Kaufmann Act passed by the New York State Legislature, but their electrification by the ordinary means, either overhead trolley or third rail, was out of the question as long as the tracks remained at level, and it has been impossible to come to any agreement as to constructive procedure.

"Because of this new development, electrification can be accomplished simply through the replacement of a few steam locomotives with the new locomotives in which an oil engine driving an electric generator provides the motive power. The New York Central plan has been approved by the New York State Public Service Commission, and so it appears that the use of oil-electric locomotives is considered by the commission to fulfil the requirements of the Kaufmann Act. What can be done under the exacting conditions on the West Side tracks at New York can be done elsewhere in both freight and passenger service, wherever the extent of the territory affected by the objectionable features of steam locomotives is sufficiently great to warrant a change of locomotives upon entering the territory. Passenger terminals in the larger cities can obtain many of the advantages of electric operation through the use of oil-electric locomotives, and at a considerably reduced cost.

"The oil-electric locomotive has the power range of the electric locomotive, is not noisy, altho not as silent in operation as an electric locomotive, and gives off no more smoke than an automobile. It should be able to operate underground for short distances and into closed terminals if a small amount of ventilation is provided."

TO CHANGE SOUTH AFRICA'S CLIMATE

RAINFALL OVER THE WHOLE of the central portion of the Union of South Africa is steadily decreasing year by year, and if this goes on at the present rate, vast areas now supporting a farming and grazing population will be given over to the wild beasts of the desert. This process can, however, be checked. Its causes are known and can be remedied. The above startling statement is not that of a sensational journalist in search of a thrilling story, but the considered judgment of a scientist, Professor Schwartz, of the University of Stellenbosch. Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington) comments on it as follows:

"Put in a nutshell, the reason for this gradual decrease in rainfall is the drying up of the big tract known as the Kalahari, 400 miles from the Orange River, in the south, to Lake M'gami in the north.

"Up to comparatively recently this area was traversed by a whole system of rivers dotted with several lakes. This water system connected Lake M'gami with the Orange River. But the lake which acted as feeding reservoir for this system is drying up owing to the silting up of the streams that fed it from the north. What water it still gets and holds has been diverted by some mysterious play of nature and now, instead of flowing toward the south directly, flows eastward into the Zambesi and westward into the Kunene and Okarango rivers.

"So far has this process gone that of recent years the term 'desert' has come to be generally applied to the Kalahari, altho the word is a misnomer. The area is not by any means waste land yet; it is a vast undulating plain, partly covered with forest and partly with rich long grass whenever there is the slightest rainfall. It borders on one of the best cattle-raising districts in South Africa, Bechuanaland. The forests are, however, fast dying; there is ample underground water supply which may be tapped by artesian wells, but the water lies too deep to affect the roots of the trees. For mile after mile, one may see wilted and withered remains of what once were luxuriant growths.

Photographs from *The Scientific American* (N. Y.)

IN A PUNCTURE VINE

And you can tell from this young Californian's expression that it is not a laughing matter to step on the sharp burs with bare feet.

"To remedy this state of affairs, three schemes have been proposed, and the time is fast approaching when the Union Government will have to make its choice among them.

"The first is a vast system of irrigation of the Kalahari, feeding the canals out of artesian wells. This would, however, require the presence in the area of a considerable population of settlers of which there is so far no sign. The initial expense would, moreover, be prohibitive.

"The second scheme consists in the building of dams across the Okarango River and one of the tributaries of the Zambesi, the Chobe River. This would retain masses of water in the M'gami lake and, while blocking its present ways of outflow, force the surplus water into the old, dried-up channels passing through the Kalahari. There is little likelihood of this project being adopted, on the score of expense, which would be enormous.

"There remains the third scheme, which, in default of the more ambitious ones, stands the best chance of being adopted, and is backed by Professor Schwartz and other South African scientists. It provides for the construction of a dam across the Kunene River, which, it is calculated, would restore a great part of the old scheme of nature for the irrigation of the Kalahari.

"Owing to the fact that labor, machinery, and, to a certain extent, materials, would have to be brought to the spot from very great distances over difficult country lacking proper means of communication, the expenditure of money and time is likely to be very considerable, but the importance of the issues at stake are believed to justify it. Not only would the reclaimed area of Kalahari open up a vast stretch of magnificent grazing land, forest, and valleys suitable for orange-growing, but the process of drying up that is threatening central South Africa with eventual economic and social ruin would be arrested."

A NEW ROADSIDE NUISANCE

THE PUNCTURE VINE, a roadside weed which penetrates the outside of automobile tires, is one of the pests with which the California motorist has to contend, according to *California Highways*, a bulletin issued by the California Highway Commission largely in the interest of good roads. The following excerpts are from an abstract in *The Scientific American* (New York), where we read:

"With curious intermingling of science and humor, the true scientific name given to the puncture vine is *tribulus terrestris;* it has indeed forced its tribulations upon those who try to cross its foliage, either with motor-car or bare feet. Each bur of this peculiar weed bears two sharp, pointed spines, and the bur is so balanced that one of the two spines always points upward when the bur is lying on the ground.

"These burs are about as long, and nearly as stout, as an average carpet tack, and since five burs make up one cluster, there are on each cluster ten points, several of which are always business end up. To complicate the matter still more, one plant may bear 10,000 burs, not only to puncture the tire of the car which passes over them, but the skin of him who sits on them.

HOW IT GETS ITS NAME

Each of the burs of the puncture vine, or *tribulus terrestris*, seen sticking in this tire is about the size and strength of an average carpet tack.

"The puncture vine, it appears, is not a native American, but came over from somewhere in the region of the Mediterranean, as a stowaway, along with ballast in a ship that docked in Texas. Since nature's purpose in providing this vine with seeds in the form of burs was to permit them to attach themselves to moving objects for a free ride to a new country, it rapidly traversed the southwest, and seems now to have made its main home in sunny California.

"Along the highways the puncture vine quickly spread, for the heavy burs picked up by passing motor-vehicles were distributed by the same medium. The vine is still spreading. Fortunately, however, the present-day tire, with many plies of rubber and fabric or cords, is almost immune from actual puncture, but the spines, nevertheless, break off in the tread of the tires and work through the fabric when the tire is well worn. This shortens the life of the tires.

"Live stock pick up the burs between their toes, and this often causes them serious infections. They even get the burs under their tongues, causing ulcers. Grape-pickers know better than to kneel in infested vineyards—at least, those who have tried it once know better.

"Can the puncture vine be controlled? Not entirely. Hoeing would be necessary once a week, for the seeds, maturing quickly on the vines, sprout at different parts of the season. The road grader simply spread the seeds, planting them nicely under a thin mulch of soil. It has been found, however, that various petroleum oils saturate the burs and kill them, and these methods are now being employed in an effort to drive the pestiferous puncture vine off the highways, at least of California."

THE COST OF BEING BORN

MAN, LIKE ANY OTHER PRODUCTIVE machine, has a "cost of installation," the first item in the profit-and-loss account upon which an estimate of his economic value must be based. The new world-citizen, says *The Statistical Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (New York) must pay his price of admission, which is absorbed by the physician, nurse, and others who assist, in one way or another, at the initiation. There is, however, no fixt rate of charge. The writer goes on:

"The cost of being born varies greatly with the economic status of the parents; and even among people of one class, say those of moderate or slender means, there will always be much divergence occasioned by racial tradition, by wisdom, or lack of it, in apportioning expenses among the several items of the family budget. Any numerical estimates that may be given of the cost of childbirth must, therefore, be clearly understood as representing a rough average.

"There are several alternative methods of maternity care from which the expectant mother may choose. Naturally, costs will depend upon the type and quality of the service selected; upon whether the woman is attended by an obstetrician, a general practitioner, or a midwife; upon whether she goes to a hospital or is confined at home. According to official figures for New York City, 1924, there were registered 130,436 births in that year. Of this total, 80 per cent. were attended by physicians; less than 4 per cent. of those so attended were taken care of by the outdoor hospital departments; approximately 50 per cent. of them took place in institutions; and the remainder occurred in the homes of the patient under the care of a private physician. The least expensive type of maternity care is that provided by the outdoor hospital service maintained by a few hospitals. Sometimes a flat rate of $10 is charged, and sometimes service is absolutely free. This method of treatment, however, accounts for only a small proportion of confinements, and is apparently diminishing in popularity, as shown by the declining number of births so attended. On the contrary, hospitalization of maternity cases is steadily increasing.

"The minimum average maternity cost, when care is given in the hospital ward, is around $150. This estimate allows $50 for hospital expenses (the average amount charged in the wards); $70 for service (hiring a working housekeeper), $25 for the baby's layette, and $5 for incidentals, such as hospital fees for prenatal care, the cost of which is very small, as only 25 cents is charged for each clinic visit.

"For a more adequate type of hospital service, a minimum figure will be in the neighborhood of $250. Keeping the price of service, layette, and incidentals as before, the extra $100 will provide care in a semi-private hospital room instead of in a ward. There is a real difference in quality between these two types of service. In normal ward cases, delivery is given by senior interns under the direction of the house or visiting staff. In abnormal cases, the visiting physician does the actual work himself. In the semi-private rooms, on the other hand, service is given by one of the staff obstetricians. Semi-private patients need not attend the public prenatal clinics, but are entitled to private consultations with the staff doctor who is to attend them. The average hospital bill for such service is about $150. This is probably the type of treatment most commonly selected by families in the $2,500 income class, for records of a few of the large maternity hospitals show that patients are almost equally divided between the wards and private rooms; and since all women of the very low income levels must go into the wards, most of the women financially better off apparently choose the more expensive service. Instead of treatment by the house obstetrician, the semi-private patient can have her private doctor take care of her at approximately the same cost.

"Costs for home confinement on a scale comparable in quality to ward treatment will usually run somewhat higher than the minimum hospital rate, if the same amount of service is employed. The extra supplies which the mother requires in such cases can be bought for about $10 and additional nursing care can be procured for around $20. This figure covers the service given by visiting nurse organizations. The $20 average balances the large number of cases which receive no nursing care against those where nursing costs much more. However, allowing, as a bare minimum, $50 for the doctor's fee, costs can, perhaps, in this case also, be kept down to $150. For an additional $100, a physician charging higher fees can be called in and more adequate nursing care given. These figures must be understood as representing actual minimal costs, as far as they could be ascertained, and not in any sense as a criticism, approval, or commendation of the adequacy of any particular scale of fees. It is realized that in not a few instances, even among persons in very moderate circumstances, the medical costs run up to very high figures. Those who insist on the service of a skilled obstetrician must be prepared to pay much larger fees. Two hundred dollars is considered a minimum fee for the service of a specialist and the other necessary items then mount proportionately higher to a total of not less than $500. Among the well-to-do, the resulting costs probably do not fall much below $1,000. It is realized, however, that the number of families able to pay such sums is so small that the effect of including them will presumably not change the average very appreciably.

"There are many confinements at which no doctor is in attendance. In 1924, close to 20 per cent. of all births in New York City were attended by midwives. The extent to which midwives are employed depends largely upon nationality. Dr. Lewinski-Corwin in 1918 found that over 87 per cent. of all mothers in Italian and Slavic families were delivered by midwives. It is believed that $35 is the average fee which a midwife receives at the present time. There is rarely any expenditure for nursing service—hence costs run lower than in the case of treatment by a physician.

"In round figures, we may say that for the rank and file of the community it costs from $200 to $300 to be born. This outlay may not be a big item in the total cost of a man, since it occurs but once for each individual, and may, therefore, be considered as distributed over the mean length of life, say fifty-five years. But the fact is that this item has actually to be met at one point of time, and, coming thus as a lump sum, it is in most families of moderate means felt as a considerable burden for the parents. In fact, it is undoubtedly the anticipation of greatly increased expenses, the sudden demands made on the family exchequer when a child is born and for some time after, that causes many people of limited income to favor the policy of the restricted family."

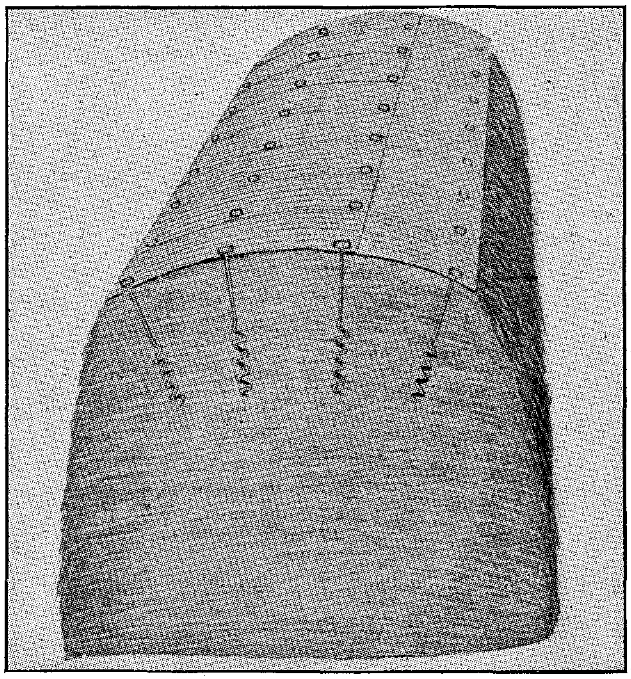
HOW DID THE OXYGEN GET INTO THE AIR?—A new theory of the origin of the free oxygen in the atmosphere has recently been proposed by Professor G. Tammann, of Göttingen, Germany. He suggests that it was probably formed during the cooling of the earth in the period between the beginning and the end of the solidification of the uppermost layer of the crust. Writing in the *Zeitschrift fur physikalische Chemie* (Leipzig), he calls attention to the fact that investigation of the gases contained in eruptive rocks have shown that these never comprise free oxygen, but always consist exclusively of carbon dioxid, hydrogen and nitrogen. This implies that when the silicate-containing rocks were first solidified, there was still no oxygen in the atmosphere, which probably consisted of large quantities of water-vapor mingled with nitrogen, hydrogen, carbon dioxid and carbon monoxid. He says:

"The solidification must have begun at the temperature at which water vapor is decomposed—at least a small part of it—into hydrogen and oxygen. It has been shown by careful calculation that at this temperature hydrogen is able to overcome the attraction of gravity and escape into space, the oxygen remaining behind. At first this oxygen would be entirely consumed in oxydizing the fiery liquid forming the surface of the earth, for the quantity of free oxygen in the atmosphere is negligibly small compared with that held fast in compounds in the layer of silicates.

"The amount of free oxygen in our present atmosphere would only be sufficient in a fixt condition to make a layer of rock covering the surface of the earth 16 inches thick. After the hardening of the uppermost layer of rock, however, greater amounts of oxygen would be contained in the water vapor, since the latter would be cut off from the fiery mass of the deeper layers, so that it was probably at this time that the free oxygen of the air appeared."

EVERY HAYSTACK ITS OWN BARN

PORTABLE COVERS OF SHEET-STEEL for haystacks, giving each stack as perfect protection from the weather as if it were stored in a barn, are described, and their use is strongly advocated, in *Sheet Steel Service* (Pittsburgh). For many years, says this publication, farmers have known the advantage of keeping hay and feed in the barn rather than in the stack. It was always in a better condition and brighter in color, and there was no loss due to action of wind, rain, or sun on the top of the stacks. However, most farmers do not have sufficient barn room for the storage of the entire crop, particularly during years when the yield is unusually heavy. The result is they are compelled to use the less efficient stack for such supplies as can not be placed in the barn lofts. It goes on:



A HAYSTACK WITH A STEEL HELMET

This portable sheet-steel haystack cover gives the entire stack the protection of a barn. The cross-section view through the stack shows how the screws tie the cover to the stack.

"A galvanized sheet cover gives complete protection to these stacks of hay or feed. Literally, it makes each stack into its own hay barn. The contents of the stack are safe from the effects of wind, water and sun.

"The stack covers are made from a sheet, with corrugations a little deeper than on ordinary corrugated roofing. This gives a sheet that is very stiff.

"The covers are curved so the raise of a 20-foot cover is 4 feet in the center. The sheets themselves are lapped six inches on the ends and one full corrugation on the sides. By this means there is no chance of driving rain seeping through.

"In most cases the covers are kept securely in place by heavy galvanized screw anchors placed at the corner of each sheet. These anchors are inserted through the sheet and screw a depth of four feet into the stack. The holes in the sheets are reinforced with eyelets to give an added bearing. The anchors tie the cover into four feet of the top of the stack so it is almost impossible for the cover to blow off. The cover can be held in place by weights suspended from the eyelets, but the screw-type cover-anchor has been found more secure and much easier to apply.

"All the cover sheets are made exactly alike and nest perfectly. This permits an entire cover to be stacked compactly on a floor space the size of a single sheet. The sheets, too, can be shipped in compact bundles and take the lowest freight rate. Since the sheets are put on one at a time, they are very easy to handle. Two men can cover the largest stack in the windiest weather in a very few minutes. They are also just as easy to remove, and one feature of particular advantage is that when the stack is being cut, only the portion of the stack that is being worked needs to be uncovered. With reasonable care, the covers will last fifteen or twenty years.

"This idea is typical of the usefulness of sheet steel to the farmer. Sheet steel is easy to handle and apply. Its fire-resistive and lightning-safe qualities particularly appeal on the farm because the farmer must operate with little or no fire-fighting equipment. There are many instances on record where entire groups of farm buildings have been wiped out in a single conflagration.

"Farmers are thoroughly familiar with sheet steel. There is hardly a community where large quantities of this material are not found in service as watering-troughs, brooders, incubators, house and barn roofs, grain bins or for entire structures such as hay barns, garages and machinery sheds.

"There is not a building on the farm or a room of a farm dwelling where sheet steel can not render important service from cellar to attic. For furniture, fixtures and equipment, good use can be made of this incombustible and economical material."

POISONOUS CLEANING FLUIDS

THE RECENT DEATH IN ENGLAND of a woman who was cleaning brass vessels with nitric acid has called attention to the fact that inhalation of acid vapors may be fatal, and to the general lack of regulation of the sale and use of such products. Dr. H. R. Oswald, coroner for the western division of London, writes to *The British Medical Journal* (London), to advocate further restriction in the sale of poisonous substances used in the industries. Says this medical authority, in an editorial note;

"We know of no country in which the sale of poisonous substances for industrial or economic use is restricted to pharmacists. In the United States the law is less restrictive than in Great Britain, extending little beyond the prohibition of the drugs comprised in the British Dangerous Drugs Act.

"Apart from that Act, which relates only to drugs producing addiction or craving, our legislation has been aimed at preventing the criminal use of poison and safeguarding the public from accident, but always with due regard to the convenience of legitimate users. Before the passing of the Pharmacy Act the only restriction in existence related to arsenic.

"It was called into being, we believe, owing to a barrel of arsenic having been mistaken for a barrel of flour. By the Pharmacy Act of 1868 the sale of certain poisons named in a schedule to the Act was restricted to registered chemists and druggists. Additions to the schedule have been made whenever a new danger appeared. Carbolic acid was first scheduled as a poison when it was found that there was danger connected with its very general use as a disinfectant, but the regulations are so worded as to apply still only to liquid preparations containing more than 3 per cent. of the substance. A powder containing carbolic acid or any dry mixture containing it may be bought without restriction.

"Even the strong liquid preparations may be sold without restriction when supplied for use as a sheep-wash or for other agricultural or horticultural use, provided that they are suitably labeled. The balanced view held by the administrative authority is plainly illustrated by the form in which the dangerous products of tobacco are scheduled as poisons; it reads: 'Any preparations or admixtures of tobacco (other than tobacco prepared for smoking and snuff) containing the poisonous alkaloids of tobacco.' Zinc chlorid is similarly treated, the exceptions applying to preparations of zinc chlorid intended to be used for soldering or other purely industrial purpose. It has not hitherto been deemed necessary to make the corrosive acids —nitric, sulfuric, and hydrochloric—subject to the restriction governing scheduled poisons. They may be sold by any one, but the bottles in which they are supplied must be distinguishable to the touch—that is, ribbed or fluted—and they must be labeled with the word 'Poisonous.' Having regard to the many amendments of recent date to our poison regulations, we do not think it can be said that there has been lack of official attention to the subject.

"Nitric acid is, however, attended by an unusual danger in the effect of its fumes on the lungs. We remember several instances of death from its inhalation. It would seem that the suggestion to make nitric acid a poison under the Act presents a case for serious consideration. Dr. Oswald would add hydrochloric acid (spirits of salts), and also salts of lemon—a mixture of acid potassium oxalate (or binoxalate) and potassium tetroxalate."

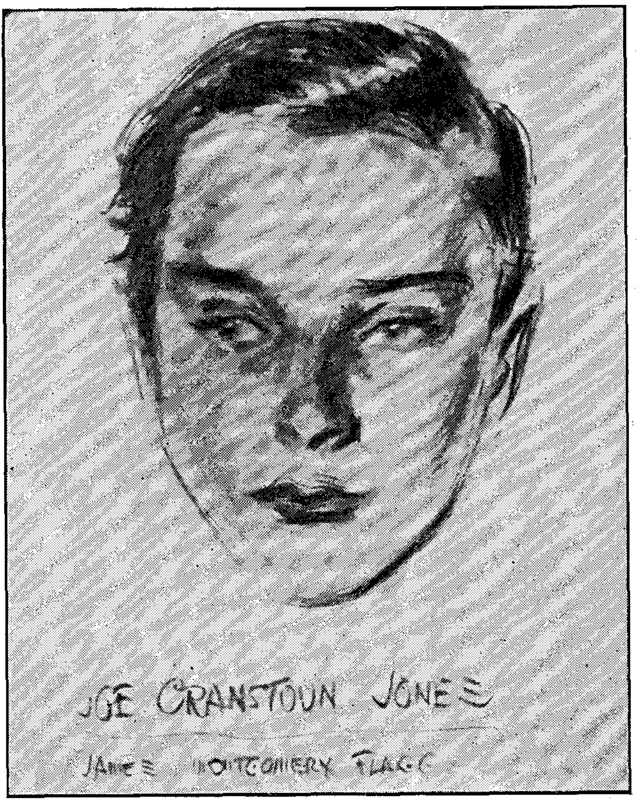
LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

OUR FRONT-RANK FEMININE SONG-BIRDS

"EVERY FEMALE SINGER stands first in her own estimation, and whoever discerns the slightest flaw in her deliveries is guilty of high treason and fitted for the gallows." Thus Mr. W. J. Henderson begins his consideration of the distaff element of the Metropolitan's singers—an enterprise not to be lightly entered upon, as his opening sentence shows he realizes. But having given the men of the Metropolitan the "once over," as our issue for January 30 reveals, there was no slighting the women. *Singing* (New York), the new magazine devoted to the vocal art, now issuing its second number and carrying his articles, reports that nothing written in recent years by a music critic "has provoked such wide and agitated discussions as Mr. Henderson's personal estimate of the relative standing of contemporary artists." It forestalls accountability to some extent by declaring that "no reader need agree with Mr. Henderson's judgments," and points out how this very disagreement tends to make life exciting if not dangerous.

The artists treated are among the first-rankers and it will be seen that none are of native stock. The recent advent of Mary Lewis and Marion Talley, if they maintain the positions just assigned them, will change the aspect of things. Of course, in the second line at the Metropolitan are many Americans.



Pictured by James Montgomery Flagg

THE LAD WHO DRAWS WITH HIS SCISSORS

This boy of sixteen, who has spent his life in an invalid's bed, visions the wild life of nature, from which he is irrevocably shut off.

Beginning with Maria Jeritza—as why should he not—he dims some of the brilliance of her first appearance by observing that "in the great days of Maurice Grau her advent would not have been so glorified," for the reason that "ideals have radically changed since then, and finish has been supplanted by spasm, elegance by sensation, art by excitement." But to begin:

> "Madame Jeritza has a naturally beautiful voice, tho it is not equalized throughout its registers. The lady knows not too much about production. She sings with repose only momentarily. Almost every lyric line is continued but a short distance, and then shattered by an explosion of pent-up tone, apparently not to be controlled by the singer.
>
> "But this want of control is not strictly technical.
>
> "It is temperamental.
>
> "The same restlessness and spasmodic style are found in the soprano's action, and it is no exaggeration to say that she can fall down in more different ways than any other living prima donna.
>
> "Her costumes betray a lack of calm design. The atmosphere of her entire art is heated.
>
> "And yet Madame Jeritza instinctively strives for better things. She studies singing under the best guidance. And she theorizes entertainingly in the public prints. The audiences at the Metropolitan dote on her, for they are composed largely of people to whom opera was unknown before the Great War, and to whom noise, exaggeration and hysteria are the manifestations of a stirring dramatic art. Meanwhile, the disinterested observer has contemplated a *Thaïs*, an *Elizabeth*, a *Tosca*, an *Octavian*, and a *Fedora* all touched with a similar facility for feverish demonstrations.
>
> "Florence Easton is different. She has no temper at all. She is just voice and brain. Her voice is an excellent lyric soprano, which is too often made to do duty in dramatic rôles. It shows the effects of strain. She has an excellent technique and a consummate musicianship. Whatever she does has the finish of a highly developed art. Her singing is almost always beautiful, but it is almost never stirring. Because of her keen artistic insight her range of interpretation is extraordinary. She is admirable as the *Princess* in 'Rosenkavalier' and as *Cio-Cio-San*, as *Fiordiligi* and *Eva*. Admirable is the precise word. You admire her; but she never lifts you in your seat. All coolness and poise, just the opposite of the shooting-star from Vienna."

Madame Easton is English, tho married to an American; Rosa Ponselle, the next noted, is of American birth, tho of Italian parents.

> "There is Rosa Ponselle, who arrived at the Metropolitan with the most glorious dramatic soprano voice that had been heard there in years. In an incredibly brief time the velvet of this voice lost some of its sheen by reason of hard usage. Miss Ponselle did not know how to produce her upper tones. She does not know yet, but she has made much improvement in technique and in general style. Her art is naive, unfinished, uncertain in purpose. Her conception of the melodic phrase seems to regard it as an ascent to a high note or a descent to a low one. She treats it accordingly, which method is essentially Italian. In these days when an inexperienced opera-going public hears only naked sounds, Miss Ponselle is fortunate. She shines a brilliant star in a nebulous firmament. And in 'La Vestale' she has found a rôle of opportunities which she has not neglected.
>
> "As a producer of tone, the best singer in the Metropolitan women's list is Elizabeth Rethberg, and she possesses a soprano voice of rare beauty. Her scale is good, her production generally praiseworthy, her treatment of the phrase decidedly musical, and her plan of interpretation usually intelligent. But her art is injured by a certain butyraceous quality; it is affected by a subtle and indescribable pinguidity. It is an art flowing with milk and honey.
>
> "If the invisible powers that juggle our fortunes could but exchange some of her perfect lubrication for some of Madame Jeritza's frictions, there would be joy among the commentators. Last season she sang the duet in the first act of 'Madama Butter-

Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri

fly' with extraordinary beauty of tone and poetic interpretation, but despite all there was a general air of placidity which was certainly consistent with the character of a fifteen-year-old Japanese girl, but not with Puccini's nuptial rhapsody. In concert the same traits are disclosed by Madame Rethberg's singing. She is an admirable medium for revelations of the pious spirit of Bach, whose music she sings with consummate art; but she is prone to be ecclesiastical also in Schumann and Schubert.

"Lucrezia Bori is a singer of a different type. She has a voice of less velvety quality than Madame Rethberg's. It is more pungent in tone, sometimes even acrid; but it is better fitted to the publication of eruptive emotions. Beautiful always, Miss Bori will dwell long in the memories of opera-goers as *Fiora* in 'L'Amore dei Tre Re.' She sang this music with all that was best in her art, pulsating vitality of tone, sustained lines of floating cantilena, nuance exquisitely suited to the phrase, and textual sense. When she impersonated *Violetta Valery*, she was pictorially and dramatically admirable; but Verdi's florid expression of the lady's desire to keep free of the shackles of love, was not in her grasp. In comedy, Miss Bori is always a joy; witness her delicately roguish *Despina* in 'Cosi fan Tutte,' her gleefully adventurous *Mrs. Ford* in 'Falstaff,' and her almost wicked impersonation in 'L'Heure Espagnole.'"

The country at large takes Madame Galli-Curci to its heart. This is what the metropolis thinks, as Mr. Henderson tells us:

"Madame Galli-Curci does not excite as she once did. Yet her voice is still beautiful, and it is a very beautiful voice, indeed. She sings out of tune pretty often, and her tone is often very shaky; but she can not help it. The cause is neither bad ear nor bad technique. It is physical. In fact, Madame Galli-Curci, in so far as treatment of the melodic line goes, sings musically most of the time. Her radical defect is a complete absence of emotional quality. She expresses nothing but a great peace. Nevertheless, Madame Galli-Curci has survived the stupendous boom to which she was subjected. It would have killed an artist of less merit.

"Madame Frances Alda, whose name leads the list of Metropolitan singers, has a lyric soprano voice of excellent quality with especially pleasing head tones. She has a fairly even scale and a placement generally admirable. She has always had difficulty with the enunciation of rapid successions of syllables. Her singing is often delightful in tone and is marked by great self-possession.

"The majestic Matzenauer strives still splendidly amid the shifting scenes of the Metropolitan pageant. Hers is a voice of grand proportions, but they have not been gigantic enough for her ambitions. Heaven created her a mezzo-soprano, but for her only the mountain heights of *Brünnhilde* and the death-devoted *Isolde* would suffice. Alas! she is sometimes one of the historic company of 'screaming sisters of the air' and sometimes a very virago of an Irish princess. But she is imposing at all times. And in a highly uninteresting opera called 'Jenufa,' produced as a new setting for Jeritzian splendors, she shone as the first star.

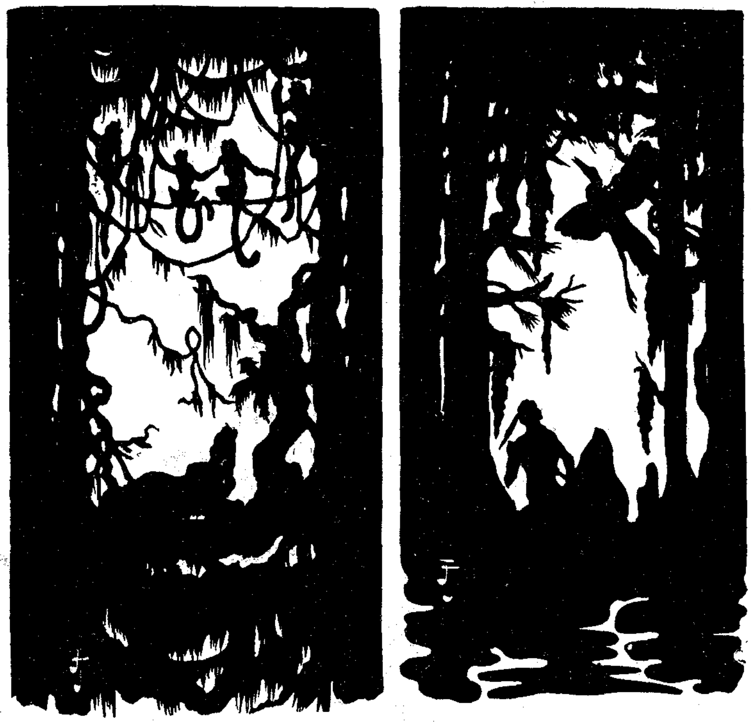
"Madame. Matzenauer has temperament.

"This goes far in opera. Her singing has the true dramatic ring, but it might be better if she would not stretch her scale."

Mme. Schumann-Heink was once of the opera and returns this season for a few appearances; Frieda Hempel also comes in by right of once having loomed large on the roster there. But our space forbids further quotation.

DRAWING WITH HIS SCISSORS

MORE THAN 2,000 CONTESTANTS all over the world competed for a prize in drawing offered by Lewis Myers & Co. of Valparaiso, Indiana. The winner was Joe Cranstoun Jones of Augusta, Georgia, who draws with his scissors and cuts silhouettes from the inward vision some kind fairy brings to his restricted life. He is an invalid and has spent most of his life, which now has covered sixteen years, in bed either at home or in the hospital. He began expressing himself this way when he was six years old, and the life of the outdoor world, of nature, of the chase and hunt, even of the jungle, is rendered with a remarkable clairvoyance considering that none of these things ever passed before his physical vision. He is not unknown to the magazine world, and his "Wild Horses at the Water Hole," "The Coon Hunt" and "Jungle Night" have figured already in print. His work speaks for itself; outside of that there isn't much to record except the following that Ada Ramp Walden has set down for the Augusta *Chronicle:*



AS THE JUNGLE LOOKS

To Joe Cranstoun Jones, who sees it in his mind's eye and cuts these silhouettes.

"At the age of six, when the average boy is emerging from the lisping stage, Joe, a little invalid, deprived of the use of his lower limbs, lay on his back and cut silhouettes! Even at that age, his creations were devoid of crudeness. The time came when he must spend a year in a hospital—he was fourteen then—and during those twelve long months, while the little sufferer lay strapped to his cot in the Scottish Rites Hospital in Atlanta, his frail, deft fingers fashioned silhouettes. His loved ones, who, in the interim, were hoping—praying—that the treatment would restore the use of his limbs, found that hope to be vain; but the year brought much to Joe! And those who knew and loved him in that hospital soon found that he had brought much to them! His never-failing cheerfulness, his marvelous fortitude, was without parallel. There were anxious hours when loved ones listened for the sound of the oars of the Stygian boatman, but never a word of complaint or a movement of impatience from Joe!

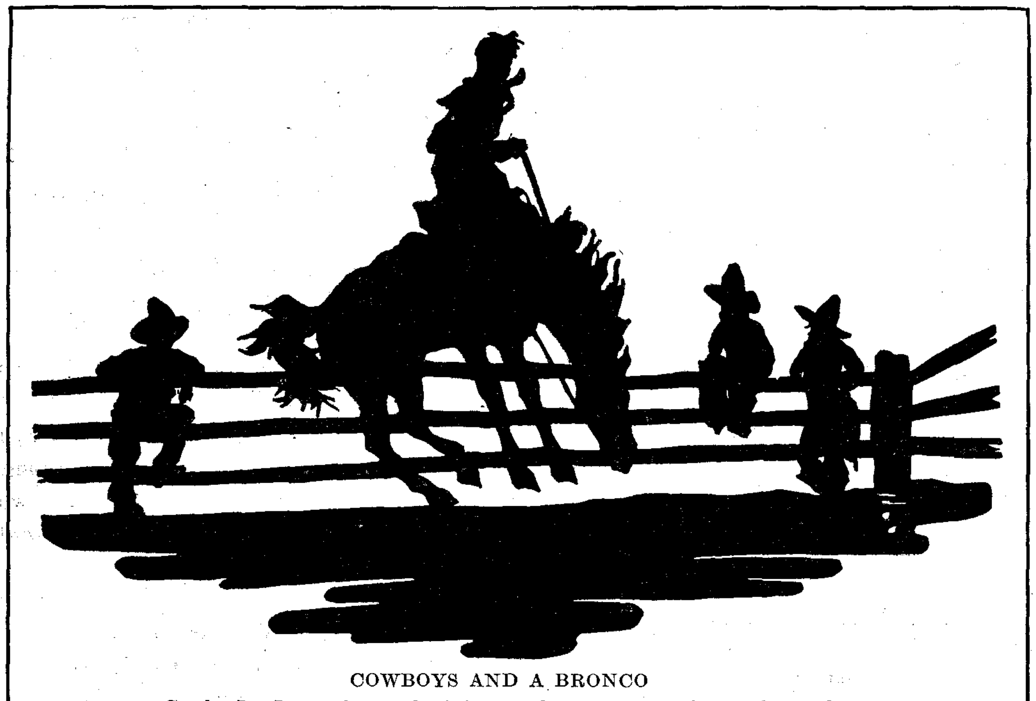
"There were visitors galore, and many began to recognize this pronounced talent; and that talent, without effort or intent on his part, began to commercialize itself. His productions sold for a splendid price, as fast as he could create them. Ere long, his name having traveled beyond Atlanta, inquiries came from standard periodicals, with requests for samples of his work, and to-day he is educating himself from the sale of his silhouettes. His specialty is animals, and his love for animals of all kinds is unbounded. Yet, many that he portrays in all their grace and beauty, he has never seen. Nor does he draw even an outline of the silhouettes he makes, as does the average artist.

"Some of his productions have attracted much attention. The wonderful background of his silhouettes, with its delicate tracery, forms a setting for his pictures of wild animals in their native haunts that depicts a profound knowledge of nature.

"Those who know and love Joe Cranstoun Jones realize that he is possest of an innate greatness that is paramount even to this God-given talent! It is a greatness that is intangible but nevertheless pronounced—so much so that one feels when in his presence as Alexander must have felt when he asked the philosopher, Diogenes, what he could do for him, and received the reply, 'You may get out of my light!'"

WAS SHAKESPEARE'S MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

AN ENGLISH ANTIQUARIAN has discovered that some near contemporary of Shakespeare bequeathed to his wife his "best bed," going Shakespeare one better, who only left Anne his "second best." Shakespeare's act has been made much of by history, for "the world," as the London *Daily Telegraph* observes "loves to believe that its greatest men are no better than they should be." Sir Sidney Lee, Shakespeare's biographer, has tried to better the great dramatist's case by pointing out that Anne, having her dower rights by common law, was better off than just possessing a second-rate place to lay her head. The new discovery made in the Probate Registry of York by Mr. S. O. Addy, gives Shakespeare, it is argued, a somewhat better face, since John Hill "gave to Rose, his wife, his best bed, and he gave her nothing more." Like Shakespeare he diverted his other possessions to his daughters. Somebody else is also discovered giving away beds, as we learn in *The Daily Telegraph's* summary of the case:



COWBOYS AND A BRONCO

Cut by Joe Jones, the youth of sixteen who never saw either cowboy or bronco

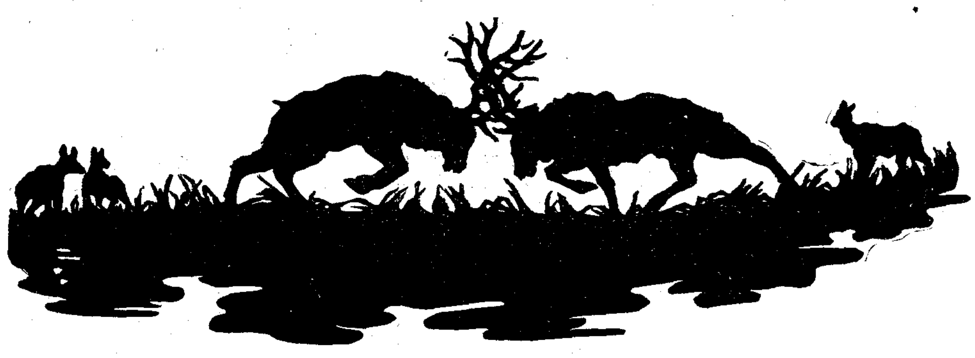
"Still, scandal may reply, Mrs. Hill did get the best bed. But here is Philip Morton, a little earlier, leaving Mrs. Morton merely 'one of the best beds within my house,' tho he did give her a cow as well. So much for the matter of the bed. As for the omission of any other bequest, Mr. Addy makes the most of the old argument that without a word in the will the law gave Anne Shakespeare a widow's dower, one-third part of her husband's freehold estate for life. There remain, however, unexplained the remarkable facts that in buying the last real property he acquired, a house in Blackfriars, Shakespeare took pains to bar his wife's right to dower, and that he left the bulk of his estate to his elder daughter, and committed the widow to her care. Are these dispositions which a man would make who felt warmly for his wife, and had confidence in her? It has been argued that the widow must have had some separate provision made for her, but everything which there is any reason to believe Shakespeare had acquired is carefully allotted in the will. His plate goes to the daughters, his clothes to his sister, his sword to a Mr. Combe. This plea is only a confession that under the will Anne Shakespeare was hardly treated."

The writer in *The Daily Telegraph* is not greatly impress with the efficacy of the new evidence in redeeming the name of Shakespeare. It rather argues against any such need:

"There is no law of nature which ordains that a man of genius should be an ideal husband. Tho it may be a little more common for a great man to find a good wife, even that is not a general rule. We have some reason to believe that Shakespeare's marriage was not judicious. His father, who looms through the mists of dull records and vague traditions an intriguing person, adventurous, litigious, jovial, had been worldly wise in choosing a wife. Shakespeare's mother came of one of the best families in the county, and in a modest way was an heiress. The wife that William Shakespeare took was a 'husbandman's' daughter, and all her fortune was £6 13s 4d. If we think of that as £50 of our money we shall do her no wrong.

"Moreover, Anne Hathaway was a bride of twenty-six, taking a bridegroom of eighteen. Such a balance on the wrong side seemed even more undesirable to the Elizabethans than it does to us, as we may read very plainly in Shakespeare's own plays. It is, however, fair to add that a bridegroom of eighteen was not liable to so much objection then as now. But we have to suspect that this bridegroom was none too willing. There are records which suggest that the marriage was hurried on by friends of the lady, and the first child was born six months after the ceremony. The natural inference is that a lad of eighteen had begun a liaison with a woman of twenty-six, not intending that she should be his wife. It is, however, only an inference, and those who have most knowledge of the world will be most cautious in assuming that the characters of men and women must be what the circumstantial evidence suggests. Of the course of the married life of William and Anne Shakespeare we know very little. The boy husband's resources must have been small. His father's affairs were in a bad way, the Hathaway family had nothing to spare. Three years after marriage twins were born. A little later Shakespeare left Stratford. Traditions agree that he was a wild youth, and there is no reason to doubt the tradition that he had to run away from trouble about poaching in the squire's deer park. This sort of thing does not suggest that he settled down when he married. When he left his wife, he was just of age, she was not thirty. We have no evidence how often he came to Stratford in the next twelve years. He may have been abroad, a soldier in Flanders some say, a strolling player in a company that toured Germany, Denmark, perhaps even Italy, say others. He may have taught school in the Cotswolds, as Aubrey had heard. He may have been a scrivener, a printer, an apothecary.

"In seven years we find him known as an actor and a playwright, in less than a dozen he was famous and had money in his purse. He came back to Stratford and bought New Place. It is plain that he loved the town and the people; what he felt for his wife is not so clear. She had been so poorly off that she borrowed 40s from a shepherd of her father's, and had not paid it when he died, tho her husband's fortune had then been long established. Their only son died, a boy of eleven, and no other child came. The tradition is that Shakespeare spent some time in Stratford every year after he had bought his great house there; but his working home was, of course, in London for long after that, and there is no reason to think that his wife shared it. His elder daughter married a Stratford physician in 1607, and some four years later Shakespeare sold his shares in the London theaters, and came to live in his Stratford house. Early in 1616, with death near, he thought of making his will. It was drafted in January without even the name of his wife in it. It was signed in March, with the second-best bed clause inserted between the lines. Anne Shakespeare was then a woman turned sixty. When she died, seven years later, she was buried near her husband, and kindly verses were put over her grave. What is the most reasonable judgment upon her and her history? We can not believe that Shakespeare felt for her any passionate or deep devotion. It is not even established that he treated her fairly, and some of the facts have an awkward look. On the other hand, there is no proof that he failed in his duty, and that he meant to mark his dislike of her by his will is incredible. The best hypothesis seems to be that he was hurried into marriage with a woman in whom he had no enduring interest, and whom he could not trust to deal wisely with his affairs. It is very obvious that Shakespeare was not so interested in Mrs. Anne as we are. He gives us one more example of the rule that great men are apt to get hold of the wrong wives."



A FIGHT IN THE OPEN

Imagined by Joe Cranstoun Jones and executed in this size with his scissors.

THE SINGER OR THE SONG

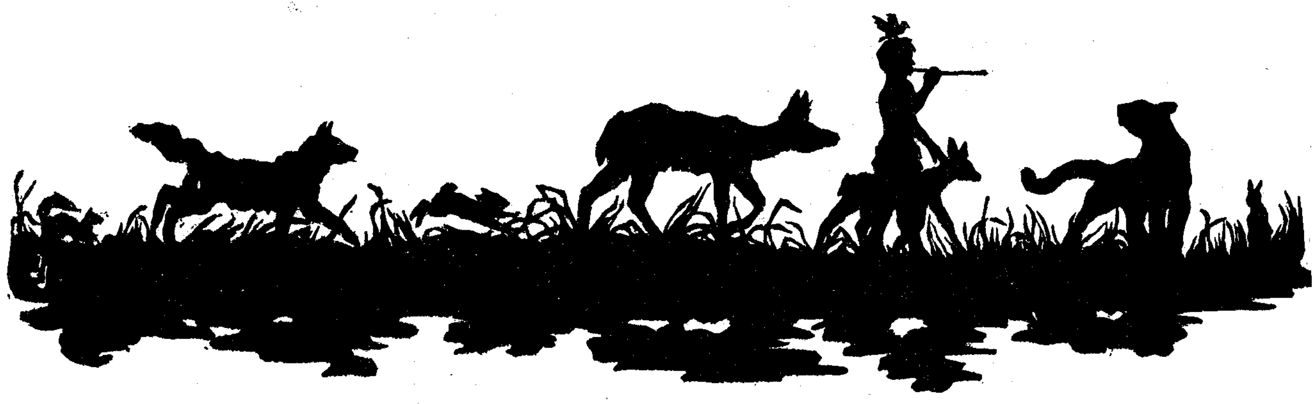
IS THE SINGER MORE IMPORTANT than the song? Such a question is asked by an English writer in *The Westminster Gazette* (London). "It seems necessary in view of certain well-marked tendencies on the part of numerous concert artists," says Mr. F. N. Hillier, "that these questions should be discust with considerable frankness; not merely for the good of music, but for the good of the ever-increasing army of concert-goers." He charges that the great masters who wrote the music are really ignored, and that the artists are guilty of developing mannerisms, and of playing-to-the-galleries, "either as a means of hiding imperfect technical accomplishments or of securing a cheap atmosphere of success which is wholly undeserved." What he says here may be taken in conjunction with the observations of the first article, for our operatic stars are also concert artists. He indicts "the world-famous figures" of setting a bad example to the less eminent:

"All this is probably the result of the 'booming' and adulation which many musicians, like cricketers and cinema stars, nowadays receive, but it has done a great deal to change the atmosphere of the concert hall. The artist appears saying, as it were: 'You are all here to hear ME sing (for instance) with my wonderful voice. I am the whole show.' The names of ten great masters of music, each ten times the genius that he is, may figure on his program with works that he could not have produced in a hundred years, but that doesn't matter.

"How different it is with the true artist. *He* comes forward as a humble interpreter of those great masters' works, having perfected his skill to the uttermost to do them proper justice; anxious for applause for his skill, but not thrusting himself and his accomplishments forward, rudely claiming all the limelight, all the applause, spurning the composer because he isn't present, and is probably dead, and is anyway an inferior being. An increasing number of those who are popularly known as great artists do these things, and the trouble is that the great audiences who hear them, large proportions of which do not realize what they are doing, let them get away with it. So, very often, do the critics. I heard, not long since, 'a great prima donna,' who sang second-rate music, showed off her undoubted charms with a frock that almost offended decorum, and was applauded to the skies. Bouquets came up in relays, few of them, strangely enough, clashing with the singer's gorgeous gown. Next day, the critics were cool, and let it go at that. I say they should have gone for her baldheaded, and because they failed to do so, they failed in their duty as guardians of the standard of musical taste and endeavor.

"The mischief is that these 'stunt' performances, these what one might call '*succès de stunt*,' do the greatest harm to the efforts and prospects of real artists, whose quiet, serious performances seem, to the musically half-educated, tame by comparison."

THE COVER—A boy prodigy of the eighteenth century, who developed into a famous painter, is the artist represented on our cover of this week. John Opie was born at St. Agnes, in Cornwall, in 1761, and taught himself how to draw and paint. He found a friend in the writer known as "Peter Pindar," who took him to London in 1780, and there the fashionable world took him up, passed him about as the "Cornish wonder," and gave him numerous commissions. Fashion is an unreliable staff upon which to lean, and the young painter soon found when his backing began to wane that he must perfect himself as an artist. Therefore he set himself diligently to work correcting his faults in art and improving his general culture. He was among the list of famous artists chosen by Boydell for the great illustrated Shakespeare, and he also painted numerous historical pictures and portraits. The literary figures of his time were among his sitters, and the National Gallery in London now exhibits his portraits of William and Mary Godwin. In the Guildhall in London are two canvases, "The Murder of Rizzio" and "The Assassination of James I." The original of the cover hangs in the National Gallery of Art in Washington.



YOUTHFUL ST. FRANCIS OF OUR DAY

A fanciful portrait of Joe as he represents himself and his love of outdoor life—but his modesty would not claim the title we give him.

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

FREEDOM DEMANDED FOR THE "CHURCH OF ASIA"

THE EMANCIPATION of the "Church of Asia" from foreign control has now, we are told, become an insistent demand in the Orient which it behooves the Church in America to notice if Christianity is to become the world religion. The "Church in Asia" it is recited, has outgrown its swaddling clothes, and the spirit of nationalism in China, Japan and India is now too strong to brook alien control of their religion any more than they would permit alien control of their purely domestic affairs. It is not at all an academic question, writes Robert E. Lewis, Secretary of the Cleveland Y. M. C. A., in *The Outlook*. It is being discust in Asia as one of the leading international problems. He points to the fact that the missions in China lean heavily on the extraterritorial rights which are now a bone of contention between China and the Powers, and says that the tide of nationalism now running in China and India is on a level with that of Japan, where, with eminent success, church control gradually passed into native hands. Here the influence of the foreign worker grew in inverse ratio to his authority. "When he became an adviser, counselor, friend, he gained new vogue. Where he insisted on holding the bag, controlling the finance and the property, he shriveled and became of no importance nationally, no matter what titles or honors the home board continued to vest him with." And now China is seeking to throw off the foreign religious yoke and to establish its own church, free of alien domination. Mr. Lewis puts the case very strongly, saying:

> "This is the hour of greatest peril to Christianity in China, and of the greatest hope. Peril, if we continue foreign control over any part of it, any of its personnel, its finance or its policies. We must set Christianity free. A new proclamation of emancipation. The national mind of China and India, as of Japan, spurns a foreign-controlled religion. Foreign-controlled institutions can not hope to hold the allegiance of Eastern peoples. It looks like a foreign allegiance, however much we wish it otherwise, and that to them is intolerable. Those who know the Orient only as it was have no conception of the meaning of the new day and the price we must now pay for leadership. It is an entirely new story.
>
> "A new world period dates from this decade. The minds of men will never be the same. A new history of mankind, because a new mankind. The American may be a dominant figure in the new Asia only by exerting moral control. With the leading nations of Asia self-determination is spiritual or else nonexistent. Physical control is possible only over tribes and the areas of low development. The civilization of Japan, China, India, is as vast and intricate as it is proud and hoary. They are now adding the mechanical cunning of the West. We may teach them in many ways if we be not arrogant, but we may not exercise a mandate over their spirits. They are now passing out of their 'middle ages' into their modern development."

One proof of this is seen in the management of Peking Christian University, where no color-line is drawn, where the requirements are not racial but academic, where there is no difference in the houses allotted to the professors, American or Chinese. The most complete transfer of leadership and property on record in China, says Mr. Lewis, was recently consummated by the American Young Men's Christian Association in favor of the National Committee and Associations in China, entirely composed of nationals. Chinese leadership takes precedence throughout. The peculiar and penetrating influence of this organization in China, we are told, is largely predicated upon its being a "native organization." In Japan it has been entirely so for three decades; office-holders, property-holders, and policy-makers are Japanese; the few affiliated Americans serve in an advisory capacity, not an executive being among them. It is difficult to persuade those at home of the necessity of the change in control, says Mr. Lewis. The home constituency has wanted its foreign workers to "show results," and it has been considered necessary to have the missionaries managers of the Christian enterprise overseas. But, argues Mr. Lewis, "the other half of the world must make its redemption its very own or it will never take place. We are not to man the mission field, but to help, select, train, coach, inspirit, and trust the nationals to man their own field." And Mr. Lewis believes:

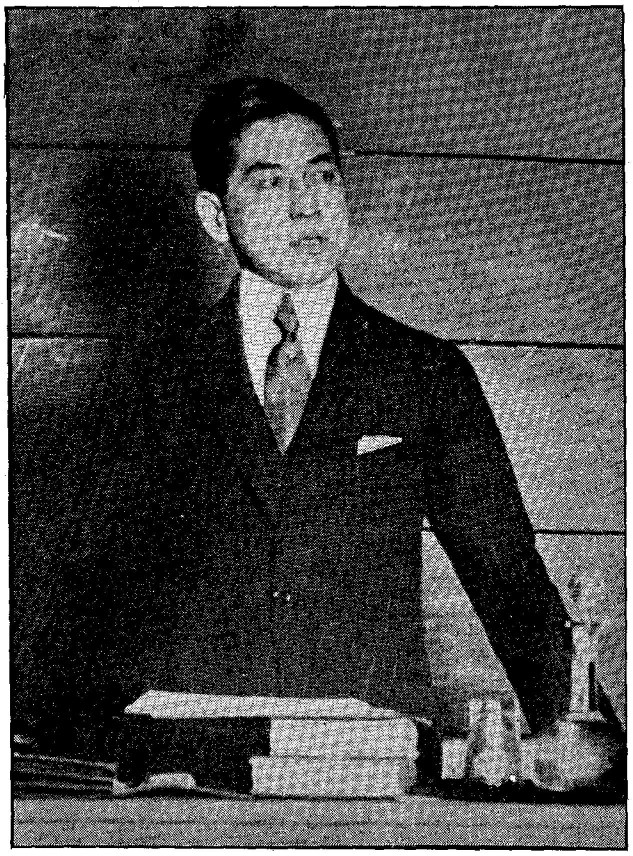
> "The readjustment of leadership in the Christian society abroad is likely to be as significant as the efforts to throw off foreign territorial encroachments and regain complete political sovereignty. Political sovereignty can never be effective without the emancipation of the spirit. Religion is at the center of it. The profound piety of the Christian body in the Far East will saturate the vast native population because of its earnestness and its purity if it has no insuperable foreign handicap. The new nationalism will applaud the intellectual and the free, as against the superstitious and the subservient. We may well add to its strength all the money and persons we can command, but all of these resources must be placed at the disposal of the indigenous Christian enterprise and subject only to their self-determination. At home less talk of 'foreign missions' and vastly more of native initiative, their achievement, their self-realization, their version of 'Jesus'-way-of-life.'
>
> "What a strange intrusion upon their spirits are our American bishops ruling over the Chinese Church, American presidents insisting upon retaining their priority in the educational sphere, the will of their national bodies overawed or checkmated by the will of the 'missions' or the 'boards'! They will no longer tolerate the present autocratic relation of denominational conventions in America which lay down for the churches of the East terms for baptism, church membership, and creedal definition. We respect them when they refuse to be our spiritual serfs. Renunciation of control on our part will add luster to the unselfish record of the pioneer days of missions and make a new day possible."

Missionaries must be willing to take political pot-luck with the native Christians; they must show confidence in the native Christian enterprise, "not by compelling the native Christians to fight for their independence, in many places readily conceded, but by refusing to maintain a religious *imperium in imperio*, this vast independent establishment known as 'the missions.'"

> "Bag and baggage, personnel and property, rights and ceremonies and standards, all should go under national native control. Foreigners? Certainly. It calls for the greatest act of renunciation in the modern history of religion. Jesus planned not by power but by renunciation to win the world; not by resources but by character. To suggest that we give up the term 'foreign missions' would seem to many pious people to be a sacrilege, but we must remember that Paul called upon the Jerusalem church for a renunciation fully as difficult to them. When their priority and their claim to standardization and identification came to an end, then to Christianity came its broad mission. It can never be a world religion so long as we insist upon making it American.
>
> "No other policy will survive the test of the years immediately before us. Only in the probationary period or among barbarous tribes can we assume to be the master in any area or in any phase of service abroad. When called to exercise such control by the free and sovereign will of the leaders or the people concerned, it should be for tentative terms and to meet special cases. In our missionary addresses to the home constituency we have extolled the native leaders to the skies. The time has come when we must 'remain in shadow in order to increase light,' as the great Verbeck did. His board disowned him. But he was the founder of modern Japan more than any other individual. His board repented. Upon him the Japanese throne bestowed the rank of citizen, an act without parallel. He died a Japanese, not an American, so amazingly had he identified himself, so complete was his self-renunciation, altho only Dutch blood flowed in his veins."

WELDING FOUR RELIGIONS INTO ONE

TO BE COMPELLED TO CHOOSE among a variety of religions and, in the end, to weld them all into one religious faith is the experience of a Japanese writer, which is interestingly set down in the New York *Herald Tribune.* Yusuke Tsurumi, a well-known contributor to American magazines, was brought up amid the formalities of Buddhism and Shintoism, but it was not until the invasion of Christianity that he began his quest for God. He was seriously troubled by some of the teachings he heard from missionaries. He could not believe that his mother, who had given him her all, would be wiped out of existence because she had not known the Christian faith; he could not believe that immortality was denied his ancestors, who had not had the opportunity of hearing the Christian Gospel. He could not accept the theory of original sin, nor could he believe that his soul's salvation hinged upon baptism. But he continued his quest for a faith or religious philosophy to which he could attach himself, and in the end he found one. But he does not give it a label, and he does not put his creed in words. Mr. Tsurumi is one of several who are contributing to a second series on "My Religion" appearing in the New York *Herald Tribune*, and more than ordinary interest attaches to his religious experience because it gives us in small perspective the mental difficulties a Japanese must undergo in accepting the new faith. The Buddhist and Shinto rites were performed around him, he writes, but it was only their formal side that was in evidence, and they were accepted as a matter of fact. They did not make him think. It was, he says, the challenge of Christianity that made a great number of Japanese youths think, and he tells us:



Keystone View Company photograph

HIS CREED A RELIGIOUS MIXTURE

"In me," says Yusuke Tsurumi, "I clearly see the mixing influences of Christianity, Buddhism, Shintoism and Confucianism. And that is the religious and intellectual life of a modern Japanese."

> "The flood of Western science and Christianity that invaded the country after 1868 stirred the conscience of the whole nation. The vague loneliness of my early boyhood gradually changed into a strong religious quest. I was rather precocious and read a great deal. The books that came my way were, of course, different from those that would come the way of an American boy. In the case of the latter, Christianity is the religion. In my case I was thrown into the formidable problem of the conflict of religions.
>
> "The religious and philosophical books that come the way of a Japanese boy or girl are of four different kinds—Buddhism, Shintoism, Confucianism and Christianity. Your aching conscience and inquisitive mind have to grapple with this stupendous problem of comparative religion. But as a nation we are not strong on speculative philosophy. We have a nature that craves for action and not speculation. Therefore, we look at religion not so much to see how it philosophizes as to discover how it functions. We look at the manifestations of religion in human conduct. Of course, I was not conscious of these things when I was going through the first conscious quest for religion."

The first religion with which Mr. Tsurumi had experience was Christianity, when he was sixteen. He went regularly to Bible classes conducted by an American missionary, and finally thought himself ready for baptism. But there was one question still in his mind, and he wanted that settled first. He put the question to the missionary:

> "'You told me that salvation comes only through baptism, did you not?'
>
> "'Yes, I said so,' she replied.
>
> "'Well, then, what happened to those wise men of Japan in ancient times? It was not their fault that they were not baptized, because there was no Christianity in Japan then. Are they in heaven?'
>
> "'I am sorry, Mr. Tsurumi, but I do not think they are,' she said.
>
> "That was a terrific blow to my young mind. In fact, I secretly was looking down on some of my classmates who were baptized. I could not find anything particularly good in them. So the question in my mind was whether these ordinary boys were to go to heaven through their sheer baptism or through their records. So the answer of the missionary was upsetting to me. I even felt indignant. I could not quite figure out, but I felt that something was wrong about it. That cooled my fervor. I was not baptized. I continued the study through books, but my first emotional zeal left me. It was years later that I learned that the American missionary's interpretation was not the only one about salvation in Christianity."

Looking back, Mr. Tsurumi sees now that it was the conflict of three religions going on in a Japanese mind. His Japanese temperament "believed in salvation not by faith but by conduct." He revolted from the idea that anybody could be salvaged through sheer baptism. The dormant Buddhism in him inclined to a universal salvation, and his unconscious Shintoism, with all its reverence for ancestors, refused to accept a theology that deprived illustrious ancestors of the blessing of eternity. His subconscious Confucianism and Shintoism could not accept the idea of original sin. So he went away again on his religious quest. A dominant note of the Oriental mind, says Mr. Tsurumi, is that it is intuitive, and he proceeds:

> "When I tried to approach religion through the question of eternity, I failed. When I was told that the right approach to religion was the recognition of original sin, I could not accept it. Yet there was something that made me constantly pray. It gradually dawned on me that I believed in a sublime scheme in the universe. I could not go on living without believing that there was a meaning in all our apparently independent actions and deeds. Japanese have a passion for harmony. We do not think in the terms of individuals. We intuitively turn to the oneness of all the surroundings. Our individual self is important only in its relation to the whole scheme of the family, the village, the State, the world, and the whole universe. Look at the Japanese garden. It is never an independent garden. It is always fitted into the distant mountains or the surrounding woods. It is harmony with the surroundings that we are trying to accomplish. The same with religion. My intuitive reaction was not so much concerned with the eternity of my own soul. It was the conception

of the sublime scheme of the universe that thrilled me. It was again the existence of a great will that guided the unfolding of the scheme that was inspiring to me.

"It might run into the danger of the Oriental fatalism. The mentality of fatalism is to submit. The faith of the sublime scheme is to contribute. Here I feel the unconscious influence of Buddhism. I never studied Buddhism seriously until quite recently. In going through this great teaching I was astonished to find in me so much imprint of this. It was, indeed, a grand scheme of the world that the great thinkers of India thought out centuries ago. However, the greatest driving power of my own religion was not the mere conception of the sublime scheme of the universe. There was another thing that gave a driving force to the faith in this sublime scheme of life. That was the intense love of my own mother. I could not bear the thought that she was wiped out of existence. I gradually realized that the loneliness I felt in my boyhood was the unconscious quest of soul for eternity. Here I now see my subconscious Shintoism. The ancestor worship is the dominant note in the Japanese life. Being constantly under the influence of Christianity, I thought that I was free from the power of Shintoism. In my religious reverence toward my mother I now see the unseen power of the ancestral cult, altho in a different way from the old Shintoism. That is why I refuse to be labeled. The complex life we live makes it impossible to say definitely under what influences we have arrived at a certain kind of faith. In me I clearly see the mixing influences of Christianity, Buddhism, Shintoism and Confucianism. And that is the religious and intellectual life of a modern Japanese."

INCARNATION

By Mavis Clare Barnett

GOD said, "You would be God?" And I said, "Yes!"
And we went to His mountains, He and I,
For I had dreamed of height where the loud sky
Alone would speak to God, where calms no less
Than star and sundown touch His loneliness.
I listened. Was it blown wind or a cry
That sounded in my ears familiarly?
God said, "Those are your brothers in distress."
I cried to God, "I would go down again!
There with the pains and ardors I belong!"
God turned and stood in more than beauty then.
"How weak you would make God above the throng,
Lost in His stars, this dreamer . . . yet how strong
The God you can take down to dream with men."

The Churchman (*New York*).

PEACE AMONG THE CREEDS

A RELIGIOUS LOCARNO—as plausible and possible as the political agreement—is suggested by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, president of the Federal Council of Churches, in a recent address before a gathering called to consider the ideal of good-will among peoples of various religious and racial groups. Dr. Cadman observes what is attested a thousand times every day, that Protestants, Catholics and Jews meet too often to emphasize their differences and minimize their agreements. But if during the war they were able to unite in the common task of killing, why can they not unite in the business of peace? If it was possible for Locarno to declare a reign of peace over Central Europe, suggests the eminent preacher, it is more than possible for America to rally around the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man and declare peace and good-will to all in the land. Dr. Cadman recently completed a tour including Dayton, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Toledo and Columbus, in which cities he addrest gatherings sponsored by the city federations of churches in conjunction with other religious groups. The objective of these meetings was the promotion of peace and understanding among people of different religious beliefs and racial origins. Every meeting, we are told, was marked by enthusiasm. The largest of these meetings was held in Indianapolis, where Dr. Cadman addrest 9,000 people. The committee that arranged the meeting was made up of three Roman Catholics, three Jews and three Protestants. It was described by local newspapers as the "most representative gathering ever held in the city of Indianapolis." In his address, as it is quoted in *Christian Work* (Undenominational), Dr. Cadman proposes that the central figure in this "common mind of peace" shall be "that sublime gift from the genius of Israel that has made Roman Catholics and Protestant alike her debtor: 'The Lord thy God is one.'" Every Jew, every Roman Catholic, every Protestant, we are told, can say, "I believe in God," which puts them all on the same side of the abyss. It follows that they must all believe in the brotherhood of man. Dr. Cadman recalls:

"Our fathers of yesterday were of many kinds, eventually blended together. To-day the sound of the American city is that of a 'loom weaving the tapestry' of a new mankind. Some of our people are of little faith. They think of America as having failed to blend its polyglot peoples, and as being, not a melting-pot, but a 'garbage can'; not a nation, but a menagerie. They scoff at their fellows and exalt themselves. But this is the way of hate and leads to destruction. We must trust and believe in the diversified races that make up our land. The Irish, with their mission to nourish the mystic and the romantic; the English, with their contributions for a millennium to law and statesmanship and to the literature and the statecraft of the world; the Scotch, who by porridge and the Westminster Catechism have built monuments of their thrift and brains throughout the world; the Germans, with Beethoven, Schubert, Lotze, mighty spirits of the past; the Jews, who gave to civilization the idea of one God, the Father of all, the rock on which is founded every lasting civilization; the Roman Catholics, who, to quote Principal H. B. Workman, 'furnished for seven hundred years the only center of faith and love and light left upon the earth,' and who gave to us, through the act of Lord Baltimore, the first American State in which religious freedom was extended to Baptists, Jews, and Quakers."

What is the ideal to be sought in the American group mind? The ideal usually served up is that we tolerate one another, as if tolerance placed any tax on love and understanding or is of itself more than a negative virtue. It is freely and frequently strest by those who prefer the easiest path, but, points out Dr. Cadman, tolerance is a cheap word of political origin. A wife, for instance, would not tolerate being "tolerated." Says Dr. Cadman:

"We do not seek tolerance. We seek brotherhood, understanding, cooperation. It is the great business of religion to unite, and not to divide. . . . Let our ideal be the building of that solidarity of fraternal life in which black, white, yellow and brown, Protestant and Roman Catholic, Jew and Christian, are alike parts of the American family.

"Unity does not mean uniformity. A lady recently said to me, 'I hope that there will be no differences of opinion in heaven.' Heaven itself forbid! Think of saying, 'Me too,' to all eternity! No. Minorities are the means of growth. Let us encourage differences so long as they contribute to the larger good. Minorities are more often right than majorities. Individuals are far more often right than minorities, many of them moving like blazing stars, counter to the direction of their times. No civilization is worth while that does not respect variety.

"But while we respect variety, let us unite in spirit and service. Let us leave our theological weapons at the door and gather in the temple of brotherhood to do the things about which we agree; take hold as one man of the thorny problems of peace, industry, race relations, in round-table discussion groups and forums, where we can sit, all kinds of us, elbow to elbow. Let us put religion into the schools—not creeds, but religion. No one wants his child's mind to be the dumping-ground for twenty creeds; but surely Americans can unite in these practical ways upon the religion of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

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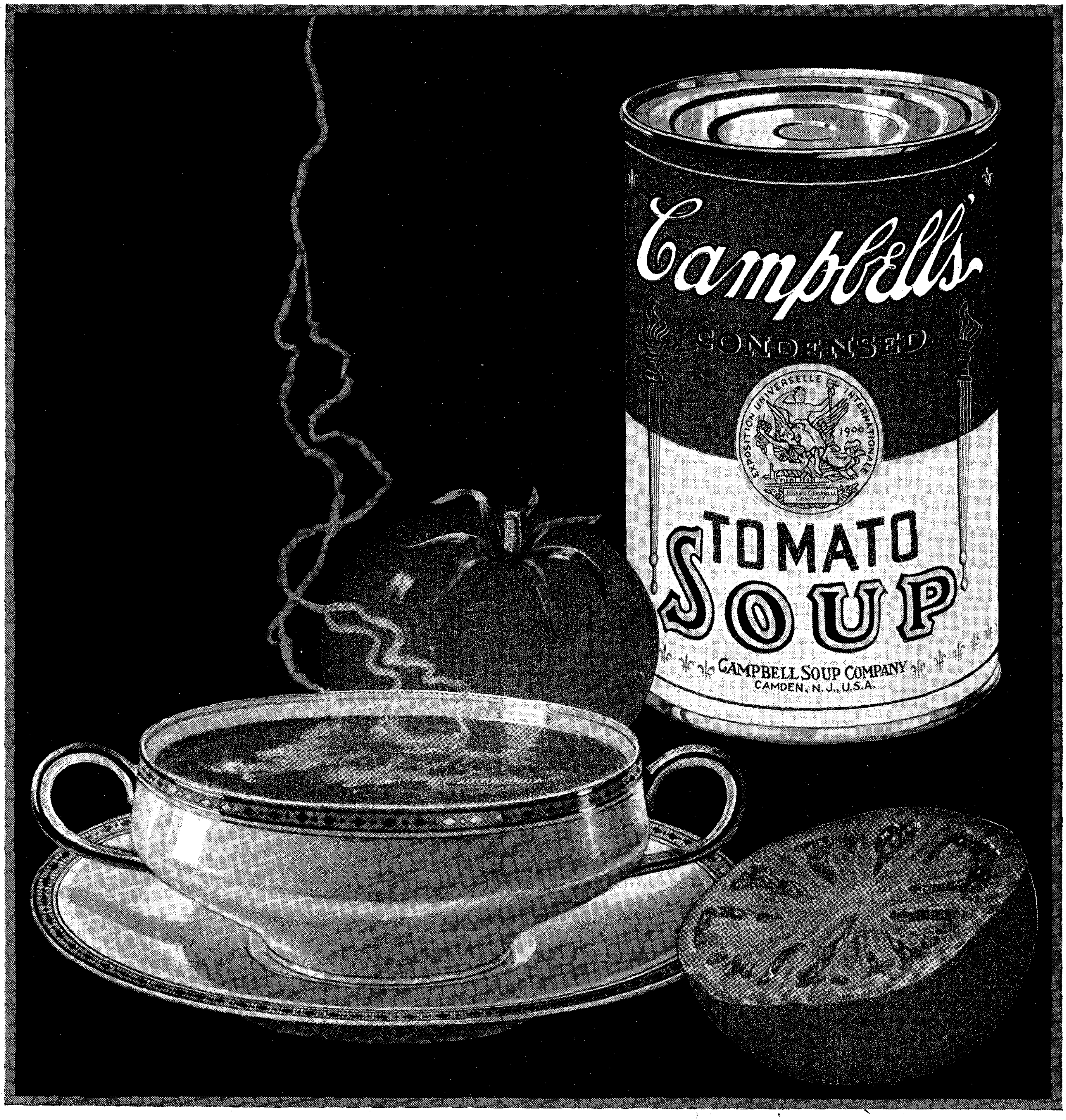
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CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

Two poems from *The New Republic* (New York) show this popular English novelist and short-story writer in a new vein, with the same felicitous use of words:

THE SHADOW

By A. E. Coppard

Of life and all its pleasure—
  Would pleasure were its end!—
I would not stint the measure
  To enemy or friend.
Let fate be sour or soothing,
  Untimely or towards,
Live to enjoy each new thing,
  The dream that life affords.

But there's a call supremer,
  An ultra-mundane goal,
That wakens every dreamer,
  And pledges every soul;
A quickening and a wonder
  That ever onward streams
Of sounding deeds that thunder
  The emptiness of dreams.

Yet, suns, for all their brightness,
  Burn not without a shade;
The moon's imperial whiteness
In blackest nets is laid.
Daedalian ages floated
  The bright ones on their way
With shadows, still devoted,
  Not less, but more, than they.

So, life-enslaved, the spirit
  Endures a shadowy claim,
And what is proved of merit
  Comes short of all its aim;
Still, like a drowsy farer
  Whose dog behind him creeps,
Goes on my soul, the sharer
  Of a shade that never sleeps.

Some lewd or idle fancy
  Diverts its trembling fire,
Or like a ghost unchancy
  Dogs all my fond desire;
O strange phantasmagory
  That will not let me be!—
When I would follow glory
  My shadow follows me.

EPITAPH

By A. E. Coppard

Like silver dew the tears of love,
  And gold's the smile of joy,
But I had neither, silver, gold,
  Nor wit for their employ.

I had no gifts or fancies fair
  This poverty to mend:
I was the son of my father,
  And had no other friend.

Though he that brings no grist to mill
  May con the reckoning o'er,
Who comes into the world with nought
  Can scarce go out with more.

A thing to think over from *Poetry* (Chicago):

THE OWL

By Edward Davidson

Beyond the inmost barriers of the brain,
Hid by the tree of thought's most secret bough,
While suns and moons of mood arise and wane,
Patience, the owl, considers wisdom now.
Her twin dark-closing eyes in safety keep
The present and the past, and for the rest
Shadow and silence blend themselves with sleep,
Nestled against the oval of her breast.
Still motionless she ages, growing wise,
And day by day dreams on and never stirs;
Nor till the last leaf falls before her eyes,
And the bare winter ends that peace of hers,
Will she burst up into the startled night
Wailing, on wings widespread for sudden flight.

A new ballad from this well-known Irish writer, appearing in the London *Spectator*, has the true tang of the soil. We commend it to any who know the air:

MY PROUD DARK-EYED SAILOR

By Alfred Perceval Graves

(*To the air of "Castle O'Neill."*)

My brave boy is far from me,
  Oh, my sorrow, on a strange, distant shore—
My proud, dark-eyed sailor,
  When shall I see him once more?
With heart near to the breaking,
  In the harvest field lonesome I bind.
It is alone I'm hay-making,
  When each girl has her boy close and kind.

Ah, heavy the steps I take,
  As to Chapel on the Sunday I walk,
Since he's not to meet me,
  With his fond looks and low, tender talk;
While my rose-tree richly flowering,
  Whose blossom he plucked for my breast,
Its petals sadly is showering,
  At the long, bitter blast from the West.

But deep down within my heart,
  There's a dear hope we'll be meeting next spring,
My proud, dark-eyed sailor!
  And our marriage bells sweetly shall ring;
Till beside you walking, high-headed,
  Under Castle O'Neill's shining towers,
Upon your arm, when we're wedded,
  We'll pass through a pelting of flowers.

In *The Measure* (New York) Mr. Percy gives us three classical themes with a modern turn.

THREE OLD TUNES

By William Alexander Percy

I

I have no knowledge what it was
  That Atlas stood upon,
The time he hove the burly world
  And held it in the sun—
Ignorance that alone prevents
  My shouldering as much,
Who reel to lift sunflower-high
  A bubble-soul or such.

II

Damocles, friend Damocles,
Felicitous in single doom,
High in the dark of my own room
So many sword-blades tug and tease
I envy luck like Damocles'.

III

I knew Midas, I knew him well.
I am familiar with his hell.
He sought to ease—poor desperate leech—
The bursting of his heart by speech,
And chose for hearers of his shame
Reeds that suck mud and have no name,
Fancying though they'd shed no tear
They might than man (his brother dear)
Calumniate less tauntingly
God's curse and his deformity.
(Midas, Midas, couldn't you guess?
Cracked bells should be clapperless.)

Here is a sincere confession, if ever there was one. *The Golden Quill* (Muscatine, Ia.), hands it on to us.

SEA REST

By E. Leslie Spaulding

Low rides the moon, cold blows the wind,
  Far flings the salt-sharp spray,
The pitching little cargo boat
  Lives out another day.

And we who labor in her hold,
  And curse the ruthless sea,
Might just as well be sittin' down
  At home a-drinkin' tea.

I tried it once . . . I bought a pub,
  And settled down to ease,
But every time they ope'd the door,
  In came the channel breeze,

And blew away my bloomin' wits,
  Just like an old straw hat,
I mixed the ale with ginger beer,
  Grew nervous as a cat.

Then came one day the mate o' this
  Old bloody, buckin' boat,
Says he, "I've got a berth for you."
  Says I, "I'll get my coat."

So here I am, and this I know,
  It all is for the best,
Land devils never trouble me,
  For I have found sea rest!

Another sea song in *Scribner's* gives us a chance for comparisons:

SAILOR'S SONG

By Louis Dodge

Mild wind, or wild wind,
  It's all the same to me;
I'll mend my sail by candle light,
  At dawn I'll put to sea.

And if a mild wind blows me home
  We'll share a drowsy nook,
And I'll grow stranger every year
  Beneath your constant look.

But if a wild wind bears me far
  And there be storm and wrack,
You'll know me better to the end
  For never coming back.

The same cry ringing in Matthew Arnold's verse reminds us how little we have progressed toward the attribute here celebrated. This is from *G. K.'s Weekly* (London):

SERENITY

By Theodore Maynard

With how much care and fret and useless trouble
  We build our souls of unsubstantial things,
Until our minds grow ill, our bodies double!
  For, lacking wisdom, all our striving brings
  Serenity no nearer. And the springs
Of joy we might have found are choked with stubble.
About our foolish roofless walls of rubble
  Doubts brush, like bats, our faces with their wings.

We have not learned that ancient pagan calm
  With which men, firm in courage, met despair;
Nor peace, which is the Christian's secret charm;
  Nor Nature's deep serenity; the air
Of starlit evening, and a quiet river,
And Death a wind to cool the hottest fever.

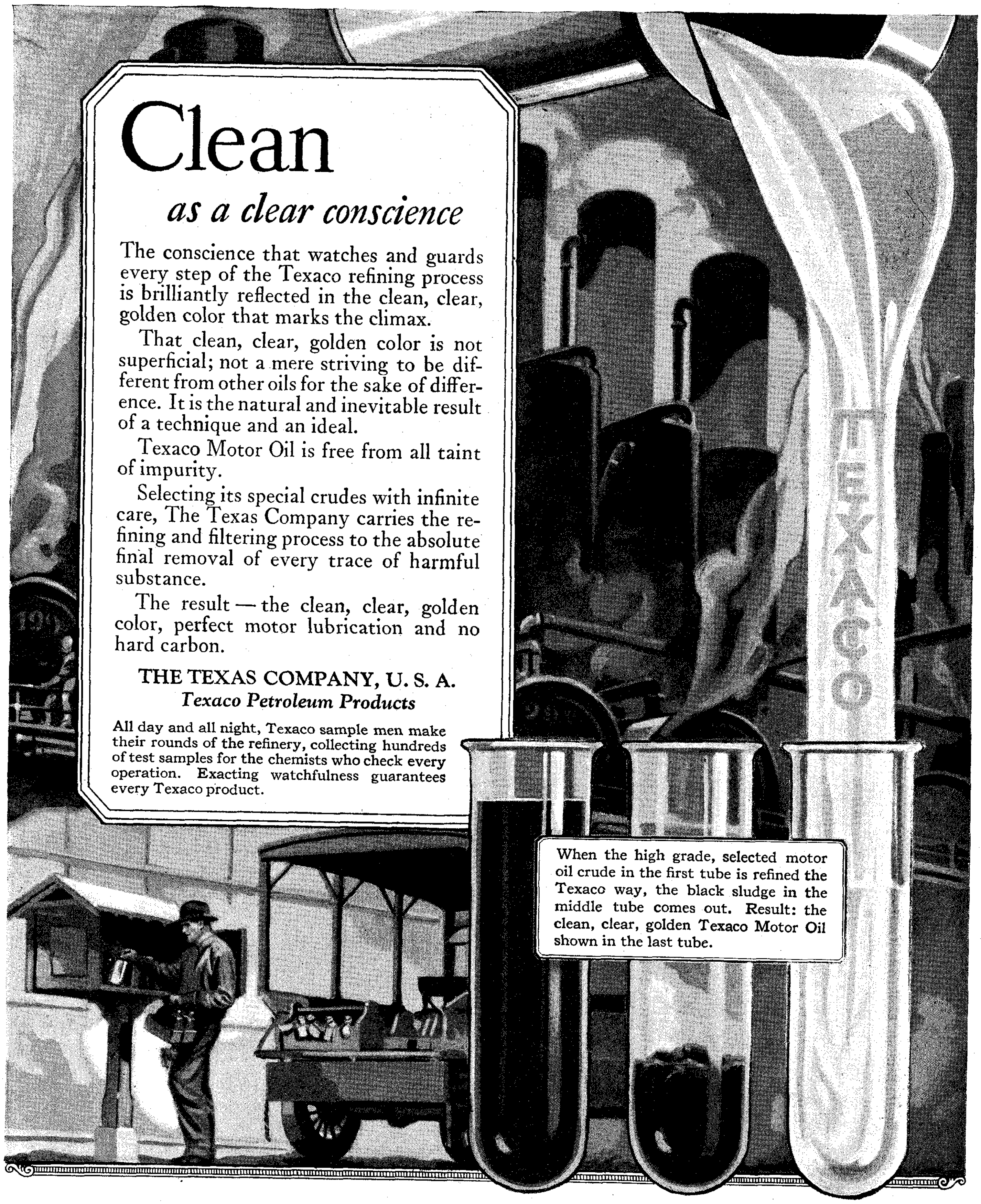
Youth hasn't quite outgrown its war-time feeling against Age, so complacent Age occasionally comes across things like this to be found in *The Measure* (New York):

THE OLD MEN

By Anne Seccombe

The merciless old men,
Clinging like withered apples on a twig
Of life that has so long defeated them,
Scan the tree, to themselves seem big.

And there is youth put forth
Like strong leaves growing out of twisted root
And always old men laying hold on it
With the soft rot of mildewed fruit.



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THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

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WASHINGTON AND THE CONSTITUTION

ON September 17, 1787, George Washington, having completed his work as President of the Constitutional Convention, sat down alone in his room and wrote these words in his diary:

"The members adjourned to the city tavern, dined together, and took a cordial leave of each other. After which I returned to my lodgings, did some business with and received some papers from the Secretary of the Convention, and returned to meditate on the momentous work which had been executed."

It is a remarkable fact that altho the great soldier and statesman took no active part in the heated debates of the Convention, he made his influence all powerful. James Monroe, in a letter written to Thomas Jefferson, said: "Be assured, Washington's influence carried this Government."

Washington had a magnetic personality that attracted people to him, and a character and wisdom that won respect. As one of the richest men in all the Colonies he had risked far more than had most of the other leaders of the Revolution. He had shown himself a great leader in a long war, and a kindly and wise counselor in peace. Beyond all this, his personality, or one might say his kindliness, his tact, his spirit of toleration, his genuine patriotism, his deep belief in a permanent union of the States, made him the outstanding figure at the great Constitutional Convention of 1787.

Washington had intended to withdraw from public life. He was, it is true, only fifty-five years of age, but he had endured a great deal. More than once he had found himself a target for hostile criticism. Both because of this, and also because of a kind of natural modesty, he wished to yield place to other men.

When the disorders that were brought about in large part by the weakness of the Articles of Confederation led people to see the necessity of establishing a firmer Government, every one looked to Washington, whose influence had always been in favor of a strong union. The leaders urged him so insistently to take part in the great work that he finally consented, and entered the Convention as a representative from Virginia.

In the opinion of every other member of the Convention, Washington was the foremost figure. It was the general wish that he should take the difficult position of presiding officer. There was just one other man whom the Convention might have nominated, Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, then an old man of eighty-one years, but remarkably able, far-sighted, and intensely patriotic.

It was agreed that it would be a most graceful tribute to Washington if Franklin, the only other possible candidate, should rise and nominate the great leader of the Revolution. Unfortunately a heavy rain kept Franklin from attending the Convention, and so Robert Morris, also of Pennsylvania, speaking for Franklin, placed Washington's name before the Convention. In that body of delegates where opinions differed so radically, the vote in favor of Washington was unanimous, a fact that alone indicates much concerning Washington's influence over the representatives from all the States.

With his usual modesty Washington thanked the members for their expression of confidence in him; said that he wished that he had greater ability to carry on the work, and asked consideration for the blunders into which he feared he might fall. Thus, at the very beginning of the work, Washington won the interest of all who were present.

Long before the Convention Washington had made his views well known. He had said: "My wish is that the Convention may adopt no temporizing expedients, but probe the defects of the Constitution to the bottom, and provide a radical cure, whether agreed to or not. A conduct of this kind will stamp wisdom and dignity on their proceedings, and hold up a light which, sooner or later, will have its influence."

In 1780, in writing to James Duane, he had said: "There are two things, as I have often declared, which, in my opinion, are indispensably necessary to the well-being and good government of our public affairs. These are, greater powers to Congress, and more responsibility and permanency in the executive bodies."

Those two points, it is to be noticed, are exactly the points that the Convention carried into effect.

It is at first sight somewhat strange that this man, who wielded such personal influence, and who held such strong views, should have spoken so little in the Convention. He took part only once in debate, and then spoke in favor of reducing the basis of representation from forty thousand to thirty thousand, his object in this being to bring the people closer into touch with their Government, and thus to answer the objections of those who might say that the tyranny of the few had taken the place of the tyranny of the king.

How strongly Washington believed in the work of the Convention, and how markedly he influenced opinion, is shown well by his words in a letter written at a time when certain dissatisfied people were moving actively for the calling of a new convention; and when those who were perhaps unduly satisfied with the Constitution, were opposing the possibility of amendments. He wrote:

"If another Federal Convention is attempted, its members will be more discordant and will agree upon no general plan. The Constitution or disunion are before us to choose from. If the Constitution is our choice, a Constitutional door is open for amendments, and they may be adopted in a peaceable manner, without tumult or disorder."

It was by such letters as this, by his conversation, by his conferences with leaders, and by his speeches on many other occasions, rather than by any words of his in the Convention itself, that Washington imprest himself on the Convention.

He had exprest himself in no weak way, but with remarkable force. Writing to James Warren, he had said: "To me it is one of the most extraordinary things in nature that we should confederate as a nation and yet be afraid to give the rulers of that nation sufficient powers to order and direct the affairs of the same. By such policy as this the wheels of government are clogged, and we are descending into the vale of confusion and darkness. Something must be done and promptly, or the fabric will fall. It is certainly tottering."

To say that Washington exerted no force over the making of the Constitution merely because he spoke so little in the Convention, is to ignore the fact of such warm expressions in favor of a strong central government.

It is probable that Washington had considered the Virginia proposals that Edmund Randolph, the Governor of Virginia, presented at the opening of the Convention, proposals that gave an immediate subject of debate, and that paved the way to the Constitution that the Convention finally adopted. Thus, instead of exercising the merely temporary influence of an orator, Washington moved people by the calm wisdom of close discussion, by the slow process of the careful exchange of thought, whether in conversation or in letters. He founded his influence upon wisdom and not upon emotion, or the quick decision of the moment.

How much he thought of the value of the judicial system he revealed later in a letter that he wrote in connection with the appointment of an Assistant Justice of the Supreme Court: "Considering the judicial system as the chief pillar upon which our National Government must rest, I have thought it my duty to nominate for the high offices in that department such men as I have conceived would give dignity and luster to our national character."

When the Constitution had finally been adopted by the Convention, Washington signed it as "President and Deputy from Virginia." Thirty-eight other members of the Convention also signed it, and it went before the States for ratification.

The work of the Convention had been carried on behind closed doors, because all had agreed that reports of the discussions would be likely to awaken hostility either to the members themselves or to parts of the Constitution. No report was given to the public, other than the completed Constitution. It is another evidence of the respect in which Washington was held, that the Convention gave the records to Washington with directions that he should "Retain the Journal and other papers subject to order of Congress, if ever formed under the Constitution."

It was Washington's own wish that those proceedings should not be made public while any members of the Convention were alive. . . . Washington's influence before and during the Convention has left its impress on this immortal document.

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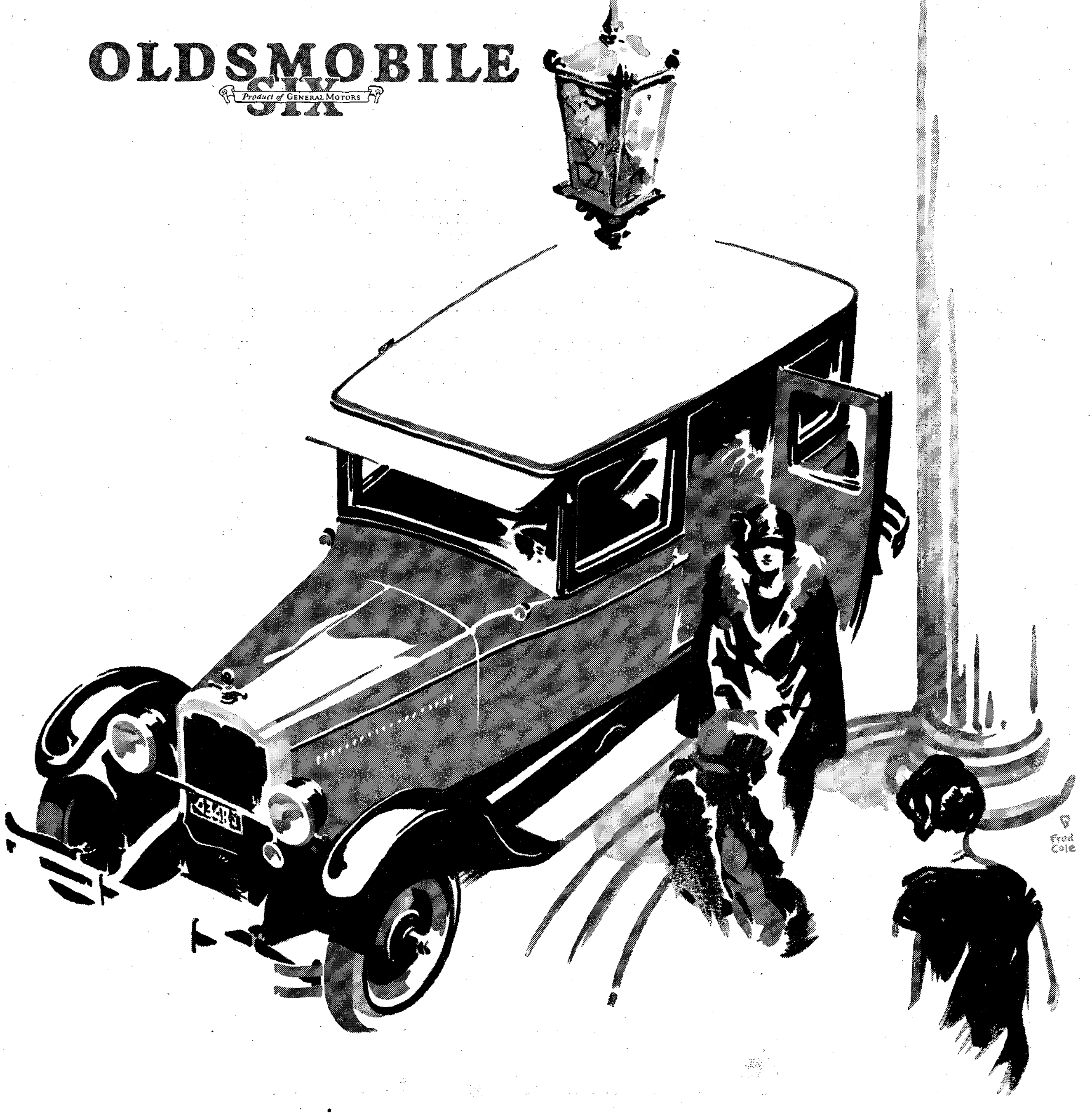

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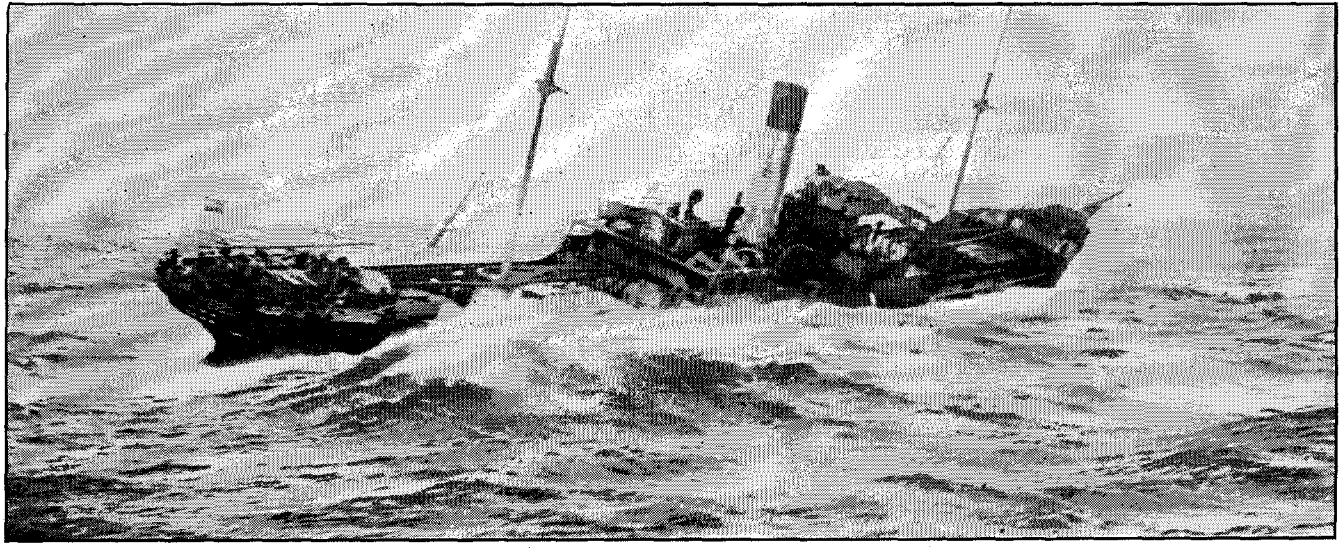


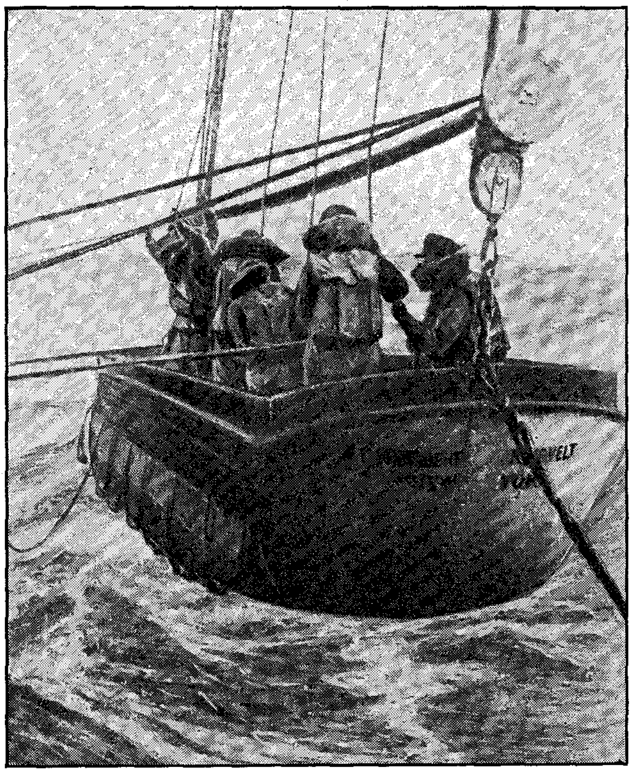
P. & A. photograph

ON THIS STORM-SWEPT HULK A STARVING CREW FACED ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH

Until the *President Roosevelt* hove in sight and, in a "long and fearful struggle," during which both vessels drifted 108 miles, effected a complete rescue at the cost of the lives of two of her own gallant men. The crew of the *Antinoe* are seen clustered aft, just before rescue.

AN HISTORIC MONTH OF SEA PERILS AND RESCUES

THE CAPTAIN WAS "A TALL, GRAND MAN with blue eyes, the tan of the sea, and straw-colored hair, bald on a fine forehead, cut American fashion over the temples." Thus Laurence Stallings, stirred mightily by the exploit of Capt. George Fried, of the *President Roosevelt*, relates some of his own impressions of that redoubtable seaman on crossing the ocean with him a couple of years ago. While eminent British officials were speechmaking to Captain Fried the other day, and presenting him with memorials on behalf of the King and the nation, Mr. Stallings was setting down in vigorous English his own emotional reactions to the news that a fellow countryman, whom he liked and admired, had covered himself and his race with glory. The author of "What Price Glory?" and "The Big Parade" touches with lingering irony on the fact that American liners, commanded and manned by potential heroes like those of the *Roosevelt*, should be shunned by transatlantic passengers in favor of vessels flying other flags and free from the restriction of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law. Being in London in 1924, when travel westward was at its peak, and being "forced to return home on a ship carrying our flag," he tells us that "some clerk in the English office suggested the *President Roosevelt*, and we came aboard at Southampton." Climbing up from the tender, he was "met by a brass band playing 'The Stars and Stripes Forever' to about sixty cabin passengers on a fine, roomy ship." And he confesses that it was "rather pathetic, this fine, empty ship, manned by our countrymen." Going below to his cabin, the author found "all things luxuriously American, from twin beds on box-springs to tiled bathrooms with sunken, creamy tubs." Moreover—

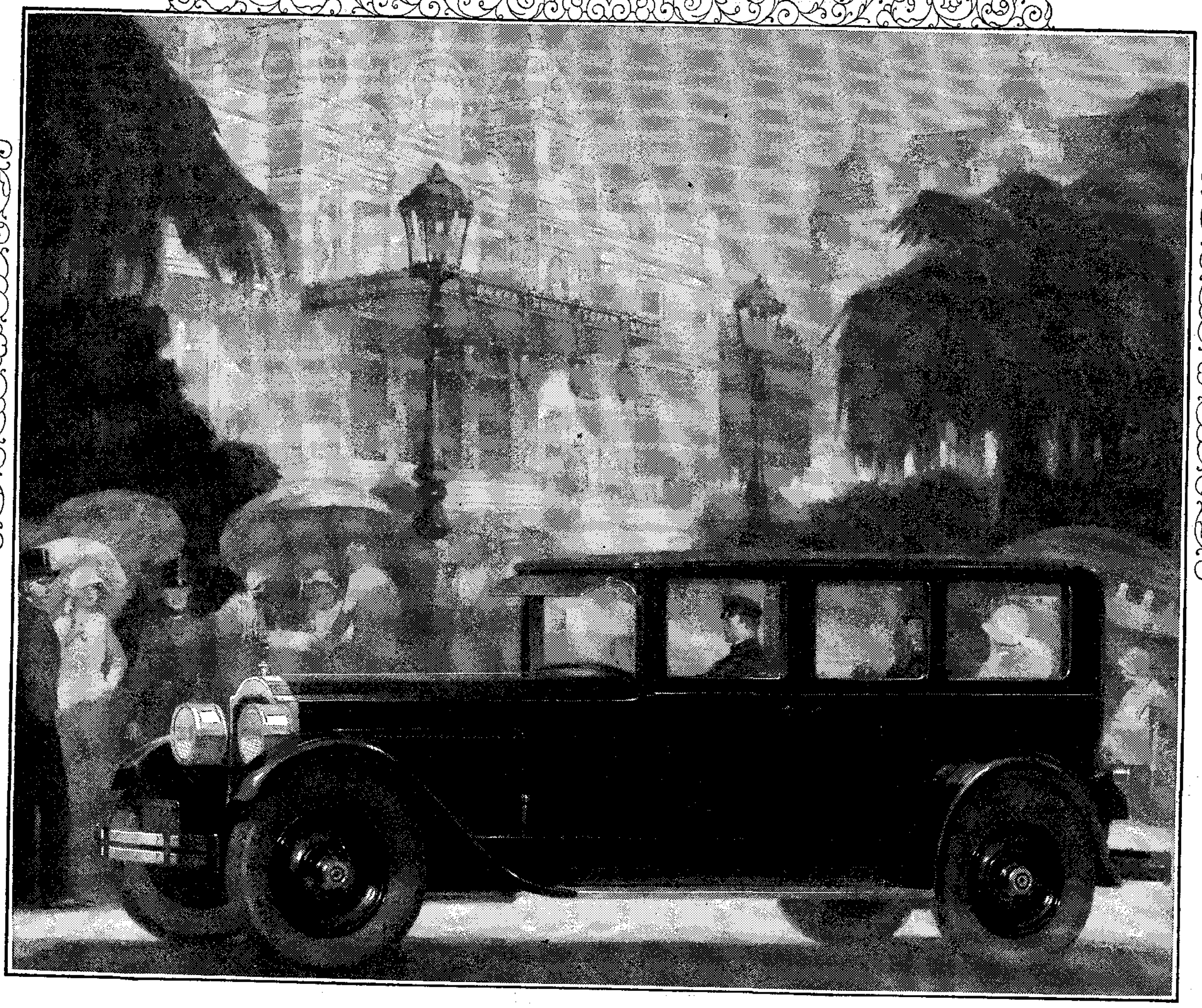


P. & A. photograph

A LIFE-BOAT THAT WAS LOST

This unusual, perhaps unique, picture shows the actual lowering of the fatal life-boat that was doomed to be overwhelmed a few moments later, with the loss of two of its heroic crew.

> In the saloon were still more evidences of pathos. Fine old squarehead stewards, who once served the nobility of the All-Highest, stood about unengaged, while an Emperor's choice of comestibles went two-thirds unattended.
>
> The ship began to get under our 100 per cent. skins before Cherbourg fell behind. The captain's name was George Fried. His ship was as spick and span as a yacht. He never seemed to give an order to any officer. The craft ran by some invisible authority.
>
> The captain appeared at our table the first two days; quiet and modest, but radiating his appreciation that sixty Americans should sail on his ship, even when there was space for 200 more. We exchanged stories of mutual friends we had known in the Navy and the Marine Corps. At the end of the second day we were all frantic 100 percenters for an American mercantile marine, and the captain had not opened his mouth about it.
>
> It seemed that the American



—and now at Monte Carlo

THOSE who have been in Europe during the past few seasons remember the car beauty contests which have been a fad at the famous watering places on the Continent. *Concours d'Elégance-Automobiles* they are called in France.

In these contests, held where the wealth and fashion of all nations gather at play, the most luxurious special bodies, the world's finest motor cars, are judged for beauty and distinction.

Americans will be proud to learn that a standard American motor car has won first prize in such a competition — not once but eleven times!

Packard cars, entered by their private owners, have won first place for grace and beauty at Vichy, at Le Touquet and at Aix-les-Bains in France. At Wiesbaden, Neuenahr, Trier and Baden-Baden in Germany. At Oporto in Portugal. And now at Monte Carlo—that cosmopolitan center of luxury and beauty on the Riviera!

Such international acclaim confirms America's verdict—that the unchanging beauty and distinction of Packard lines have yet to be equaled or surpassed.

PACKARD

Ask the man who owns one

flag was giving a party, and so few of us out of a nation composed chiefly of hypocrites had accepted. There was no wine, and invitations had been declined by ministers of the gospel, dry agents and Sunday-school teachers alike.

Then there came up a ninety-mile gale, full westerly, and we did not see Captain Fried again until the last night at sea. We gave him a party then, the ship's crew and all, in American fashion. It was a sort of pounding for the pastor of a lean flock which he had shepherded through the perils of the sea. He sat blushing, positively, as all souls and the cook passed by with a present. We disembarked singing his praises, for he had docked his ship, storm or no storm, on schedule.

Last summer there was no hesitating about booking home. We had been in France three months and we, provincials, were tired of wine. We longed for creamy sunken tubs in tiled floors and gallons of ice-water. The captain saw us from the bridge as the tender came up, and waved to us. We came aboard, and it was being home again instantly. Officers and men recalled us, and again there was that dimly pathetic appreciation of Americans willing to sail again on a ship prohibited from having drunken gigolos about the bar in the early morning.

In its issue of February 13 The Digest recounted the "Saga of the Sea," involving the rescue of the captain and crew of the British freighter *Antinoe*, and now we present some of the photographs of the rescue that have reached this country by mail, together with an account of the signal honors paid to Captain Fried by the grateful English. In a cablegram from Southampton to the Brooklyn *Eagle* we read:

> The British Government to-day paid official tribute to the gallantry of the American officers and seamen of the United States liner *President Roosevelt*, who last week, at the imminent risk of their own lives, rescued the entire crew of the British freighter *Antinoe*, lying helpless and disabled in the grasp of the storm-lasht Atlantic.
>
> The liner was welcomed by the roar of sirens and whistles from all the craft in the harbor when she arrived to-day from Bremerhaven on her return trip to New York.
>
> The men of the *Aquitania* and *Majestic*, alongside which she docked, shouted their greetings to the crew of the American vessel, especially to those selected for honors because of the direct part they played in the *Antinoe* rescue.
>
> Captain Tose of the *Antinoe* was conspicuous in the crowd on the beflagged pier. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, president of the Board of Trade; Capt. Luke McNamee, American naval attaché in London, and other officials congratulated Captain Fried of the *President Roosevelt* and the other members of the rescue crew.
>
> Captain Fried received the visitors at the head of the gangway, and, after an exchange of greetings, presented his officers and the life-boat crew to Sir Philip, who shook hands and talked with each man, warmly congratulating all in the name of the King on their heroism.
>
> Lord Apsley, president of the Southampton Pilots Association, presented Captain Fried with an ebony walking-stick, in the name of the association.
>
> Sir Philip presented to those who engaged personally in the rescue the gold medal for gallantry for saving life at sea. He also presented a plate from the Board of Trade to Capt. George Fried, First Officer Robert Miller, Third Officer Thomas Sloane, and Fourth Officer Frank Upton.
>
> His speech of presentation was as follows:
>
> "In the first place, I am commanded by the King to express to you His Majesty's regret that the short stay of the ship at Southampton did not admit of his seeing you in London, and personally thanking you and your crew for their gallant services.
>
> "The rescue which we are met to commemorate to-day has seized upon the imagination and earned the gratitude of the whole British race. It has already taken its place in the annals of the sea as one of the epics of service.
>
> "Many accounts have been written and many more will be written of this enterprise.
>
> "I like best, perhaps, Captain Fried's own story. It was characterized by a British officer in these words: 'This is a bald statement of what happened, but, reading between the lines, I was able to gather that the whole affair was an outstanding epic of dogged pertinacity and bravery carried out in the best traditions of the sea.'
>
> "There the story of the rescue is told in the simple language of one to whom grave risk is plain duty and high devotion a commonplace of service.
>
> "It is only when you (Captain Fried) have spoken of the action of others—of your officers and crew—that you allowed yourself freer rein.
>
> "But how much that rescue owed to Captain Fried himself! The immediate answer to the call; the daring and fine seamanship with which, in colossal seas, he maneuvered the *President Roosevelt* close to the doomed ship; the determination with which he held on, and found her again when lost; untiring ingenuity displayed in devising one attempt after another, and, last but not least (of which he has never spoken), the force of his own example —of these Captain Fried has been silent. But the silence has made them the plainer to us all.
>
> "Of the bravery of his crew he is less reticent, and they will live in our memories. Mr. Miller commanded each of the three boats—what a record! We like to think that his forebears likely saw service on British ships—Captains Courageous of an earlier age.
>
> "Upton, whom only your orders restrained from swimming to certain death! Wirteman and Heitman risking their lives to save a foreign crew, and giving their lives to save their fellow rescuers! What could be finer?
>
> "After the crew of the first boat was thrown into the water, Wirteman had a firm hold on one of the rope ladders of the *President Roosevelt*. He saw the peril of his comrades. He leapt from safety to their rescue. Some of those who are here to-day owe the lives they have risked to his sacrifice. And the last that was seen of this gallant seaman was a solitary figure trying to float his drifting life-boat to the distress ship.
>
> "These are deeds that will live. All the members of the crews will wish that I should mention these. All are on this roll of honor, living and dead.
>
> "As one reads the names of Miller, Sloane, Upton, Jacobowitz, Wall, Beers, Bauer, Fugelzang, Franelich, Fisher, Riedel, Wilke, Diaz, Araneda, Alberts, Hahn, Roberts, and Caldwell, drawn themselves or by descent from different lands, there comes to us with a new understanding all that is meant by the brotherhood of the sea.
>
> "It is the wish of His Majesty that I should present to the officers and men who manned the boats the foreign service gold medal for saving life at sea, and that I should give into your keeping, for presentation to their widows, the medals which would have been awarded to those two gallant men (Wirteman and Heitman).
>
> "Sir (Captain Fried), on behalf of His Majesty's Government, I have to ask you, whom duty kept on the bridge, to accept a special token of their recognition of the fine seamanship, humanity, and courageous resource which throughout those nights and days characterized your every action. The Government also desires to make presentations to your officers, Miller, Sloane, and Upton, in recognition of their gallantry.
>
> "The service Captain Fried and his crew have rendered has done more than perhaps any of us can to-day realize to cement the long friendship and lasting ties between our two nations."
>
> Captain Fried, in reply, paid solemn tribute to those who lost their lives in the great attempt, and express gratification at having been able to save the *Antinoe's* crew. He said he and his companions had been taken by storm with all the congratulations showered upon them, and he desired to thank His Gracious Majesty the King, his Ministers and all the people of England.

Under the headline "The Liner, She's a Lady," the London *Times* pays a handsome tribute to Captain Fried and his gallant crew. It reminds us that the previous week "held the worst weather known in the Atlantic Ocean for some forty years," when—

> Great ships like the *Aquitania* and the *Leviathan* came to harbor two or more days late; smaller vessels "limped" home sorely damaged. And some did not come home. Three or four days ago now that the waves at last engulfed the battered, water-logged, abandoned hull of a little British freighter, the *Antinoe*, A week ago to-morrow floating wreckage proved that the British merchantman *Laristan*, with twenty-five of her crew on board, had been smashed and sunk. Neither was a ship of any note; yet the names of both will live in the annals of seamanship, since each was the scene and the occasion—the *Laristan* in a high degree, the *Antinoe* in a degree perhaps never yet equaled—of the heroism which is common to the seamen of the world. The North-German Lloyd liner *Bremen* stood by the fated *Laristan* for thirty-six hours, and succeeded at last in getting one of the *Laristan's* boats with seven men in it—all that it could hold—of whom six were taken aboard her alive. And the rest of the crew, as the story which we tell this morning makes clear, must see this, the only available boat, swept away before it could return for the second batch. The story of the *Antinoe* only the author of "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*" could worthily tell. Conrad alone could describe the sufferings and the feelings of the men on board the doomed ship, as well as the unexampled patience, persistence, and gallantry of their rescuers.
>
> The bare facts are these. At twenty minutes to four on the

(*Continued on page 45*)

The New, Easy, Electric Way to have Beautiful Waxed Floors

Quickly, *without Stooping, Kneeling or even soiling your hands*

WHY go to the expense and trouble of refinishing your floors every year or two? It isn't necessary—if you use the Johnson Wax treatment. This takes only a few minutes—there is no hard work—no messy rags and pails. And *afterwards* your floors will require but *half* the care and practically *no* expense.

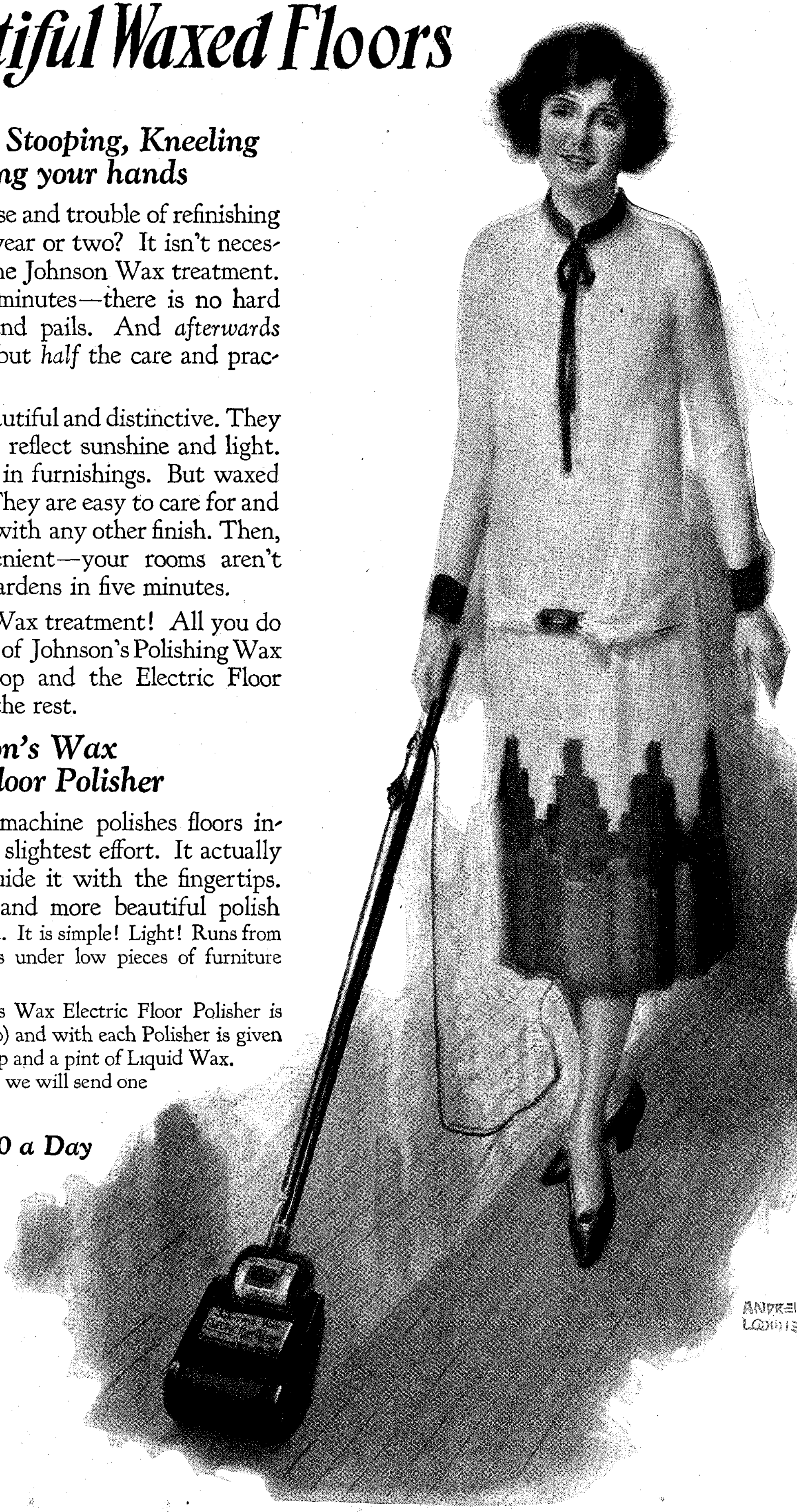
Waxed floors are so beautiful and distinctive. They sparkle and gleam. They reflect sunshine and light. They accentuate beauty in furnishings. But waxed floors are also practical. They are easy to care for and their upkeep is less than with any other finish. Then, waxed floors are convenient—your rooms aren't upset for days. WAX hardens in five minutes.

Just try the Johnson Wax treatment! All you do is to spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop and the Electric Floor Polisher will *quickly* do the rest.

Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher

This wonderful new machine polishes floors instantly and without the slightest effort. It actually runs itself—you just guide it with the fingertips. Gives a higher, evener and more beautiful polish than can be obtained by hand. It is simple! Light! Runs from any lamp socket. It polishes under low pieces of furniture without moving them.

The price of the Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher is only $42.50 (in Canada $48.50) and with each Polisher is given Free a $1.50 Lamb's-wool Mop and a pint of Liquid Wax. Your dealer can supply you or we will send one express prepaid.



You Can Rent It for $2.00 a Day

At your neighborhood store you can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher and in just a few hours beautify all your floors and linoleum. Telephone your dealer NOW and make an appointment to rent one for a day this Spring.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
"The Floor Finishing Authorities"
Racine Wisconsin
(Canadian Factory: Brantford)

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL A

For Sun Porches!

WITH its artistic colors and easily cleaned, waterproof surface a Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rug is a constant pleasure in the sun porch. For though you naturally want your sun porch attractive and colorful you must consider as well the chance of rain driving through an open window or door, and the certainty that plants will drip!

That's why Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are so popular for porches. They combine all the beauty and artistry of expensive woven rugs with the very obvious advantages of a sanitary and easily cleaned surface. No sweeping or beating! Just an easy going-over with a damp mop keeps the bright colors immaculate. All these advantages at a price within the means of the most thrifty housewife.

And for every room in your home there are many appropriate Congoleum Rug patterns. Motifs from rare Oriental carpets, dainty floral effects, and conventional designs neat as a new pin. The sizes range from small mats to nine by fifteen feet rugs.

For nearly fifteen years Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs have been giving satisfactory service in many thousands of American homes. No other low-priced floor-covering can boast of such a record.

Always Look for the Gold Seal

No rug, regardless of its appearance, is genuine Congoleum unless the Gold Seal appears on the face of the pattern. This Gold Seal is your one and only guide to the quality and value which have made Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs the choice of millions of women. Don't fail to look for the Gold Seal when you buy!

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco Atlanta
Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans Cleveland Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

"*THINGS Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs*," is an interesting illustrated little booklet by Anne Lewis Pierce. It shows all the beautiful patterns in their full colors and contains more detailed information regarding these labor saving floor-coverings. A copy will gladly be sent to you free on request.

The "Kazak" Design, above, is reminiscent of famous Hindu rugs. It's Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 590.

The "Capri" Design is an adaptation of an antique Kermanshah carpet. It's Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 534.

A Japanese pattern of rare beauty and color harmony is the "Nippon" Design—Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 578.

The "Panama" Design is a very pretty new effect in blues and taupes. It's Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 568.

Notice how
the rich col
the dainty
signing th
It is Gold

T-RUGS

Look for this Gold Seal

CONGOLEUM
REG. U.S. PAT OFF.
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK

REMOVE SEAL WITH
WET CLOTH

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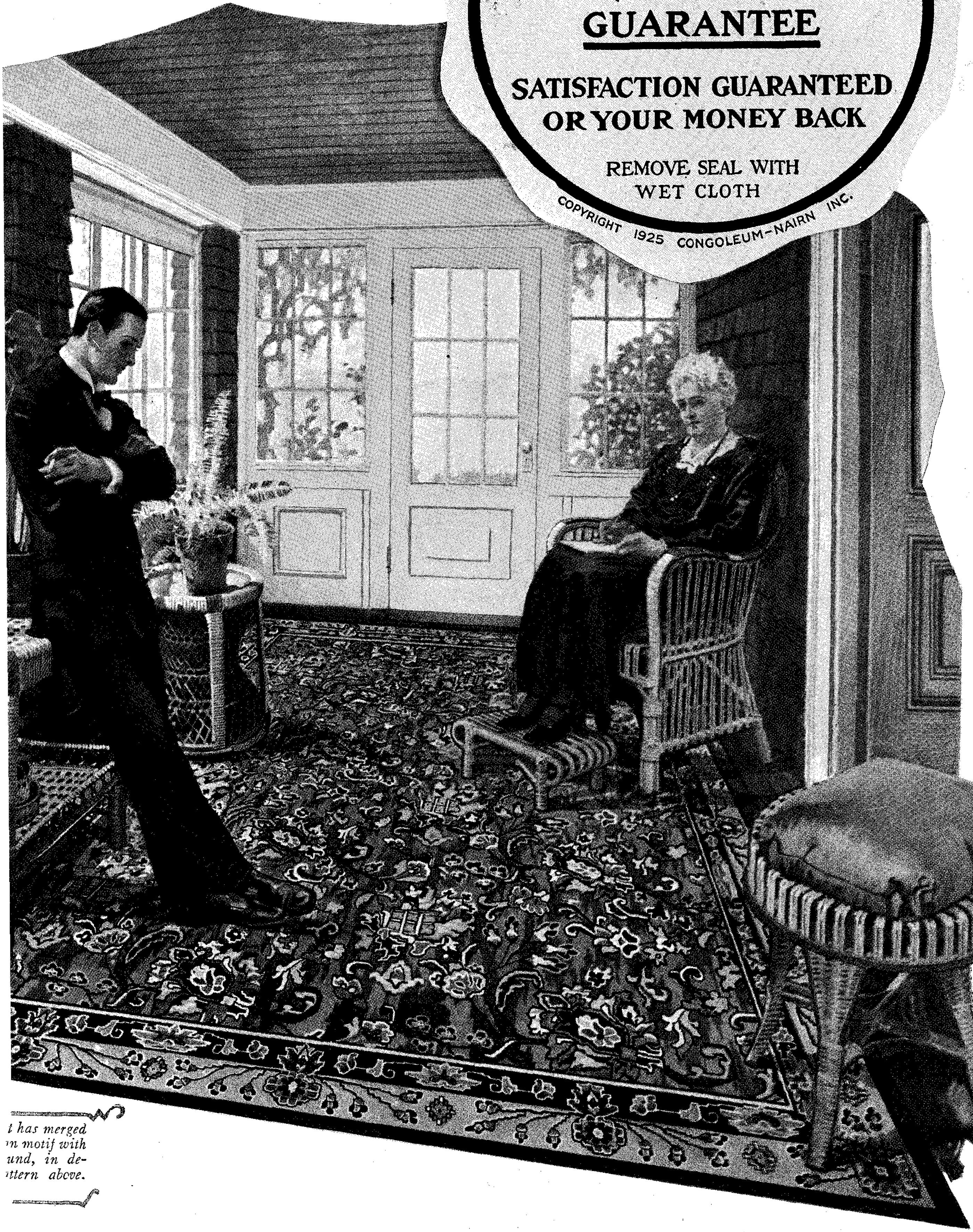

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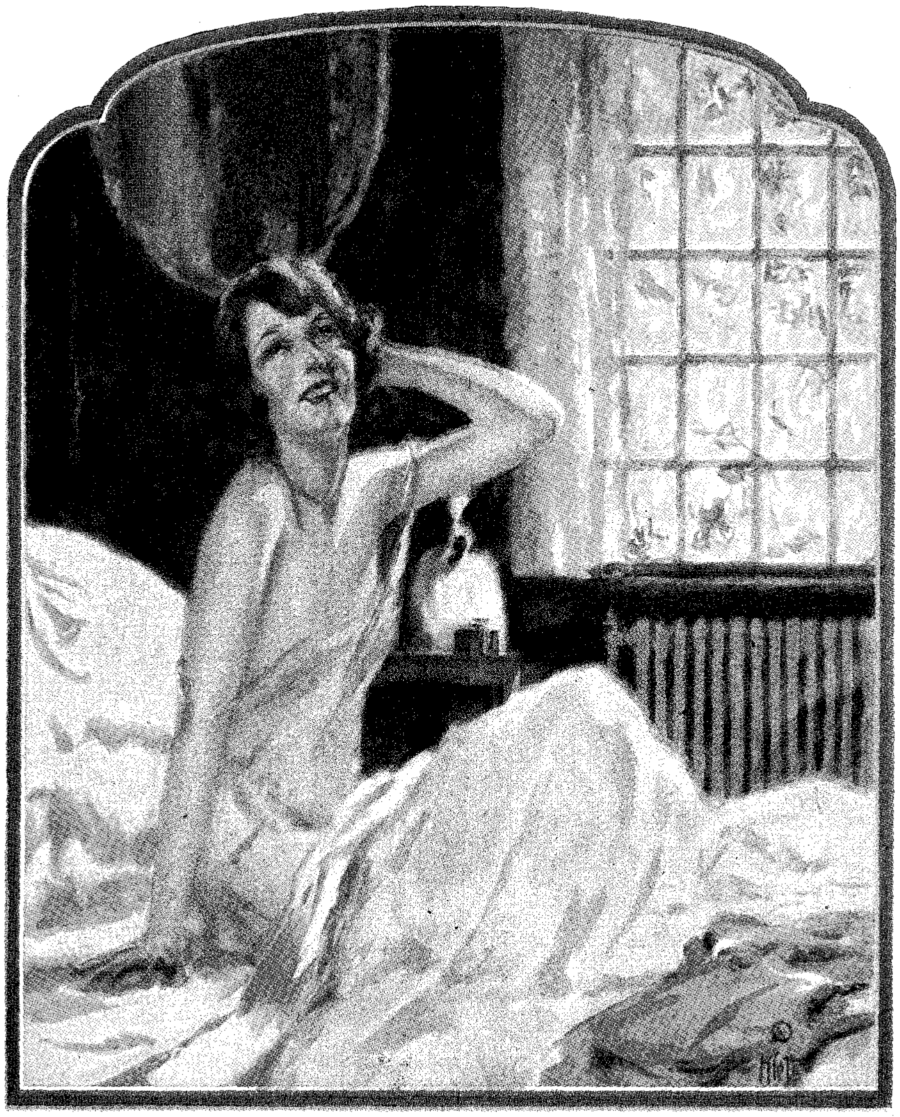
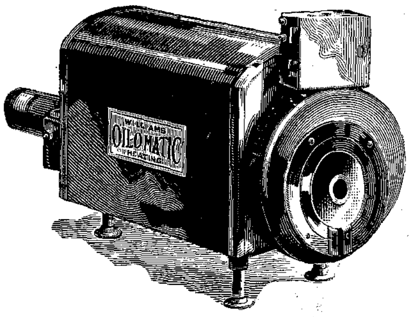


"THE comfort and convenience once restricted to luxurious hotel life, is an everyday experience in the home that is heated with Oil-O-Matic. No room is ever cold—unintentionally."



Men *Can Be so* Stubborn *About a* Thing *Like Oil Heat*

A protest by MARY EDGINGTON WIDNEY

Man is so inconsistent. He illuminates our fingers with jewels, and lets us shake the furnace.

He buys us an electric washer to save hands that must split kindling. Or he writes a sizable check each week for a maid who won't even look at the fire.

He surprises us with a grand piano and expects us to play "The End of a Perfect Day", after playing fireman. He gives us a closed car and cautions us not to let the furnace go out.

And all to no purpose. Even to his own discomfort.

Oil heat without attention

He could have oilomatic heat installed for the price of a few tons of coal. And the odds are, that while paying the balance over a year, he would save about 10% on the heating bill.

Granted that we women know little of mechanics. The kind of oil heat I am referring to doesn't require that we do.

All of my neighbors who have oilomatic heat say that they never look at their burner except to show it to guests. When I visit them, I cannot tell whether the burner is running or not.

Oil heat not expensive

But the thing I do notice is the sense of comfort and the freshness of their furnishings. And they don't dust half as often as I do. I have to have the ivory woodwork cleaned before every party. They never touch theirs. I have my white curtains washed three times as often.

And with all this extra work, our coal heat costs us more than their oil heat!

Comfort is beyond price

It is not cost that is depriving thousands of families of oilomatic heat. They spend an equal amount many times for luxuries that cannot give a fraction of its comfort and satisfaction. Nor is it the size of their house or type of heating plant. Oil-O-Matic has been functioning with the regularity of a watch for seven years in houses of five to thirty rooms. And in every standard heating plant.

It is only because they do not realize how much more comfortable home would be. Or what a relief it is to be freed from all thought and care of the furnace.

Get the facts today!

Once you talk to the oilomatician in your community you will see oil heat in its true light. Or read, "Heating Homes With Oil." It's a new book just off the press, that you may have for the simple return of the coupon below. Just fill in your name and home address and drop it in the mail.

WILLIAMS
OIL-O-MATIC
HEATING
World's Largest Producer of Automatic Oil Burners

Williams Oil-O-Matic Heating Corp. LD26
Bloomington, Illinois

Without obligation, please send me a copy of your latest book on "Heating Homes With Oil."

Name ....

Home Address ....

Our heating plant is:
☐ Steam ☐ Hot Water ☐ Warm Air

(*Continued from page 40*)

wild morning of Sunday, January 24, the United States Shipping Board's 14,000-ton liner *President Roosevelt*, bound for Plymouth, picked up a wireless distress signal from the *Antinoe*. By noon she was alongside her (that is a quarter of a mile to windward), and immediately pumped oil on the weather side. This prompt action, no doubt, saved the *Antinoe* from sinking in the mountainous seas with all hands, for one of her hatches was stove in, the water was rising in her stokehold, and all her boats were gone. By nine o'clock that night she was lost to view; and the full danger of the *President Roosevelt*, the full measure of the heroism, can not be appreciated unless it is remembered that, in the effort to keep the *Antinoe* in sight and to avoid collision, the great liner during the long and fearful struggle had herself to drift no less than 108 miles. His skill in navigation enabled Captain Fried to find the *Antinoe* again during the afternoon of Monday, January 25. That night Chief Officer Robert B. Miller led the first of many efforts to reach her in a life-boat. The boat capsized and two of its crew were drowned. All through Tuesday the struggle continued, in snow and sleet and savage gale. All through Wednesday, while Captain Tose and his men of the *Antinoe* (heroic, too, in their endurance), foodless, sleepless, all but naked, watched their ship heeling further and further over, and ever an easier prey to the monstrous seas, the *President Roosevelt*, with boat and with life-line, risked herself and her men in effort after effort to save twenty-five British seamen whom she might well have given up for lost. And then, in the moonlight of Wednesday evening, she saved twelve of them. By midnight she had saved them all.

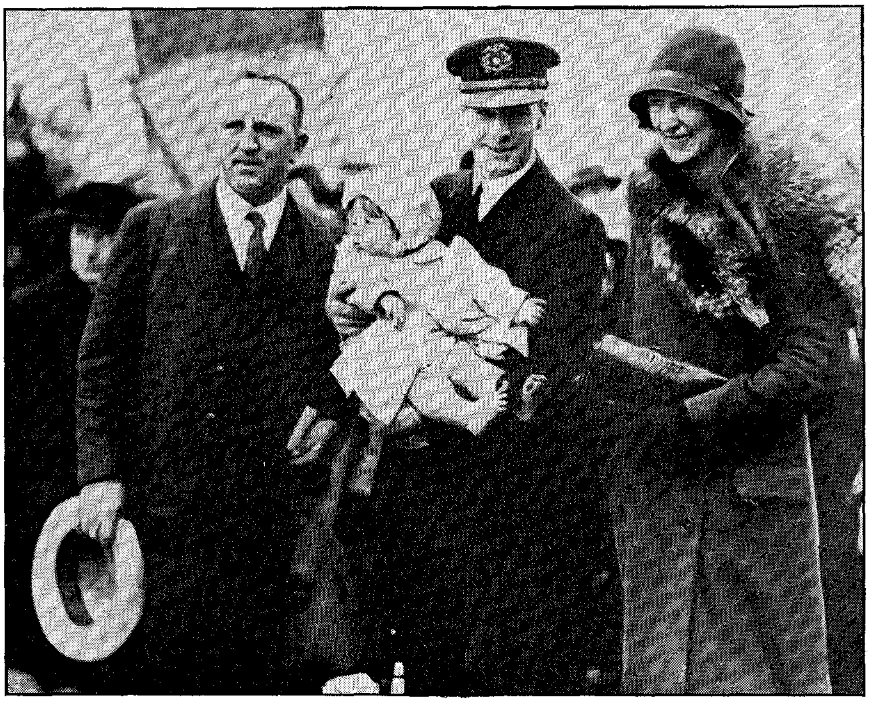
At which point the historic "Thunderer" proceeds thus to prophesy immortality for the American rescuers:

Captain Fried (of Worcester, Mass.), who remained on the bridge of the *President Roosevelt* for eighty-four hours; Chief Officer Robert B. Miller, who was in control of the relief work and himself commanded all the expeditions, in which six boats were lost—these are names which English people will not willingly let die. The King has telegraphed to the President his thankfulness and admiration. Thankfulness and admiration will go out from all to every man of the *President Roosevelt's* crew; and will not pass over her passengers who cheerfully endured the four days of danger and discomfort. "The liner, she's a lady," sings the poet. This liner has proved herself, in another sense, a lady indeed, and a very great lady. In the face of such deeds it would be impertinent to point a moral. The dialog, which we printed yesterday, carried on between Captain Tose, an apparently doomed man signaling from a doomed ship with a hand-lamp because he had no other means left, and Captain Fried, hanging on in defiance of fate, is in itself a great lesson in courtesy, in simplicity, in courage.

Some of the American commentators draw attention to the interesting coincidence that the *President Roosevelt* is a sister ship of the *President Harding*, which, under Capt. Paul Grening, distinguished itself last October by the rescue of the crew of a sinking Italian freighter, the *Ignazio Florio*, under circumstances parallel in many ways to the *Antinoe* rescue, but fortunately without loss of life. Says the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, after an editorial résumé of the *Roosevelt's* performance:

The courage and resourcefulness required to carry out this difficult achievement will insure Captain Fried and the men who actually participated in the rescue a permanent place on the honor roll of the sea. Their exploit will appear especially noteworthy in American eyes because it was performed by American seamen. It is interesting to recall that the two most spectacular rescues at sea in recent years have been the work of American vessels, both of which were operated by the Shipping Board through the agency known as the United States Lines. The maritime world rang last October with the praises of Capt. Paul Grening and the crew of the *President Harding* for their brilliant and daring rescue of the Italian freighter *Ignazio Florio*. Now comes the account of a similar performance on the part of another Shipping Board vessel to show that the new American merchant marine can give a good account of itself in heroism as well as in commerce.

"A notable incident added to the great epic of the sea which commenced when the Phenicians launched their first ship, and which will end only when the seas become dry land, unless man should perish from the earth first"—such is one comment of the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, which also says:



P. & A. photograph

WHAT PRICE THE SHIP'S MASCOT?

Baby Gillespie is considered to have brought luck to the *President Roosevelt*—if hard work and great glory constitute luck, as almost everybody believes. In this picture the mascot is in the arms of Chief Officer Miller, who commanded the rescuing life-boat. To right and left of him are Captain Tose of the *Antinoe*, and that grateful seaman's rejoicing wife, who came aboard at Plymouth.

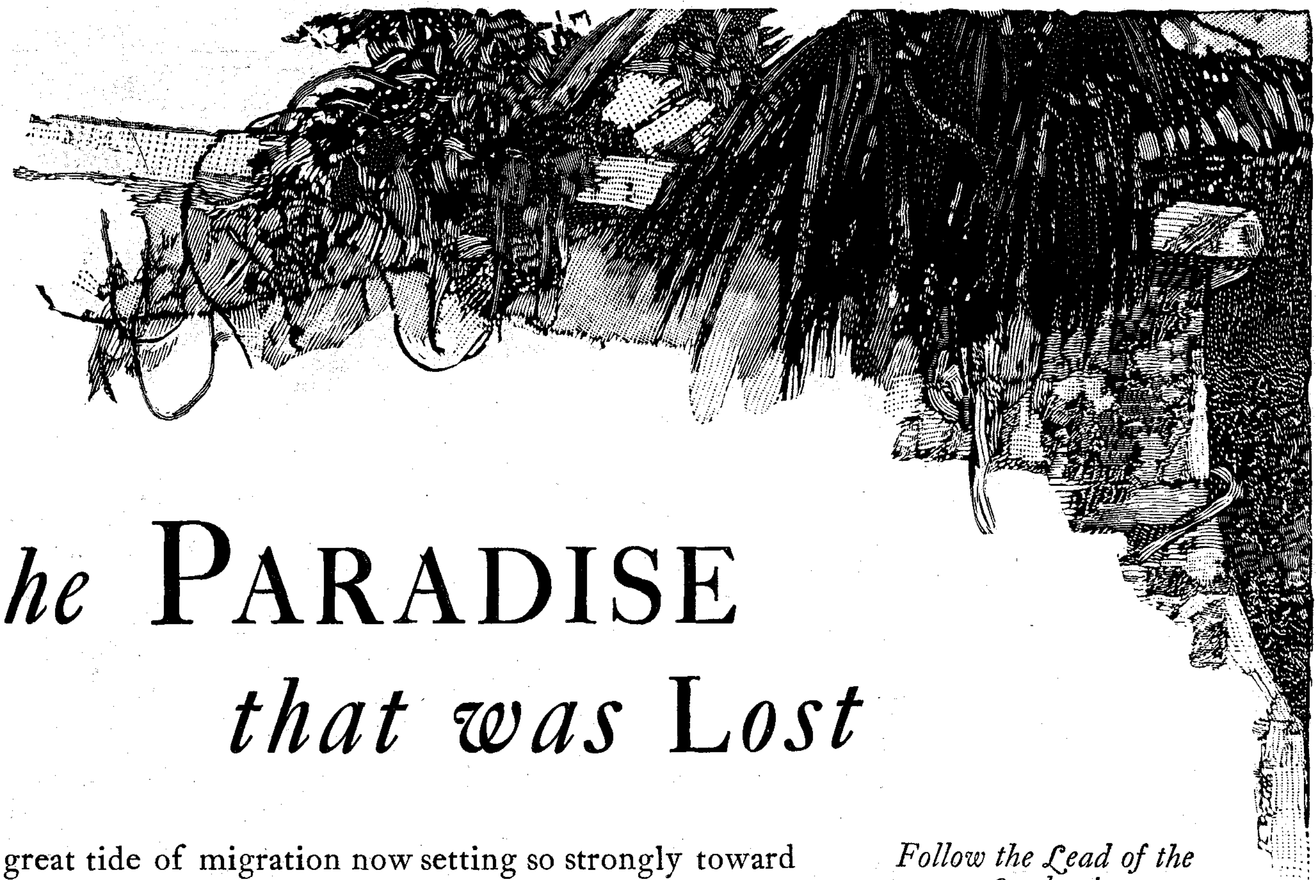
No greater tribute could be paid to the work of the *Roosevelt* than that which comes from across the water from the London *Express*. That paper says: "It is an epic of American seamanship and American chivalry which moves every British heart. The gallant comradeship displayed by the American captain and his sailors, their ceaseless endeavors to save their British fellow seafarers command our admiring gratitude. They are upholding the noblest traditions of their race and ours."

Encouragement for travelers is an element in the event which strikes the editorial imagination of the Syracuse *Herald*. It points out:

In these days of great floating palaces the sea seems to have lost its terrors for most folk; but tempests such as have swept the North Atlantic for the last week toss the huge liners about like cockleshells, and the smaller freighters are made the sport of the elements. Even landlubbers can understand that it required seamanship of the highest order on the part of the captains of the United States liners to effect the rescues with which they are credited. That explains why their skill, no less than the courage and devotion of all the life-savers under their command, has won plaudits from seafaring men the world over. It is a comforting thing to know that at the first call of distress over the seething depths the nearest American craft is away full speed ahead to the danger spot, its officers and crew ready to hazard their lives if need be to snatch storm-wracked brother seamen and passengers from the jaws of death.

A vivid narrative of the sufferings of those on board the *Antinoe* is presented in the Belfast (Ireland) *Northland Whig*, which relates:

W. Richardson, a deck-hand on the *Antinoe*, whose right hand was in a sling, said that on the Sunday the weather was terrific. The *Antinoe* came up into the wind, and a heavy sea struck her and swept away the bridge, a small boat, and the ice-chest. The



The PARADISE that was Lost

THE great tide of migration now setting so strongly toward the South is long overdue. Florida has been lost for a hundred years. The enchantment of our own American tropics has been known to only a few. Its glorious beaches, its wealth of land and natural resources, its climate that broadcasts health—these went unrecognized for a century.

But today and every day, tall ships from the seven seas dock at Miami. Sleek, swift trains make Coral Gables a day-after-tomorrow city for seven-eighths of our population. Flashing automobiles streak down the Dixie Highway by thousands. Coral Gables . . . Miami . . . Florida . . . these are the words that now mean hope and life to those who are weary of the long, unprofitable battle with winter . . who rebel against the endless, nerve-racking clamor of cities . . . who seek the amazing beauty of tropical skies and seas, and the shelter of this softly colored, sun-warmed city rising like a mirage of Old Spain in pouring golden sunshine.

Magnificent hotels await you in Coral Gables. More than two thousand homes, conforming in architecture and landscape to a celebrated city plan, invite you to become a citizen. Opportunities for profitable investments are everywhere. Business is flourishing, the tide of prosperity is steadily rising. Golf, swimming, tennis and other sports are every-day-in-the-year activities. Dancing, music and entertaining enliven the soft, starry nights of the tropics . . . . our only American tropics . . . lost once, but never again.

Follow the Lead of the Leaders!

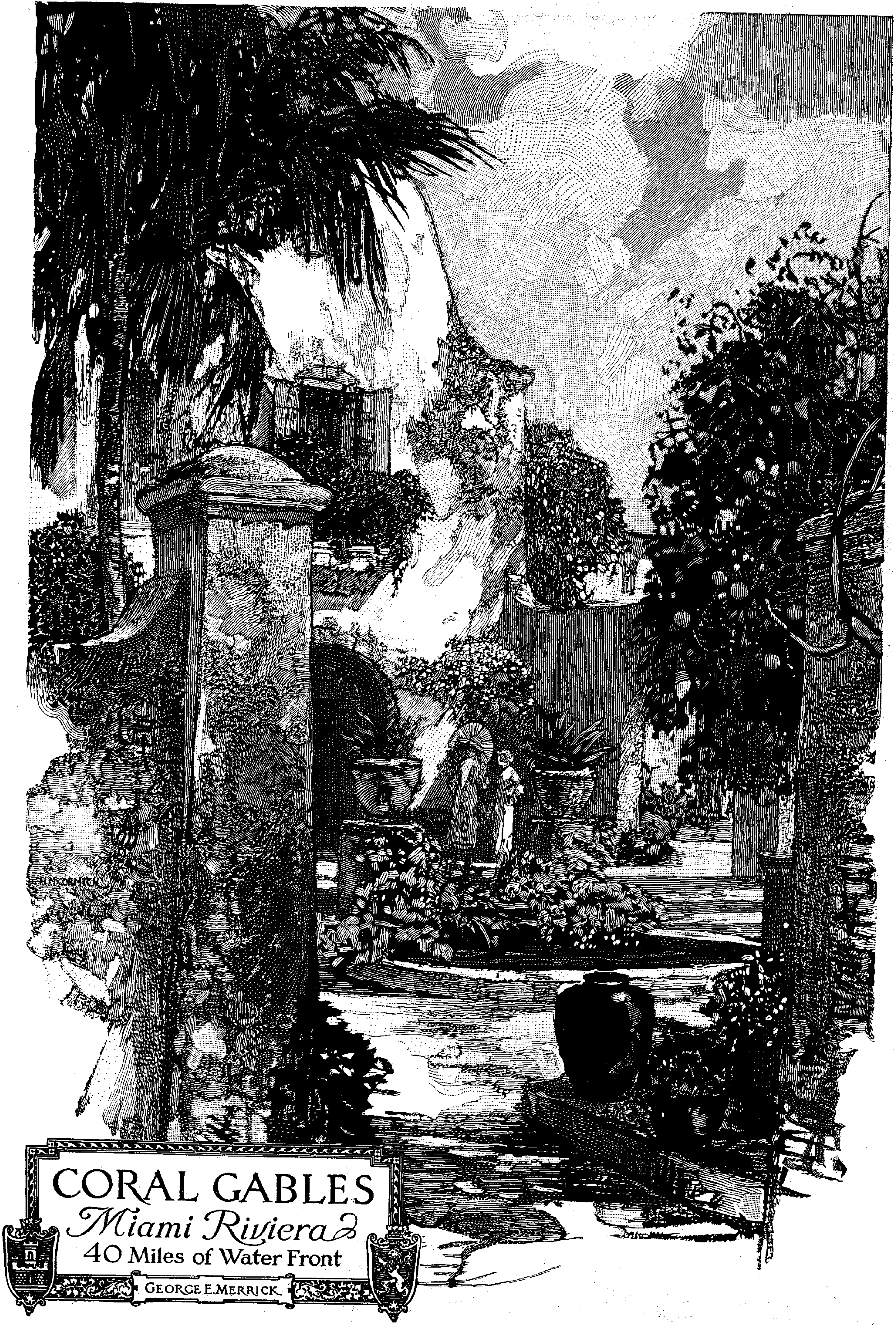
The shrewdest investors in America have bought more than $100,000,000 worth of property in Coral Gables. The tremendous and steady growth of Miami is pushing all values upward. More than 200 contractors are busy on about 1200 new buildings. Actual facts prove that an unequaled prosperity is here, and should reasonably continue for many years. Yet building plots in Coral Gables are still moderate in price. Twenty-five per cent in cash is required; the balance will be distributed in payments over a period of three years. These prices include all improvements such as streets, electricity and water.

Coral Gables is built of stone and concrete—not of words and phrases

There are more than 2300 homes, apartments, hotels, business buildings and other structures now built and occupied in Coral Gables. The magnificent Miami-Biltmore Hotel and Miami-Biltmore Country Club opened in January and are now filled with guests. Public schools, a college for young women, a theatre and other public buildings are now in actual use. An *assured* building program includes the $15,000,000 University of Miami, a $150,000 railway station, the $500,000 Mahi Temple, a $1,000,000 university high school, and magnificent new plazas and entrances now in building.

Rex Beach Tells the Tale

Rex Beach has written a fascinating book upon the miracle of Coral Gables which will be sent to you upon request. Coral Gables Corporation, No. 8 Administration Building, Coral Gables, Miami, Fla.


H. McCormick
CORAL GABLES
Miami Riviera
40 Miles of Water Front
GEORGE E. MERRICK

ice-chest crasht into the steering gear, and put it out of action. The crew worked frantically to repair the damage, he said, but the vessel took a list, and the cargo of grain shifted. The *Antinoe* began to drift. The seas were breaking over her, and these started the seams and plates. Water began to pour through, with the result that the grain started to swell. Hatches were forced up, and could not be got back. We had to improvise tarpaulin covers. We tried to cut chocks of wood to secure the hatches, but they would not hold.

"We fought continuously with these conditions, and lived on biscuits and tinned meat. Tho we had good supplies of potatoes, the galley fire was out of action, and the dynamo was out of order, so that the wireless operator could not work. I was knocked down by a wave, and broke a bone in my right hand.

P. & A. photograph

"IN THE NAME OF HIS MAJESTY"

Captain Goldsmith, on behalf of the British Admiralty, is congratulating the rescued skipper of the *Antinoe*, while the much-congratulated Captain Fried is seen between them.

"The pumps were kept going by the three engineers while the power lasted, but the water was gaining the whole time. Between the time of the first and second boats leaving, the *Antinoe* took a list of ten degrees. As the first boat went off, Chief Officer Miller of the *President Roosevelt* shouted, 'I will come back later for you. Good luck.' When the next boat came the rail of our ship was practically level with the water, and we had to be very careful in jumping.

"The American boat first of all picked us up with the searchlight, but the *Antinoe* then had sufficient power to keep her lights going, so that the *President Roosevelt* could keep her in view. At one time we lost sight of the American boat for eight or ten hours. We drifted, I think, about fifty-eight miles altogether.

"The first boat that put off from the *President Roosevelt* was spreading oil on the water, but she capsized, and two of the crew were drowned. In the whole of my experience I have never seen such foam and spray. The only partly dry place on the *Antinoe* was the forecastle. In the cabin they were awash to their bunks.

"We tried to get a little comfort and sleep by lying on the boiler pipes so as to dry our clothes, but the result was that when we got up we could scarcely move from cramp. During the rescue work the wireless operator fell into the water, but he was grabbed out again."

Another deck-hand, J. S. Shipley, whose home is at Minehead, said that when the American liner sent a rocket line across he grabbed hold of it and jumped from the main deck on to the well deck.

"But," he added, "I failed to allow for the list, and landed in the sea. I still held on to the life-line, and luckily was washed back on to the boat. There was one occasion when we feared that everything was lost, and had made up our minds to go overboard on hatches and other things. Just then, however, we got a message from the *President Roosevelt*, which said, 'Will send boat with boat's crew.'"

The circumstances in which two members of the crew of the *President Roosevelt* were drowned were related by Maurice Jacobowitz, master-at-arms of the ship.

"As soon as we launched one of the boats," he said, "it was caught by a wave, and three of us were pitched between the ship's side and the life-boat. A life-line was thrown to Wirteman and Heitman, but the water was so thick with oil that they were unable to hold on to it, and were lost."

Jacobowitz added that it was Wirteman who, when the boat was about to be launched, cried out, "Who is for hell's delight in the suicide club?"

Before Captain Tose took his leave off the *President Roosevelt* he handed the following written message to the commander of the liner:—

"It is impossible for me to find words to express to you, on behalf of myself and the officers and crew of the *Antinoe*, our heartfelt gratitude to you for your heroic rescue of all of us from our ill-fated ship.

"Your splendid determination to save us all at all costs, even at the cost of your brave men, filled us with the deepest thankfulness. We shall never forget your noble-spirited sacrifice and your devotion to the highest instincts of humanity.

"Your superb handling of your ship in extreme difficulty merits our lasting praise as seamen."

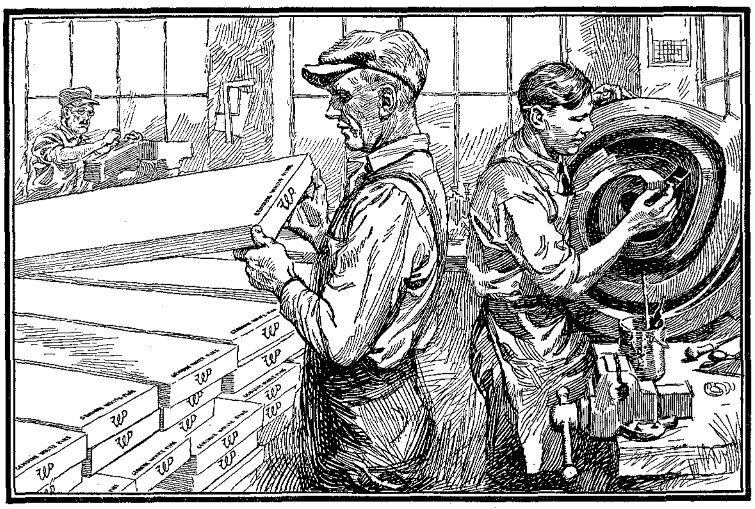
To Chief Officer Miller, under whom the rescue boats were manned, Captain Tose handed the following further message:—

"As master of the *Antinoe* I wish, on behalf of my officers and men, to thank you with all my heart for the part you took in rescuing us from our sinking ship. Your intrepid bearing, modest disposition, and remarkable skill in connection with your brave act in commanding the three life-boats calls forth our admiration and gratitude.

"You have, indeed, given us back our lives. Words are lacking to express our gratitude to you and your brave men, and all we can say is that we thank you from the depths of our hearts. May God bless you all."

That this month will go down in maritime history as one of exceptional storms, peril and courageous rescues is anticipated by the chroniclers of later Atlantic blizzards. Two weeks after the *Antinoe* rescue we read in the New York *World:*

> All small shipping on the Atlantic coast was forced to scurry to port before a gale-whipt blizzard yesterday, which even forced the mighty *Leviathan* to remain safe and snug in her Boston dry dock. A fishing schooner piled up on the beach near Gloucester, Massachusetts, with the loss of three men, and many minor accidents were reported from different points along the coast.
>
> Meanwhile, on the high seas American seamen were busy writing another brilliant chapter in maritime history. The American freighter *Casper*, commanded by Capt. Harold Bill, succeeded in saving thirteen members of the crew of the Norwegian motor-ship *Pinto* yesterday morning, two hours before the *Pinto* sank in a terrific storm off the Danish coast.
>
> Moore & McCormack of No. 9 Broadway, operators of the *Casper* and other ships for the Shipping Board, received a brief report of the rescue from Captain Bill, who added to the mere statement that he had taken the men off in a howling storm with greatest difficulty, just before the ship sank; that they were safe on board, and would be taken to Copenhagen.
>
> Altho Captain Bill does not state whether any hands went down with the *Pinto*, it is believed that the thirteen men rescued comprised the entire crew of the Norwegian ship. She was a small ship—of 441 tons—out of Brevik, Norway, and engaged in North Sea trade.
>
> Captain Bill, who lives at No. 59 West Eighth Street, and is forty-one, has had a busy time recently in performing rescues. On his previous voyage, he towed the American freighter *Belle-pline* to the Bermudas after that ship was caught in a storm with dead engines. His ship, the *Casper*, is of 4,975 tons, constructed in Hog Island, and left New York January 25 with a general cargo for Copenhagen.
>
> The fishing schooner *Ralph Brown* was added to the blizzard's toll when early yesterday morning she went ashore on Briar Neck, near Gloucester. The entire crew managed to reach shore safely after she grounded.



The White Pine Situation in 1926

There is no longer any reason why the man who must have Genuine White Pine cannot get it

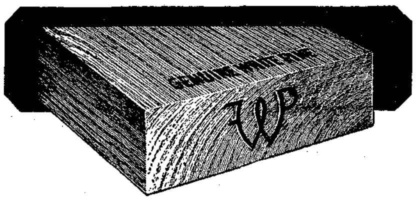
YOU hear less today than you used to about the scarcity of White Pine. The reason is that in almost every community there is a growing number of lumber users—foundrymen, pattern-makers, skilled carpenters and fine artisans of one kind or another—who cannot be satisfied with any other wood than White Pine.

These men know White Pine for its remarkable durability under exposure to the weather—for its fine even texture—its ease of working—its ability, once in place, to hold true without warping or twisting or opening at the joints.

They have used other woods and they know the difference.

And because they have continued to demand it you will find in almost every community today at least one of the local lumber yards carrying a stock of Genuine White Pine and building a reputation for personal service and fine quality lumber that helps them to sell many a bill of ordinary dimension and boards.

THAT makes it increasingly difficult for the man who tries to induce you to accept a substitute on the excuse that "you can't get Genuine White Pine any longer."



To disprove such a statement you have only to walk along to his competitor's yard and select just the pieces you want for the work in hand—not one of the woods sometimes sold as White Pine, but Weyerhaeuser Guaranteed Genuine White Pine, each piece species marked for your protection—made, processed and seasoned according to Weyerhaeuser standards of manufacture.

IF your local dealer does not have the particular grade of White Pine you want, have him get in touch with the nearest Weyerhaeuser representative or write us.

Weyerhaeuser Mills are manufacturing year in and year out hundreds of millions of feet of Genuine White Pine available to dealers in carload shipments from any one of eight different mill stocks, or mixed car shipments on 24-hours notice from a large centrally located distributing plant.

It is remarkable how easy it is to get White Pine when you find the dealer who is merchant enough to recognize that the biggest sales leader he can have is a regular following of local buyers, who know from experience that even at a higher price per thousand feet, Genuine White Pine in terms of the job in hand is more economical in the long run.

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Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 806 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis; and with representatives throughout the country.

"FOXY GOSSOONS ARE IZZY AND MOE"

LOVERS OF THE LIGHTER SIDE of life are complaining that Prohibition enforcement has become a duller business—altho not necessarily a "dryer" one in any sense—since that great team of quick-change knockabouts, Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith, "got the hook." Their vaudeville methods of getting results in the national warfare on John Barleycorn—or in their humble share in that warfare—are no longer considered compatible with the dignity of the Federal Government or that of the moral forces mobilized behind the provisions of the Volstead Law. That they did get results is not denied. As one chronicler puts it, "after a dizzy six years as the busiest and most successful rum sleuths in the country, Izzy and Moe are back in their natural habitat, the coffee-houses of New York's East Side." Observing them thus, writes John K. Winkler, "it was easy to understand how they had wormed contraband liquor from the wariest of bartenders and bootleggers." Reading on, in *Collier's, the National Weekly:*

Photograph copyrighted by the Keystone View Company

IZZY AND MOE AS THEMSELVES

Or, rather, we are told that "the demon Prohibition agents" were made up to pass muster (in the speak-easies) as delegates to one of the great national party conventions—nothing could make us reveal which one.

> Izzy, the master hooch hound, was expounding the Einstein theory, as it were, to his lieutenant, Moe Smith.
>
> "No, Moe, no," said Izzy. "I don't agree with you. I think the funniest one I ever pulled was in Detroit that time I wore my Pickle Dealer disguise. I staggered into a poison parlor on Woodward Avenue and the bartender says: 'Stranger, yesterday I woulda served you. To-day nothing doing. That bum is in town,' and he points to my picture hanging over the mirror.
>
> "My picture, Moe, was hung all around with crape. Black, creepy crape, Moe.
>
> "'Oh,' I says to the bartender, 'is that bum, Izzy Epstein, in town?'
>
> "'Sure,' he says, 'I seen it in all the newspapers. Izzy Einstein is here.'
>
> "'Epstein,' I says, 'that's the low-life's name—Izzy *Ep*stein.'
>
> "'Einstein,' says the bartender, 'Izzy *Ein*stein.'
>
> "'Epstein,' I comes back.
>
> "'Einstein,' says the fellow.
>
> "'Friend,' I says, 'I ain't never wrong on a name, *E-p-s-t-e-i-n.*"
>
> "'*E-i-n-s-t-e-i-n,*' he shouts, and he gets red all over, 'I'll bet you anything you want it's *Einstein.*'
>
> "'Awright,' I says. 'I'll bet you the drinks it's *Epstein.*'
>
> "And, Moe, the darn fool took me up. He called everybody in the place to our end of the bar—Jake and Charlie and Harry and Jim—and he asks 'em what was the name of the big bum on the wall. They all said Einstein, and I had to buy nine drinks."
>
> "Yeah, but next day," put in Moe, feeding his partner, as they say in minstrel circles.
>
> "Oh, next day he pretty near died when I showed him my badge and my identification card," smiled Izzy. "But he shook hands with me in court and said I was a slick one."
>
> "Well, that you was," applauded Moe.

Then Mr. Winkler tells us how, on November 13 last, "a Black Friday," Izzy and Moe lost their jobs as general Prohibition agents working out of New York, and—

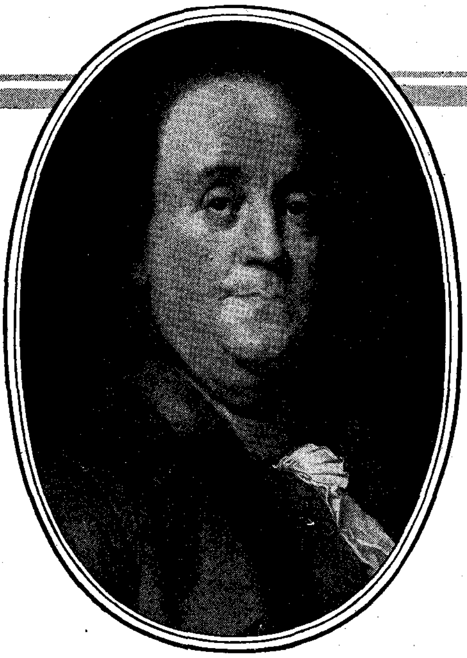
> Sorrowfully they surrendered the gold shields they had carried through thousands of raids all over the country and through the seizure of 5,000,000 bottles of liquor, valued at more than $15,000,000.
>
> The cause of their dismissal, as stated unofficially by the new régime of Prohibition enforcement, was: "The service must be dignified. Izzy and Moe belong on the vaudeville stage."
>
> Now that these redoubtable men of parts are back in the coffee-houses, where the old crowd from Poland enjoy a drop of slivovitz, Izzy and Moe are wondering whether to write a book, tread the boards or accept one of the many flattering and promising business offers that have come to them.
>
> Izzy and Moe are natural complements. They were boon companions and locally famous characters on the East Side years before they became the comedy "revenooers." Izzy was a cut-up and neighborhood life of the party. Even the responsibilities of maintaining a wife and four little Izzies on his meager salary as clerk in Station K of the New York Post Office could not suppress his natural spirits.
>
> Moe, too, was a born comedian. He had been a cigar salesman and manager of a small fight club at Orchard and Grand streets. Gales of laughter used to assault the ears of passers-by when Izzy and Moe dropt into Benjamin's cigar store on Grand Street or other neighborhood meeting-places.
>
> Gossip has it that Izzy and Moe "laughed" the late United States Senator Penrose into getting them jobs as Prohibition agents. However that may be, the chums were shrewd enough to see that comic relief as a foil for the serious phases of Prohibition would go big. So, while the savants dissected and millions damned or deified Volstead, Izzy and Moe became comic-opera detectives.
>
> Izzy and Moe calculate they have worn more than a hundred true-to-life disguises. They have been laborers in denim, truckmen, fruit pedlers, hostlers, musicians, farmers, salesmen, even millionaires. It is their boast that never once has a disguise of theirs been penetrated.

"Overalls for the water-front, dress clothes for Broadway," was their motto, we are told, and—

> Many a jazz palace, in many a city, has felt the heavy hand of the law because Izzy and Moe were able to wear dress clothes and look like men who'd just put through a big deal and wanted to celebrate. In the early days of Prohibition, before the work of enforcement settled into a routine jog, there were some crackerjack newspaper men covering New York headquarters. They were keen for good human-interest stuff, and Izzy and Moe supplied it—by the ream.
>
> With all their buffoonery, neither lacked courage. Once an enraged bartender thrust a revolver against Izzy's stomach. The man was inflamed with hatred and liberal doses of his own contraband and apparently was nerved to pull the trigger.
>
> Izzy looked him in the eye steadily, then, smiling, flipped the gun away as one might brush off a fly.
>
> "Put that up, son," he said quietly; "murdering me won't help your family."
>
> As if hypnotized, the bartender slowly returned the dangerous piece of steel to the drawer.
>
> One would least expect to discover appreciation of Izzy and Moe in Tammany Hall, citadel of anti-Volsteadism. Yet the late Charles F. Murphy, in the opinion of many the greatest leader the Hall ever had, used to discard his dignity and roar hilariously at the antics of the custard-pie sleuths.
>
> At a dinner of the New York City Hall reporters, two years ago, Mr. Murphy howled as the amateur actors, changing their costume between encores, sang verses about Izzy and Moe—

The Golden Years

Drury College Library Springfield Missouri



From a Painting by Duplessis, Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Benj. Franklin

Born 1706—Died 1790.

We all know Franklin as a printer, an essayist and a remarkable statesman, but how many of us know that his most important work was done at an age when all too many men are indulging in fireside leisure? At 68, Franklin was put in charge of the mail service of the colonies. At 70, he was one of a committee of five appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence and was made Commissioner to France to intercede for the colonies. At 75, he was sent on a commission to make peace with Great Britain. At 79, he was made Chief Executive of Pennsylvania and he held that post until he was 82. Shortly before his death at 84, he began fighting for the abolition of slavery.

AT a time when practically nothing was known about the prevention of sickness, when life was hazardous and few but the stalwart survived and when the average length of life was much shorter than it is today, Benjamin Franklin lived to be 84 years old. During those years, Franklin guarded his health and preached fresh air, exercise and moderation in food.

Do you know how long *you* are likely to live? Have you ever looked at the figures shown in the Life Table prepared by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company? These figures tell, to a day, what the chances are. While the Table does not consider you individually, it does consider the composite you—you and all the other tens of thousands just your age. It averages those in good health, those fairly well and those ailing.

Live Longer

If you are a man, 32 years old, reasonably healthy, the Life Table tells you that you will probably live 35 more years. A woman of the same age will live 36 more years. Is that enough for you? Of course not. Think of all the vigorous men you know who are more than 67. Think of all the busy, worth-while women who are more than 68. Suppose Franklin had died at 67.

We will send you a copy of the Life Table so that you may see what your chances are—whatever your present age may be. If you drift along and do nothing about building up your health you may live as long as the Table indicates. If you are careless you may live fewer years. But if you want to live in good, sound health to a robust, ripe old age, you will begin now to plan for those extra, golden years that may be yours.

How Young are You?

That uncompromising record in the family Bible telling the day you were born may be surmounted. It fixes your *age* but it does not tell how *young* you are. In actual physical condition you may be ten or fifteen years younger than your birth certificate states—or you may be ten or fifteen years older!

Go to your doctor and find out whether your body is keeping its youth. Have him take a health inventory. Perhaps you will discover that you are in much better condition than you thought. If impairments are found they can, in most cases, be corrected. There are few organic diseases, even those which affect heart, lungs, blood vessels and kidneys, which cannot be prevented or held in check.

Get a Life Table. See how many more years it allots to persons of your age. Then have your doctor tell you how to stay young.

In order that you may know how many years are ahead of you, according to the law of averages, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, upon request, will send you a copy of its Life Table.

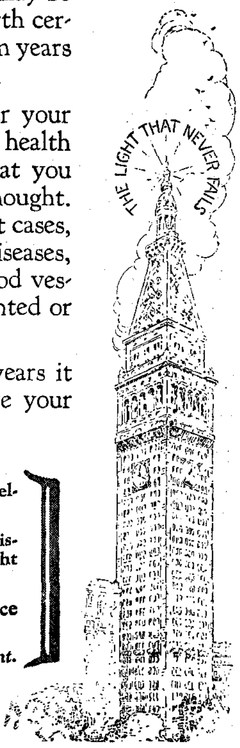
And to help you protect your health, we shall be glad to send our booklet, "Your Chance to Live".

Men and women are living longer than their forefathers lived. Life is being made safer than it was a generation ago. Medical science and sanitation are doing marvelous things to combat disease.

One after another dangerous germs have been discovered and the diseases they cause are being brought under control.

Send today for both the Life Table and "Your Chance to Live". They will be mailed you without charge.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

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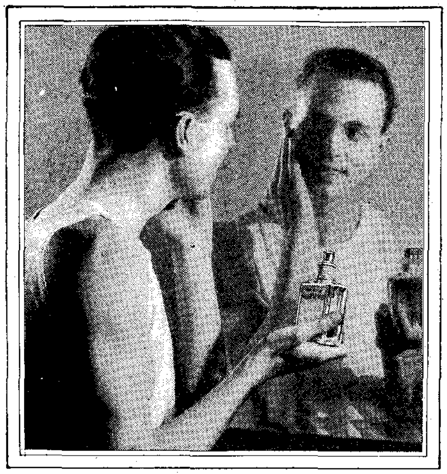

AFTER your morning shave, do you dust your face with powder? Or do you simply rinse off the lather? Either is wrong. Powders rob the skin of natural moisture—the newly-shaven skin needs special care.

That is why Williams specialists perfected Aqua Velva to give the necessary protection to a shaver's face.

Here's what it does

1. It tingles delightfully when applied.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
4. It safeguards against sun and wind.
5. It conserves needed moisture in the skin (powders absorb this—leave the skin dry). Aqua Velva keeps it as soft and smooth as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

Try Aqua Velva at our expense; mail the coupon for generous trial bottle free. Aqua Velva costs 50c for the large 5-ounce bottle (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it. Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed.

For use after shaving

Williams
Aqua Velva

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
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Address: THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Dept. 22-B, Glastonbury, Conn.
(Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal)
Please send me free trial bottle of Aqua Velva.

L.D. 2-27-26

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

verses written by James A. Hagerty of the New York *Times:*

Now Izzy and Moe incognito
Change their appearance at each place they go.
Not a bit slow, never take dough,
Wonderful fellows are Izzy and Moe.
It's Izzy and Moe, incognito,
They put on false faces wherever they go.
Would they take dough? Give 'em a show!
Big Business Men are both Izzy and Moe.

It was a private dinner. As a special mark of favor, tho, Izzy and Moe were permitted to slip into an obscure corner of the banquet-room. They laughed with the rest when George Boothby, the best character actor in New York newspaper ranks, sang:

There's many a ginmill on Tent' Avenoo
Where drinking the stuff is quite stylish.
When visiting there, there's but one thing to do:
We have to pretend that we're Irish.
It's trouble we borra'
We learn to our sorra',
We'll get you to-morra',
Bejabers, begorra!
Izzy and Moe
Never take wather
Wherever they go.
Puralaro!
Irishers, oh!
Foxy gossoons are both Izzy and Moe.

Izzy has a theory that he and Moe have been lucky because nature has so liberally endowed them with flesh.

"Nobody suspects a fat man," he explained. "Then, too, we just look like average men. We never looked as tho we were dying for a drink. That's why in most places they actually forced liquor on us. We didn't have to take a drink of water for six years.

"We'd have died if we didn't have a funnel sewed in our left-hand upper coat pocket. After one sip of the hooch, we'd give the barkeep a bill, and while he was changing it we would toss the rest of the stuff down the funnel.

"In spite of all the pieces in the paper about us, we were never recognized. The only disguise we needed was now and then a beard or a mustache, clothes and some burnt cork for one or two blackface stunts I pulled down in New Orleans and Mobile.

"You got no idea how clothes change a man. Out in Chicago I hired a fur coat and a full-dress tuxedo [*sic*] and I pretended I was from Italy and singing in the opera. I carried a roll of music. I was able to clean up a lot of high-class drinking places.

"A lot of my success I got on account I could play the violin and the trombone and the harmonica. Then I can speak German and Polish and Hungarian, and I'm not so ignorant in Spanish and French."

A year or so ago, relates Mr. Winkler, a chubby little Italian entered a cabaret on Royal Street, New Orleans. "He looked like a banana pedler," for—

He wore corduroy trousers, bandanna, soft felt hat. The gay girls and boys laughed at the stranger as he stood blinking in the glare of the lights.

The laughter changed to applause when the pedler pulled out a harmonica and swung into a jig. The charm of the music brought many proffers of drinks. A pretty Creole girl was the first to offer the "funny little Italian" a glass of wine. The musician answered this gallantry by distributing summonses.

Have you guessed the identity of the little man in the corduroy trousers?

"Oh, of course not!" say we.

In Brooklyn our cold, ruthless hero utilized his violin to win over a restaurant proprietor. Again, wearing long hair, Ascot tie and false shirt front, Izzy walked into a casino in New York, a trombone under his arm.

"Ah," the proprietor greeted him, "I know you!" (Confidential note: Izzy did not falter.)

"Yes, I know you!" exulted mine host. "You play in the orchestra down at ——'s Theater."

"Sure," remarked Izzy, "I'm a musicker. How about a glass of schnapps?"

"Sorry," answered the proprietor, "will kümmel do?"

"Yah," replied Izzy—and added another to his long list of pinches.

Washington often sent Izzy and Moe to localities where there was dissatisfaction with the work of resident agents. On his last tour of the country Izzy drew up a schedule of the time required to buy a drink in each city.

New Orleans holds the record for brevity in satisfying the thirst of a stranger. On the way to the St. Charles, just thirty-five seconds after he had left the station, Izzy asked the taxi driver:

"Where can a man get a drink?"

"Here yuh are," answered the chauffeur, reaching into his hip pocket.

In Pittsburgh Izzy disguised himself as a Polish mill worker. He got a drink in eleven minutes.

In Atlanta, on Peachtree Street, he arrested a confectioner just seventeen minutes after he had landed.

In Chicago and St. Louis it required exactly twenty-one minutes to demonstrate that the Volstead Act was being flouted. In Cleveland Izzy had to wait twenty-nine minutes in a vaudeville theater before the obliging usher could spare time to take him to a speak-easy.

And now for a picturesque piece of histrionism:

In Hollywood our hero, bearded, painted and attired in the tights of a medieval man-at-arms, mingled with the other extras walking unconcernedly all over town in their make-up. A halberdier and a Mexican troubadour accompanied him on a round of the actors' secluded drinking resorts.

In Milwaukee, disguised as a bum, Izzy sat in a dive all evening. Finally the bouncer noticed him.

"Hey, you, *out!*"

Izzy protested.

"Well, then, spend some money," growled the bouncer.

"All right, mister, all right," mumbled Izzy meekly, "gimme a beer."

"Beer nothing. You buy whisky or out you go."

Izzy bought whisky. The place was pulled next day. The inheritance of the meek!

Izzy and Moe have lost count of the number of their raids. Izzy directed 800 seizures during his week in New Orleans. On a hot summer day in New York the demon hooch hunters raided sixty-five places. ("The bartenders were so hot they'd have given joy water to Anderson," remarked Moe.) Their largest haul was 2,000 cases of bottled liquor and 365 barrels of whisky and brandy, in a Bronx garage.

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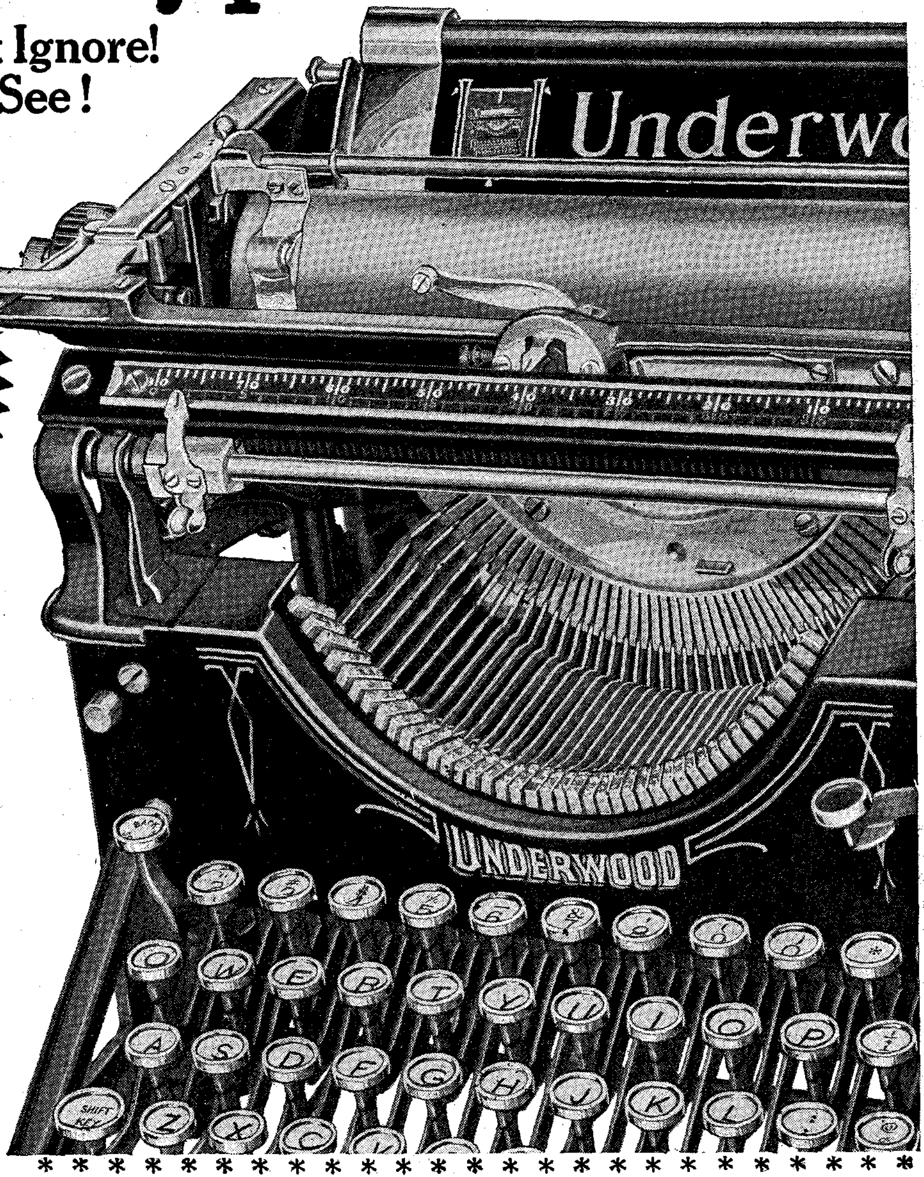

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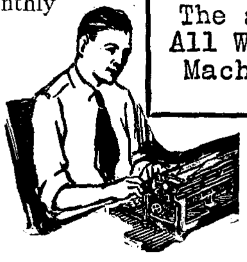
The Underwood is so famous a make, and No. 5 so popular a model, you'll have to speak up if you want one of the lot we are just completing now!

We rebuild from top to bottom; *replace every single worn part;* each machine is in *sparkling* condition. New typewriters are commonly guaranteed for a year; we guarantee these completely rebuilt Underwoods *five years:* That's our Better-Than New-Guarantee! And we guarantee a big saving in money!

We don't ask for a cent now. Nor any money at all, unless you are completely won by the wonderful writing machine we ship you for an unrestricted 10-day free trial. When you do buy, take advantage of our very liberal scale of monthly payments. A host of our patrons have paid for their typewriters out of money made typing work for others. (One woman made *a thousand dollars* at home last year with her Underwood.)



* *

Act NOW If Ever!

* *

If you know typewriters, you know the perfect work and the ease and speed of an Underwood. If you have never owned a typewriter, start with the finest! One that will last you all your life! But, the time to act is NOW! Don't miss out on this present bargain offer. Don't do longer without the convenience of a typewriter.

Free Trial Offer

Our plan gives you the opportunity of *a thorough trial* before you buy. You run no risk whatever. You start to pay for your typewriter *after* you have found it the one and only machine for you! But get the facts before this lot of machines is all in use. Clip the information coupon before you turn the page. It will pay you! Note the very useful book you will receive free! Write for full particulars at once.

This is a Genuine UNDERWOOD
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The ace of All Writing Machines!

Get our catalog that tells how we rebuild these wonderful Underwood typewriters in the largest factory of its kind in the world, and lowest prices and terms in existence. We will also include free, the new Type Writing Manual—it gives many examples and samples of uses for your typewriter: in business accounts, social correspondence, recipes, shopping lists, household accounts, etc.; school work; literary work, etc. Clip coupon now!

FREE!

From Sight to Touch

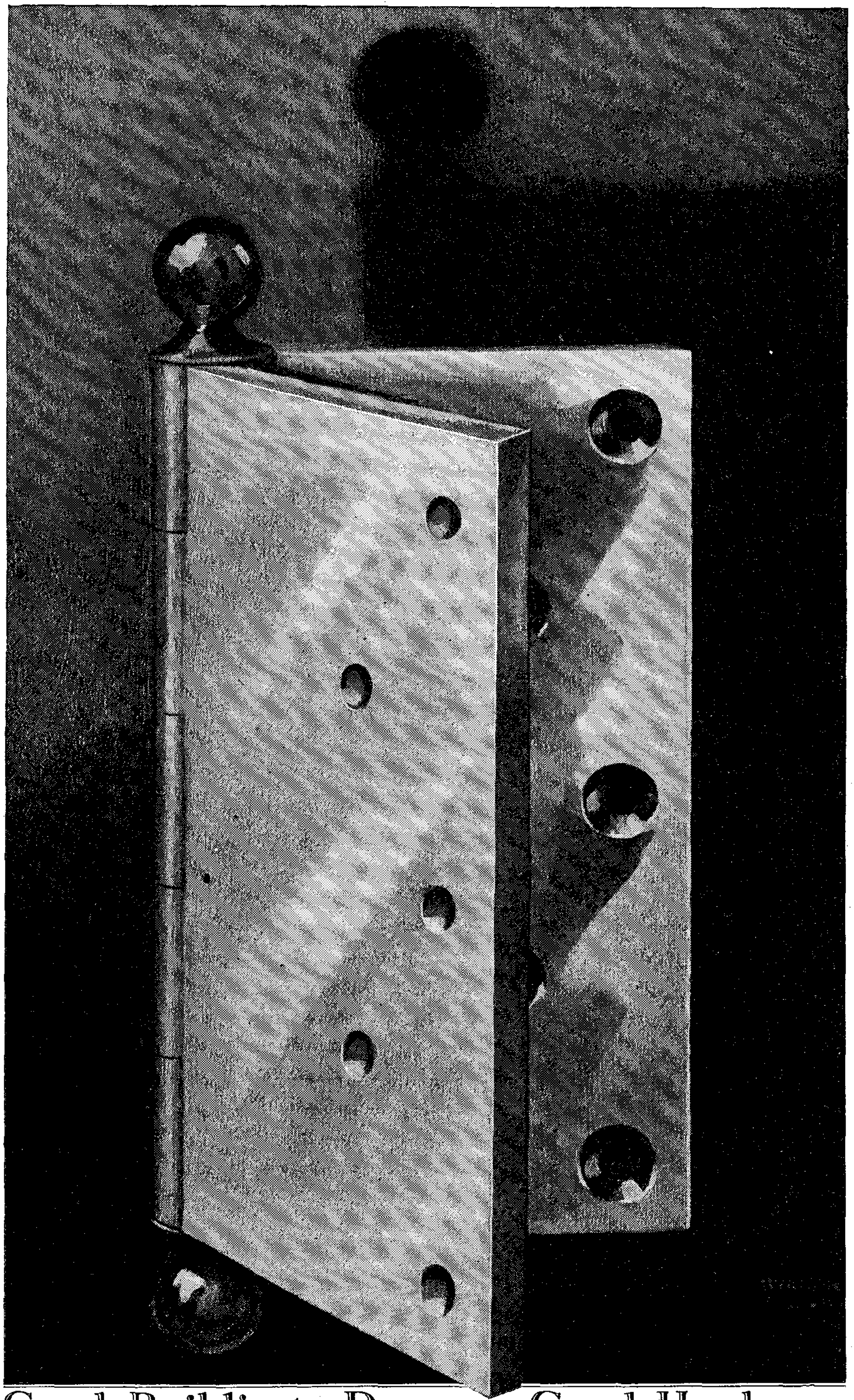
Mail to SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. COMPANY
1412 Shipman Building, *Chicago*

Please send me full offer, with Type Writing Manual FREE, prices, terms, etc., and full information about your FREE course in Touch Typewriting. All without obligation; this is NOT an order!

Name ....

St. or R. F. D. ....

P. O. .... State ....



Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

CORBIN

If this were an ordinary hinge we would hardly be talking about it—
But it isn't!

FIRST, it is Good Hardware–Corbin. Second, it is superbly made of solid brass or bronze if you wish. Third, it will silently swing the heaviest of doors without sagging. And it will serve as long as the building lasts. Whenever you build, whatever you build–let not these words be forgotten:

Corbin Hardware is Good Hardware
P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
New York Chicago Philadelphia

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

HOW OUR CAMERA MEN MAKE EUROPE SIT UP

WHEN a certain American movie hero arrived in Paris, a certain American news photographer conceived the magnificent idea of having the star ride his horse on one of the high balconies of the Eiffel Tower. We are told that the star was "delighted with the idea," and the photographer felt that he would thus capture the "Paris background" which every camera man is instructed to get. A snapshot of the film hero in front of the Opéra might be all very well, except that "one mightn't have known the difference if it had been taken in front of the First National Bank of Hannibal, Missouri," as the narrator, John Chapman, puts it. "But the Eiffel Tower!"

However, the director of the tower said "No" with finality. Why? Well, Mr. Chapman tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune* that he faltered an excuse to the effect that the thing had never been done before, but the writer thinks the real reason for his refusal was that such a performance would not be dignified. In a word, "why should the tower be the goat in a rather childish publicity stunt?" However, the French are not always able to escape the pranks of the enterprising American news photographer, for—

> There is one way to do such publicity pictures: do them first and ask afterward. Joe Jackson, known in every American hamlet where there is a theater, as the tramp whose bicycle falls to pieces, is playing the rounds of the Paris theaters. Once he put on his tramp make-up, which is even more ludicrous to Frenchmen than it is to us, and gaily rode in the midst of traffic to the Place de la Madaleine. At just the right moment his bicycle collapsed and that mighty tide of traffic was halted. The camera caught the ludicrous act, but it missed the funniest part—the dumb amazement of the chauffeurs and pedestrians, and the puzzled anger of a very wordy traffic policeman.
>
> America, particularly since the advent of the first tabloid pictorial newspaper in New York, has developed what might be called in highbrow language her own tradition in photography—and competent judges say it is the most advanced style yet conceived—altho loud wails of protest well up from the welkin surrounding London.
>
> That there is a "style" or "tradition" in photography sounds a bit ridiculous, like saying the Fifth Assembly District girls have a markedly advanced technique in chewing-gum. But it's a fact. So, let us take a news story as an example. A little Italian boy is kidnaped on the East Side. A photographer is assigned. The obvious thing to do is to get a picture of the family that is left. But how? Line them up according to size on the roof or in the courtyard or on the street curb and shoot them? A few years ago, perhaps; but now, no. Mother and father may be shown praying before the child's empty crib; his little sister will be seated at a table supposedly writing him a letter telling him how lonesome she is for him, and so on.

The one ceaseless order in the well-regulated news-photograph organizations is "never take anybody looking in the camera," explains the writer, and—

Every effort must be made to make the picture look as if it were natural.

Europe doesn't know that yet, and that is why big American news photograph firms maintain large staffs in foreign capitals. After all, it is only Americans who know what Americans want. And the Americans often don't know what Europeans want, as may be simply illustrated as follows:

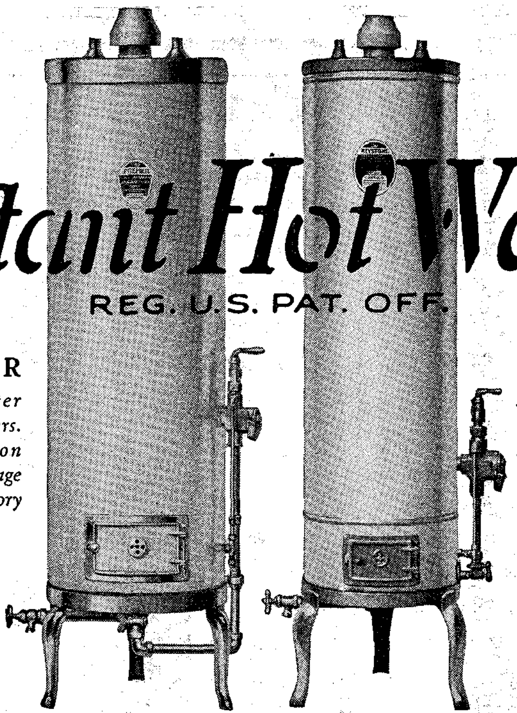
A photograph of a pre-Christian ruin at Ostia, near Rome, has recently been circulated in America. It shows several dozen huge earthen jars sunk in the ground that were used as oil and grain receptacles by Cæsarian apartment dwellers. The photographer knew it would be a "dead" picture unless something were done to liven it up. So he got a girl tourist to peek over one of the jars and wrote a caption about their not being the jars that the Forty Thieves were fried in, but storage bins at Ostia.

The picture was taken by a salesman to the editor of *L'Illustration*, the foremost French publication. The editor examined it and opined that it might have been a good picture, but why did the boob photographer drag the girl into it? He then asked the salesman if he didn't have a nice photograph of just the jugs lying in the ground.

In that same ruined town of Ostia, a rival of Pompeii, stands a marble bar with lead pipes for running water still in good shape. A photograph of the bar such as *L'Illustration* editors would want would require several lines of caption to explain what it represented. But place a man behind it, with hands on the bar and a what'll-you-have, expectant look on his face—and presto! no caption is needed.

The competent judge who says the American photographic style is better than the English will cock his ears for the sob of protest from Fleet Street and then will quickly and fairly admit that the Fleet Street photographer is the greatest in the world. As a man to go out and make pictures, he undoubtedly is, because his is the hardest school in the world. He has two murderously adverse things to fight against which make for the most Darwinian survival of the fittest. It is difficult to say which of these two adversities is the more discouraging. They are competition and weather. London weather needs no introduction anywhere in the world now that the Prince of Wales has taken the rumors down to the natives in Africa, but the photographer who has to make pictures in fog, rain and darkness reaches a more complete understanding of it in less time than any mere tourist does. How to make a picture of 100,000 persons at Wembley when one can't see half-way across the parade ground? How to get a swift snapshot of the finish of the Derby when any kodak fiend can tell you it is so dark that a time exposure is necessary? Such problems would floor a New York camera man because he has never been up against them. But the Fleet Street man gets his stuff with more monotonous regularity than a Northwest mounted policeman gets his man in the "movies."

And competition! The number of photographic agencies in Fleet Street is amazing, and the camera man finds himself on an important assignment in company with anywhere from thirty to one hundred or more competitors. It is up to him to size up the situation, find the one



Instant Hot Water

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PREMIER

The best water heater Crane offers. No. 2, 23-gallon capacity for average homes is f.o.b. factory

$125

KEYSTONE

A good water heater, reduced from $90. No. 2-20, 20-gallon capacity, f. o. b. factory

$70

Water heaters guaranteed by Crane

You may select a water heater bearing the Crane nameplate, as confidently as if a mechanical expert were at your elbow advising you. The name and its 71-year reputation tell you everything about design, materials, workmanship, durability, and economy.

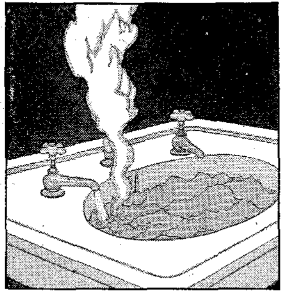
For you, Crane engineers after rigorous testing have chosen *storage* gas water heaters, automatic and insulated. They are as simple in principle as they are certain and economical in operation.

This is how the Crane *Premier* and Crane *Keystone* work. A thermostat controls the water temperature in the big tank. As conditions demand, it turns the gas on or off, automatically. No other heaters have a more economical pilot light, nor a heating element more thrifty of fuel.

This gas saving is made certain by the heat-saving insulation of the tank, a blanket of asbestos which retains the heat as in a giant "Thermos" bottle. All day and all night, whether you open one faucet or many, as quick as your wish, hot water flows. And always at full pressure.

The Crane *Premier* supplies the finest hot water service. It is the best water heater Crane offers. The Crane *Keystone* resembles the *Premier*, and is for those who want a good water heater at an extremely moderate price.

Decide on the type and size you need after seeing them at the Crane Exhibit Rooms nearest to you. Or ask to see them at your plumber's. He has or can quickly get for you the right one to give your home the comfort and health of plentiful, economical, *instant hot water*.



Free *Write for a little 16-page book, illustrated, that discusses frankly the entire hot-water question*

CRANE

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CRANE VALVES

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

view-point and combination of circumstances which will result in the best picture, and make it first. Then he must either dash off to his office or give his plate to a boy, and marvels of prestidigitation are performed in getting the resulting plates on the desks of all the editors in London.

Competition, particularly as regards transportation, is exhilaratingly keen among the Americans in the foreign field, but they do not carry it to the lengths the Fleet Street men do. In Fleet Street all is fair in love and photography. That is why they are photographers par excellence. They are self-reliant and look for help from no one. Rather, they look for hindrance on big stories.

There is the tale of a great race held not so long ago in England where a thug was hired for fifty pounds to dash around like a madman at the critical moment of the race, putting out of commission all motion-picture cameras except those of the company that hired him.

Transportation is one of the biggest problems in news photography in Europe as in America, and—

The news camera man must have his head filled with the details of railroad time-tables and steamship departures. And he must be ready in emergency to call the airplane into requisition. Say there is a disastrous wreck on a French railroad, with the agencies in keen competition to get the first pictures to London. By frenzied use of telegraph and telephone an agent gets the first of the precious pictures to Paris. Does he wait for the regular means of transportation to London? He does not. An airplane is in readiness, with propeller revolving. The agency representative makes a hurried dash from his office to the flying-field and tosses the plates into the cockpit of the machine, which is soon in flight for London.

The spectators at the flying-field do not know what it is all about, but such "stunts" in securing camera news beats are common on both sides of the Atlantic nowadays. Of course, they add greatly to the expense of covering the news field photographically.

The philosophy of news photography in the foreign field—and it is pretty much the same domestically—is summed up by the counsel of the European head of one of the largest American concerns: "Get a good picture if you can, but the first picture, no matter how bad it is, is worth much more than the next hundred that follow it." To wit: Altho many wonderful pictures came from Japan in the weeks following the great earthquake, they passed almost unnoticed in comparison to the wretched amateur's roll-film snapshots which arrived first, and upon which the company that got them spent more than $6,000 in air transportation to distribute them over the United States.

We are told that Europe in general "does not look askance at news photographers," and public officers are "most generous of their time for camera men." Indeed—

During a ministerial crisis in France (which occurs quite often) camera men are given unusual privileges. Say a Cabinet

COVER DESIGN BY ANN BROCKMAN

Write for this book—
"The End of Rust Troubles"

It's a new Brass pipe book of interest to those who are about to build, buy or remodel a home. Illustrations and text indicate how the nuisance of rusty water and pipe troubles due to corrosion can be eliminated. Sent without charge. Ask for Book B-3.

COPPER & BRASS
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
25 Broadway—New York

resigns. The first thing that happens is that the President calls upon various political leaders and picks out a man who probably can command a majority of votes in the Chamber and Senate. Each man that goes into the President's palace on Faubourg St. Honoré may come out Prime Minister. Or he may come out loaded with responsibility. Yet the first thing he does is to pose for the photographers, who have been allowed into the private courtyard of the palace. And when the minister forms his Cabinet the first thing that happens is that the new appointees are gathered together at the Senate or elsewhere and marched out on the steps for a picture.

HOW TO BE A LADY AT A LOUD-SPEAKER PARTY

HOW are your radio manners?

Do you know what to do when the President of the United States enters the loud-speaker?

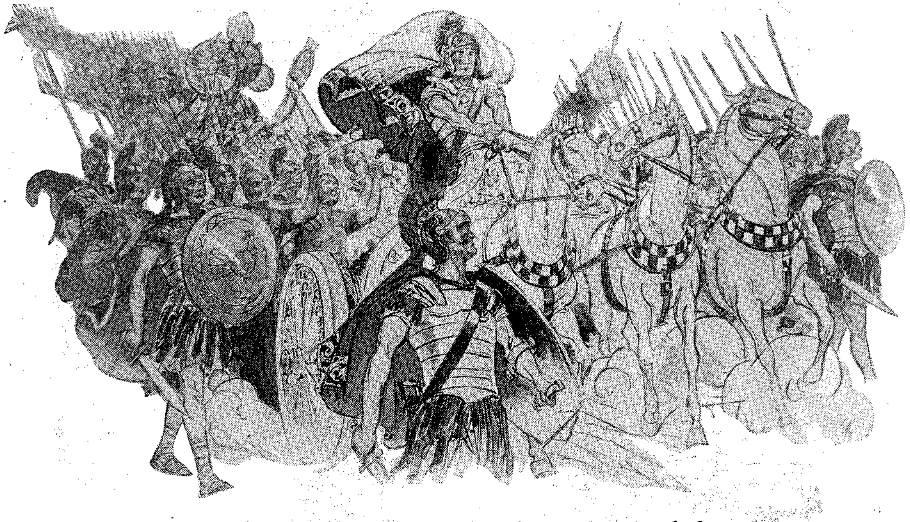
Should a gentleman sitting in his living-room at Cos Cob, Connecticut, stand when a band in West Philadelphia plays "The Star Spangled Banner"?

Is it bad manners to tune out on a lady giving Hints on Interior Decorating and let in a gentleman with a lecture on the Care of the Gums?

Such are some of the pulsating problems propounded by Mr. H. I. Phillips in *Collier's, the National Weekly*. Under the title "The Book of Radio Etiquette," he proceeds to supply light and leading in a field hitherto wrapt in "woful ignorance as to what should and what should not be done under a given set of radio circumstances." For, as Mr. Phillips points out—

> At present the confusion among radio owners over the proprieties of social intercourse in front of a loud-speaker is so general as to be appalling. Many a person whose social standing has survived eight-course dinner parties, wedding receptions, formal balls, funerals and bridal showers has had his or her reputation blasted and shattered by a false move in the vicinity of a six-tube radio set.
>
> To own and operate a radio without knowing what the rules of radio etiquette demand is to invite personal humiliation and—who knows?—perhaps social ostracism. There is therefore a paramount need of a Book of Radio Etiquette, and it is with a hope of meeting this need that the following guide to good radio conduct is given.
>
> A man is known by the radio he keeps as well as by the distance he gets. Nearly everybody has a radio set. It is to the home of to-day what the family album, music-box, Stoddard Lectures, Sister Susie's piano lessons, and the magic lantern were to the home of yesterday. Everybody is inhaling recitals, recitations, time signals, market reports, jazz music and Presidential messages through the ears direct from the source.
>
> *Selecting the Radio.* Selecting a radio set has become a difficult art. One no longer walks into a radio store and says, "One radio set, please. Something weighing about twenty-four pounds will do." There are more types of radio to-day than there are automobiles, and great caution is essential.
>
> Major attention must now be paid to the kind of wood from which the case is

Alexander's big idea
and what came of it



WHEN Alexander, first of the boy wonders, took command of the Macedonian army he gave his soldiers the once-over, and ordered them to cut off their whiskers, "lest the beard afford a handle to the enemy."

It was a great idea, and had much to do with Alexander's military triumphs, which culminated in his victory over Darius, king of Persia.

Most of the men in the tremendous Persian army were heavily bearded, and the way in which they were manhandled by Alexander's smooth-faced warriors was awful.

The advantages of a clean shave are as apparent in business and social pursuits to-day as they were in war when it consisted principally of hand-to-hand engagements.

Alexander's idea, and Colgate's

Alexander considered it a mistake to permit whiskers to get men into embarrassing situations. The lad who sighed for other worlds to conquer ordered whiskers to come off . . . Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream *keeps them off easily.* It shortens and makes more comfortable the daily shave.

There are several clean-cut reasons why Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream makes it easy to win the daily battle with your beard.

How Colgate's conquers facial cactus

Colgate's absorbs much water, and gives you an exceedingly fine, moist lather which proceeds directly, as Alexander did, to take advantage of the enemy.

Owing to its fine texture, the lather goes right to the base of the beard, where the razor does its work. There it emulsifies the oily coating upon each hair, permitting moisture to penetrate the unwelcome bristle and take all the fight out of it instantly. Coarse lathers, which pile up in billowy masses, are as ineffective as were the hordes of hairy Persians that Alexander's finely organized forces put to flight.

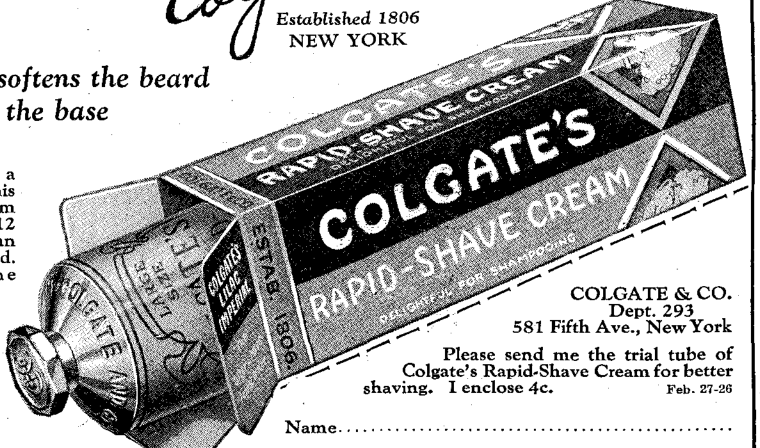
Colgate's fine-texture lather needs no rubbing in with the fingers. It takes hold of whiskers, without any urging or coaxing, breaks down their resistance in a hurry, and leaves the face cool, soothed, and refreshed after shaving.

In Canada:
COLGATE & CO., Ltd.
72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

Colgate & Co
Established 1806
NEW YORK

Colgate's softens the beard at the base

Let us send you a trial tube of this marvelous Cream — enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Please use the coupon.



COLGATE & CO.
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581 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c. Feb. 27-26

Name..

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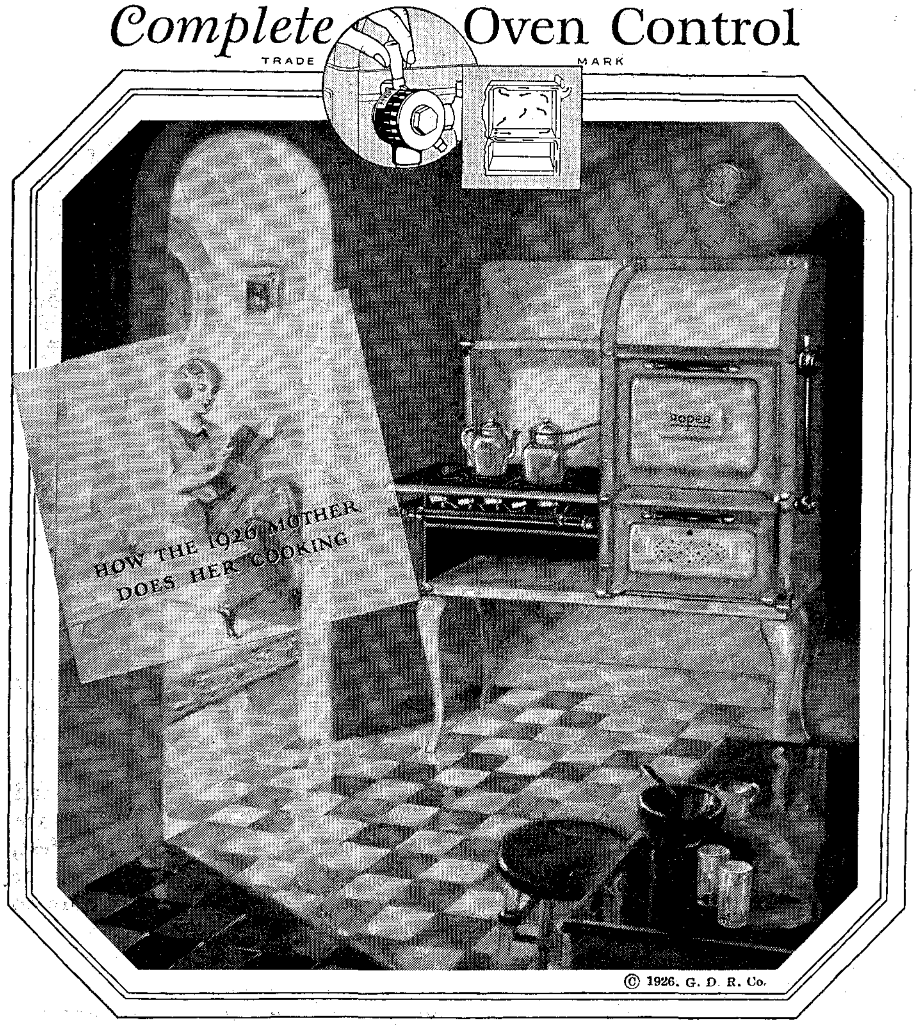
ROPER

Complete Oven Control
TRADE MARK



HOW THE 1926 MOTHER DOES HER COOKING
ROPER

© 1926. G. D. R. Co.

Symbol of Happiness, is the Roper Complete Oven Control. It gives the woman precious hours in which to protect the happiness of her home by keeping herself attractive. Health-building, mind-building recreations are truly hers. She may literally be miles away while the Roper does her cooking. She need never give it a thought, because cooking results always are—always must be—ideal.

The Roper Complete Oven Control does not merely measure the heat—it also circulates it. Because of the Roper Ventilated Oven, the food is cooked in fresh, moist air, rich in oxygen. Thus the secret of Roper Oven Control is its Completeness—in operation, as well as in saving of food, of gas, and of the woman's time.

This one feature of the Roper would justify its ownership in every modern home, yet you will find many other advantages when you examine this preferred gas range. See the Roper, where better gas ranges are sold.

GEO. D. ROPER CORPORATION, *Rockford, Illinois*
Pacific Coast Branch: 135 Bluxome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Give your little girl a "Baby Roper!"
A perfect miniature, all metal, 6¼ inches high. Doors open; grates lift out; utensils included. Send $1 for yours.

ROPER
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GAS RANGES

BE SURE THE ROPER PURPLE LINE ▬ AND THE ROPER COMPLETE OVEN CONTROL ARE ON THE RANGE YOU BUY

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

made. Some people think they get Denver better with a carved mahogany case; others aver that Havana never does itself justice except through an American walnut cabinet; still others prefer their concerts with a bird's-eye maple finish.

The first thing to do is to go to a radio salesroom. This can be done by walking about eighteen feet in any direction and turning into the nearest doorway. A few years ago a customer would be met by a mechanic wielding a wicked pair of pliers and talking in kilocycles. The radio store then had the general atmosphere of a combination five-and-ten-cent store, opera house and plumbing shop.

To-day these radio stores have been very largely replaced by showrooms and studios. They have Chinese rugs on the floors and tapestries on the walls. You will at first get the impression you have entered a furniture house by mistake. Do not become confused. Remember that the radio is now passing through the furniture period. That handsome Renaissance chair may be capable of delivering a philharmonic concert; that handsome Spanish chest of drawers may be in the very act of catching the Arlington time signals, and that Louis XIV bed may be at the moment transmitting President Coolidge's views on the budget. It is even possible that the grandfather's clock may be nothing less than an eight-tube super-heterodyne in full blast.

You say softly, "I wish to see something in a radio set."

"Period?" the salesman will ask.

"Period," you reply. "New paragraph."

"How about something in a Napoleonic sideboard?" the salesman inquires.

"Is the radio set itself any better in a Napoleonic sideboard?" you ask.

"True, you can get the same set in a cheaper case, but think what a cabinet like this means in your home!"

Custom requires that you listen attentively to this gentleman says Mr. Phillips, and sign on the dotted line, $50 down and $2 a week for six years. Experts of the deferred payment system may lift their eyebrows at these breezy terms, but we hasten on with Mr. Phillips' social instructions.

The next thing to do is to phone the wife that you are sending up a huge piece of furniture and that she'd better throw out the piano, bookcase and three chairs.

Setting Up the Set. The wife will wish to try the ark in various parts of the room. At each exclamation of "No, not there!" the gentleman should rise and begin pushing it around some more, keeping to the lady's left. This sort of thing is very apt to go on for many hours and, to relieve the monotony, the well-bred gentleman will occasionally suggest an interval of charades, parlor games or amusing anecdotes.

After it has been placed to the lady's satisfaction the gentleman should bow and offer to get her WEAF. He will then make the horrifying discovery that it is not a radio set at all, but an imported ice-box intended for the Smiths who live next door.

Inviting Friends to Hear the Radio. After the radio has been set up it is proper to send announcements to neighbors saying that the set is operating and asking them to come and try to get Fort Worth. A proper form for such an invitation follows:

MR. AND MRS. ADDISON SIMS
request the pleasure of the
company of
MR. AND MRS. JAMES (SPIKE) HICKEY
at their home Tuesday
October 11th
to meet
Messrs. Vincent Lopez, Paul Whiteman, Calvin Coolidge, Al Jolson, the Happiness Boys, Uncle Piggly Wiggly, the Bison City Quartette, Nora Bayes, Senator Borah, "Harmonica" Schmidt and a flock of violinists

P. S. The loose wire has been located and the static eliminated. We expect to get Des Moines.

They won't if the cat gets into the cabinet and breaks the bulbs.

The Radio Menu. Too much care can not be given to the preparation of the radio menu. Upon it the success of the party will depend. The tastes of the guests should be considered so far as possible, but, not knowing precisely the preferences of each and every guest, the host will do well to prepare a radio repast affording wide variety.

The menu should be, above all, well-balanced. It should not be too heavy with political speeches, convention reports, advice to inventors or hints to breeders of thoroughbred cattle. Neither should it be excessively light with child elocutionists, boy cellists, cheerful philosophers, unemployed vaudeville artists and giggling lady sopranos. An example of what the radio menu should not be like follows:

Piccolo Solo: "Hearts and Flowers."
Fashion Hints. *Time Signals.*
Police Bulletins on Missing People.
"How to Take Care of the Battery."
"Through Nevada by Canoe."
Weather Prediction.
Daily Health Talk: The Truth about Arthritis.
Annual Meeting of the National Association of Door-knob Manufacturers on Pennsylvania Hotel Roof.
Talk by Vice-President of the Canarsie Chapter, Tugboat Pilots of America.
Bedtime Stories. *Baritone Solo.*

It can be appreciated at a glance that such a radio menu is in poor taste and means a disastrous evening. The Piccolo Solo may be all right as an appetizer, altho the more discriminating host will prefer something by the harpsichord or xylophone. Fashion Hints and Time Signals as the next course on the menu are grossly out of place and will put a damper on the function.

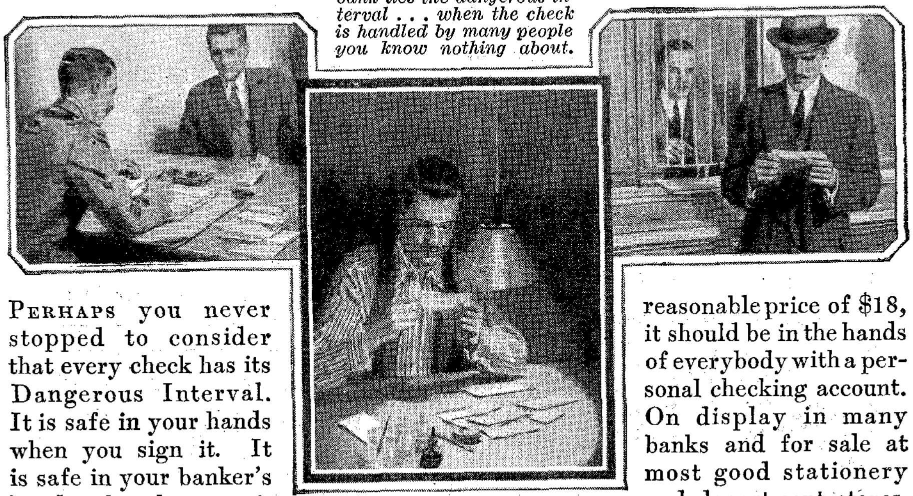
But it is in the arrangement of the main course that "the most inexcusable taste, or lack of it, is revealed," and Mr. Phillips exclaims:

> Fancy any person of refinement being asked to stuff himself or herself with the tidings from an annual meeting of the National Association of Door-knob Manufacturers! This is the place for a choice between Sousa's Band, Whiteman's Orchestra and the Arbuckle Sugar Works Symphony Orchestra.

For dessert the selection of a Bedtime Story and a Baritone Solo is unpardonable. One might as well go from bad to worse and serve the guests with the stock-market quotations and a talk on 10,000 words often mispronounced.

Asking for Second Helpings, etc. It is proper for a guest at a radio evening to ask for more of anything he or she may like.

Will your checks go safely through the "Dangerous Interval"?



Between your desk and the bank lies the dangerous interval . . . when the check is handled by many people you know nothing about.

PERHAPS you never stopped to consider that every check has its Dangerous Interval. It is safe in your hands when you sign it. It is safe in your banker's hands when he pays it for the sum indicated. But—on its way from you to the bank—it passes through hands you have never seen and over which you have no control.

If you send out unprotected, handwritten checks on ordinary check paper, you are giving to the dishonest the opportunity to be dishonest.

An amount line cleverly erased and a higher amount substituted . . . or an amount line deftly "raised" by pen changes . . . and you are out of pocket hard-earned business funds.

One hundred million dollars are lost annually through check fraud, according to an estimate by the American Institute of Accountants. Will you be the next to suffer loss?

Eliminate check fraud by using these modern banking aids

The Protectograph eliminates a large percentage of all check frauds by preventing *raised amounts.* The Protectograph is made in a variety of standard models, one for every type of business, priced from $37.50 up. It shreds the amount line, in indelible ink, into the very fiber of the paper. It writes the amount in two colors. It is unexcelled in speed and ease of operation—a favorite with the men and women who use it. And an actual saver of time in office routine.

The Personal Protectograph

applies to personal checks the same sure type of protection, shredding the amount line in indelible ink into the very fiber of the paper. Only Todd can make a Protectograph; and at the reasonable price of $18, it should be in the hands of everybody with a personal checking account. On display in many banks and for sale at most good stationery and department stores. A demonstration will be gladly given.

Todd Greenbac Checks, with their patented self-canceling features, eliminate another major source of possible check losses by preventing *change of payee's name, date* and *number* and *"counterfeiting."* Todd Checks are the handsomest, as well as the safest, checks made. Superbly printed or lithographed, they are made only to order—never sold in blank. Whether designed for business or personal use, they are reasonable in price, even when purchased in small quantities.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

For example, if The Park City Troubadours have been found pleasing and the hostess has tuned into "Seven Ways to Preserve Pickles," a guest may, with a gracious smile, say: "The pickles are very nice, but could I trouble you for some more troubadours?" or just, "Please pass the troubadours again, Mrs. Zilch."

Remarks such as "For the luvvapete, is that guy going to play the violin again?" "I thought they had yanked that announcer out of the air months ago" and "Is that WXA dame playing the piano or fooling with a set of breakfast dishes?" are not good form.

Small Talk, etc. When the guests are assembling, and before the dial twisting begins, the host or hostess should promote light conversation by darting in and out of the room, dropping loose threads of radio thought here and there, and letting the guests do what they will with them. A radio audience is very susceptible to any opinions exprest on the mechanical side of radio problems.

Talk of ohms is always appropriate—in fact, it is a good idea to ask the guests to sing that old favorite "Ohms, Sweet Ohms" occasionally if the party drags.

Tuning Out on Radio Artists. Every one who has listened to a radio concert knows that the loud-speaker frequently admits performers and speakers who would never be able to horn in on a party under any other circumstances. They are in before one knows it. A chill settles over the party, and there is an obvious uneasiness. What to do?

It has become a lamentable practise to leap to the radio and with a twist of the dial throw the artist back into the ozone. Such a course is extremely rude, vulgar, and an inexcusable violation of good manners.

The fact that the performer is not present in the flesh doesn't make such action any less insulting. Common courtesy requires that the host rise, walk calmly to the instrument, smile sweetly and say, "So sorry!" or "I'm sure you won't mind waiting outside," in gracious tones. Then the dial may be turned and a more popular entertainer admitted.

Showing Appreciation. It is permissible to applaud a radio performer or speaker who has pleased, but stamping of feet and whistling through the fingers is to be avoided. A gracious thing to do is to send what is known as an applause card. A very fitting message of appreciation upon such a card follows:

"*Station OWJK.*

"*Gentlemen:*

"I wish to convey to you my deep appreciation for a joyful experience last evening. I was at home alone, unhappy and disconsolate. It seemed that nothing could cheer me up. Then I turned to the radio for diversion. I turned the dial at random, and there came floating into my home the golden voice of your Elmer X. Dunk, buoying me up with his wonderful message on 'The Proper Diet of Police Dog Puppies.' In a moment I was my old self again, carefree and happy. What he had to say about breaking up the biscuits and putting them in warm milk was particularly inspiring.

"It was with a sigh of regret that I heard him conclude, but my evening was made a further orgy of pleasure by what immediately followed: a most delightful talk on the outlook in the pig-iron industry by David S. Gimp, a charming five-minute chat on new paving plans by the city street commissioner, and a lecture on the difficulty of raising penguins in model flats by Col. Seth Appletart.

"Your radio programs have made a new man of me. Life at last is sweet. And so is your old man.

"Very sincerely,

"——— ———"

And now Mr. Phillips turns to another important branch of radio etiquette, to wit:

Deference, Salutes, etc., Due Noted Radio Speakers. A radio audience should rise and stand at attention for ten seconds when the President of the United States, the Vice-President of the United States, a Justice of the Supreme Court, a Member of the United States Senate, a Cabinet Officer, a King or Queen of a Foreign Country, a Royal Prince, Royal Princess, Duke, Duchess, Marquis or Marchioness enters a room via a loud-speaker.

The entrance through an eight-tube set of a baronet, the wife of a baronet, a knight, the younger son of a viscount, an Anglican bishop, a general or an admiral on active list should be acknowledged by a bow.

When a jazz orchestra or band plays the national anthem, the audience should stand, unless already standing, in which case it should sit down.

Interpreting Returns from a Boxing Bout. Only people who have been raised on radio know how to tell how a fight is going by what comes out of the set. It is the orthodox custom for the announcer to give a summary of each round as it concludes, telling the radio fans who won it. For example, he will say: "Well, folks, Delaney had that round hands down. . . . Delaney is putting up a wonderful fight. . . . Berlenbach doesn't seem to be able to lay a finger on him . . . there's nothing to it but Delaney, folks." If he says something like this after every one of the fifteen rounds, adding just before the decision, "It's been Delaney all the way. . . . I guess he's the new champion, folks," all radio fans should take it for granted that the decision will go to the other fellow.

Radio returns from baseball games are difficult to follow, and the announcer should not be taken literally. If, for instance, he says, "Meusel, I mean Ward, or rather Babe Ruth, just slashed out a two-bagger . . . no, it was a three-base hit . . . wait a minute . . . he got a base hit on that," the best thing to do is to assume that none of the three players mentioned participated in the play.

Charging the Battery. In every radio home much embarrassment is caused by failure to charge the storage battery. This failure is often due to a failure to pass the responsibility for the charging upon any one member of the household. Good form requires that the male head of the family assume this duty of crawling under the table on his hands and knees and feeling around in the dark for the positive and negative poles. This job should not be left to the wife, the baby, the son who is away at college or the ice-man.

Then comes the problem of remembering when the battery should be charged. The practical thing to do is to set, say, every Tuesday evening at bedtime for connecting the charger with the battery, and give some neighborhood youth a quarter to throw a rock through the living-room window every Tuesday evening to remind you that it is Tuesday evening.

ROUGH STUFF FOR LADY "SHILLS"

SINGULAR occupations are evolved from the complexities of metropolitan life, and one of the latest of these is extending the range of its usefulness, according to commentators learned in all the new wrinkles along New York's "Great White Way." As a profession for females, there seem to be growing opportunities in the novel employment of having a sleeve torn out in the crushes at box-office windows. Just a sleeve—the profession has not yet reached the exigency of an entire garment reduced to shreds, but goodness knows to what lengths theatrical competition may eventually carry the scheme, now that it has been started. The history of the movement is thus sketched by *The New Yorker:*

> Broadway is familiar enough with the kindly faced, middle-aged decoys—known to the trade as "shills"—who sit eternally in empty sight-seeing buses, coaxing, by their presence, the reluctant passer-by from Dubuque into boarding the bus. Their being middle-aged makes their presence more effective, for the provincial does not need to be enticed onto the lumbering autos; what he needs is assurance.
>
> Mostly, one learns upon discreet inquiry, these decoys are broken-down actresses, who find the employment not altogether unpleasant as a means of sustaining life. Say what you will about Broadway's tinsel, it manages to take care of its own.
>
> Lately some of these decoys have found a means of adding to their earnings, in the service of the movies. In addition to carefully coached supers—each one a type—they are employed for the screen premières of great stars. As first flicker time approaches, they mill about the theater entrance.
>
> Some have coats into which the sleeves have been basted with few stitches. The slightest tug detaches them. It is a very effective bit, invariably. "Look at that lady's sleeve," say Mr. and Mrs. Great Public, much imprest. "Torn right out of her dress." Preponderant evidence of the immense popularity of the star whose latest antics are about to be exhibited. It makes excellent reading in the press reports of the event next day. And, they say just a few minutes' milling by the supers will induce the passing public to supply its own riot.

His Opportunity.—The scene was a hospital in Scotland.

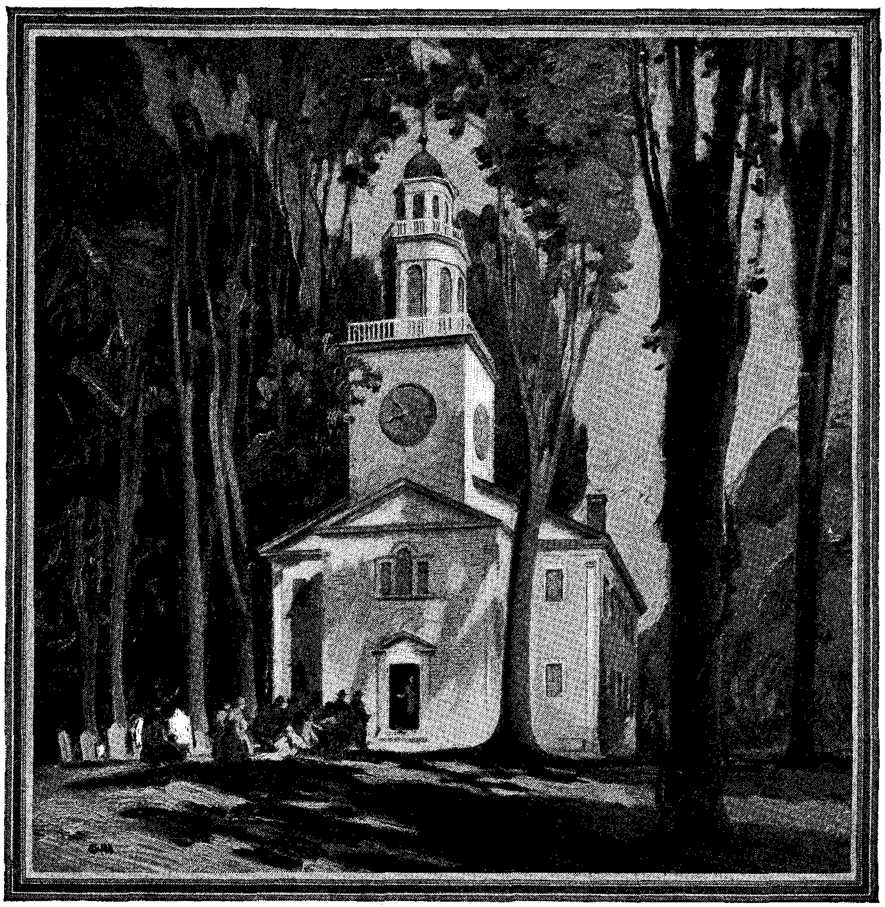
"Who are they operating on now?" inquired a nurse of an orderly.

"A poor fellow who had a golf ball knocked down his throat," was the reply.

"Oh," said the nurse. "And who's the man waiting so nervously in the hall, a relative?"

"No," said the orderly, "that's the golfer; he's waiting for his ball."—*Boston Transcript.*

Reading Her Own "Obit."—This desire for omission does not always spring from the same source, however, as did the ideal express by a chronicler of an older generation who declared that a lady's name should only be published twice in her life—when she was married and when she was buried.—*From an article in the Saturday Evening Post.*



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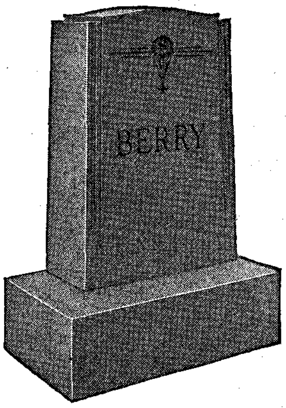

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

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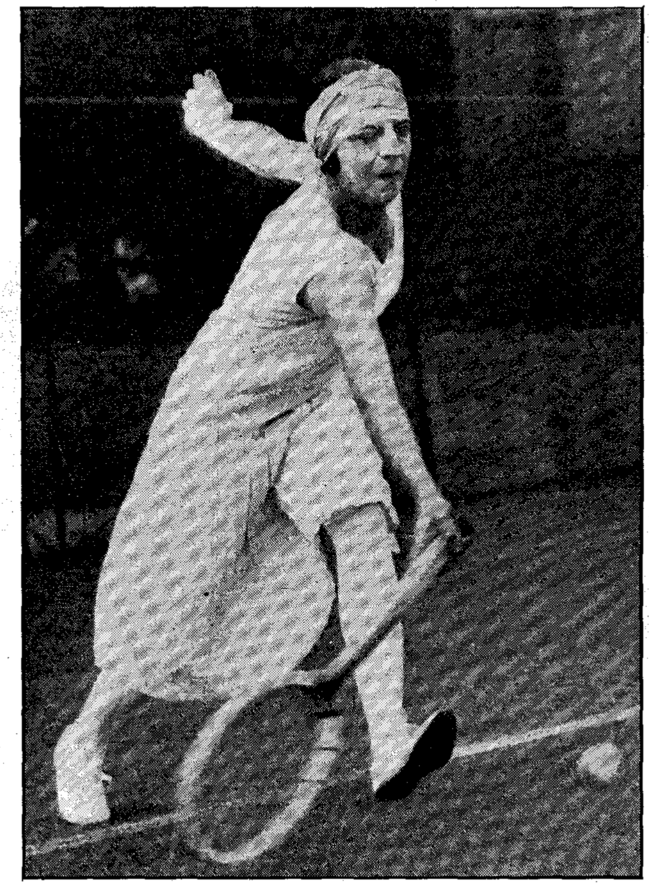
MISS HELEN WILLS



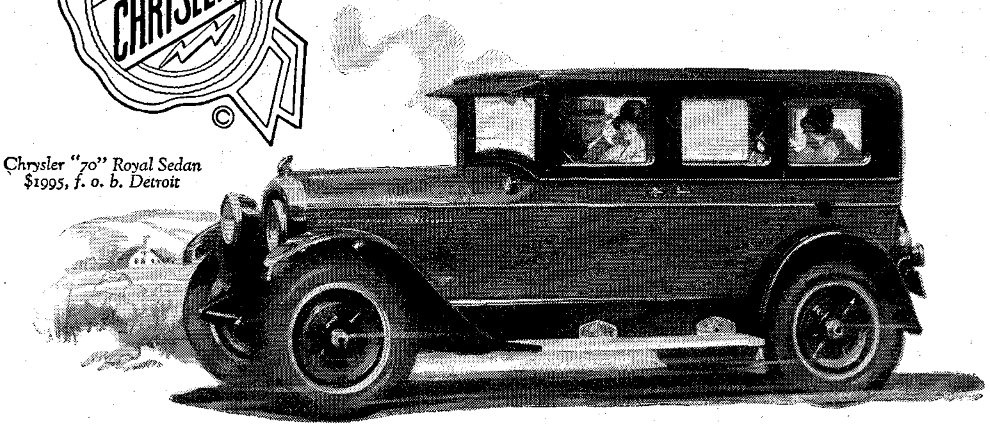
MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN

TEMPERAMENT AT THE TENNIS NET

WHETHER THE SOUL OF AN ARTIST can be coerced into "playing the game" is a question that the psychologists are debating, apropos of the great Lenglen-Wills imbroglio. Can one have what is known as "temperament," and yet subdue one's spirit to the stoical serenity included in the attitude of a "good sport"? And should not allowance be made for Gallic vivacity, on the ground that it can not be expected to emulate the insouciance of Anglo-Saxon phlegm? These are questions that champions of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen and Miss Helen Wills respectively have been discussing with fiery animation apropos of the French champion's victory over her American rival at the Riviera tournament. The tendency among American critics has been to decry Mlle. Lenglen's sportsmanship, while admiring her tennis, and to praise the imperturbability of Miss Wills. But a new note has been creeping into the chorus lately, and signs are not wanting of a more indulgent appreciation of the impulsive Frenchwoman's emotional instability. "Nobody would expect an artist to paint if he didn't feel in the mood," remarks Mr. Vincent Richards in the New York *World*, and he adds that Suzanne "is an artist on the tennis court, and, perhaps, it is not too much to allow her the privilege of an artistic temperament." This comment is quoted with approval by Mr. Heywood Broun, ever eager to champion the unpopular, and he writes:

> This seems to me an understanding attitude. The French girl has been very severely criticized by most American commentators on athletics, because she is, as they say, a bad sport.
>
> I suppose she is, but that does not alienate my sympathies. Very much that goes into the popular concept of the sporting ideal is not at all down my alley. The phrase "a good sport" makes me prickle almost as much as that other favorite "a good soldier."
>
> And there is an essential similarity. A man or a woman is called "a good soldier" when he sinks his own desires, perhaps his very beliefs and ideals, in order to conform to some line of conduct imposed from the outside. According to the Army standard, Colonel Mitchell was not a good soldier because he blurted out the charges he had to make instead of proffering them politely and secretly so that they might be strangled quietly.
>
> In other words, being a good soldier or being a good sport is not instinctive. Both attitudes must be artificially fostered. I don't present that as necessarily an indictment. The heroine in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" records that "Dr. Froyd said that all I needed was to cultivate a few inhibitions and get some sleep." Until the world is well within the city limits of Utopia, all of us must tincture our conduct with tradition and some of the restraints which it imposes.
>
> Readily enough, I will grant that there are situations in which it may be essential for the individual to become "the good soldier," even tho it sickens him. Certainly, in times of peace this necessity should not be constant. But sport is play and ought to be more free. It is to get release from inhibitions that men swing niblicks savagely at golf balls tethered in the sand. Many a one is able to deal kindly with those about him because he has just satisfied his inner urge to be powerful and destructive through slashing great divots out of nice green turf. Games seem to me the very activity in which the participant should follow his natural inclinations. Why shouldn't losers grumble and winners swagger? Games are substitutes for bloodier conflicts, and if you drain out of them all rudimentary emotion, the purpose of the effort is all but nullified.
>
> Chief of all the charges against Suzanne Lenglen is that she doesn't like to lose. Who does? Many have cultivated and perfected the facile hypocrisy of pretending not to care, but cut

CHRYSLER



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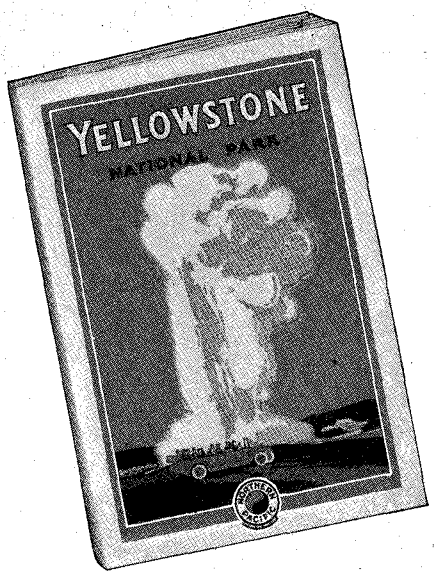

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

the heart out of the most flamboyantly chivalrous and you'll find as much bile in it as Lenglen ever showed under adversity. And since sportsmanship is so often the thinnest of veneers, I can't be moved to believe that it is important.

Becoming reminiscent, Mr. Broun continues:

I saw Lenglen lose to Molla Mallory at Forest Hills, and instead of anger against the defaulting French woman, I felt sympathy. To my eyes she was truly sick. Granted that the illness was psychic, it was no less real. Our tradition would have impelled her to face the flood of disaster, even tho it killed. She could be carried off the court with honor, but it was a monstrous thing for her to stop while it was still within her power to walk.

That seems to me less than sensible. In defaulting Lenglen may have taken something away from the triumph which rightfully belonged to Molla Mallory. Since the match ended as it did, the victor could not have all the fun of knowing, and having the world know with her, that in fair tennis combat she had defeated the finest woman player yet known in the history of the game. But the fact is that Lenglen was and is by far the better player. It was another factor which downed Suzanne. Molla had ample material with which to exalt her own ego. Her triumph was one of character, which is just as valuable as tennis proficiency.

Mrs. Mallory defeated Lenglen by overawing her. The fierceness of the Norse woman's attack sent the visitor into a panic. She was far from home and frightened. The cough which clutched the throat of Lenglen came directly out of malicious animal magnetism which Molla slammed across the court at her adversary. It was as if the loser felt those strong and determined fingers around her neck. She admitted that she was, for that afternoon, licked and humiliated, and did not ask Mrs. Mallory to prove a fact which was quite evident.

That seems to me as frank an indication of surrender as need be required. In golf one does not play the bye holes, and to prolong this particular tennis match can hardly have served to change the result. Only those bloody-minded fight fans who howl in rage when a towel is thrown into the ring could have wanted to see more of this particular encounter.

But my partizanship of Lenglen goes much farther than this. If she meets Helen Wills, I sincerely hope the French girl wins. She is by such a margin so much more the romantic figure. Suzanne has now engaged in tennis tournaments for many years and has wholly escaped the blight which falls on most veteran performers. She has never become a good sport nor yet an athlete. Mademoiselle Lenglen never once suggests the wholesome outdoor girl. She keeps her pallor even in the middle of the most strenuous campaigns. Her health is by no means annoyingly excellent.

Reporters have been often moved to speak of Helen Wills as the possessor of a poker face. That term is less than happy. It represents careless observation of true gambling countenances. Immobility I associate only with minor players. The true geniuses in any game of chance are

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visibly swayed by emotion. They would be less than great if they always functioned with their fires banked.

I have no doubt that Miss Wills is a young woman of much charm, but from the pictures in the Sunday papers it is hard to escape the impression that she is most markedly wholesome. That charge can not be made against Mademoiselle Lenglen. Even on the court she seems like one who for a little while plays truant from lights, music, gaiety and the pace which kills. She moves through one of the most exacting of all strenuous games and remains in appearance morbid.

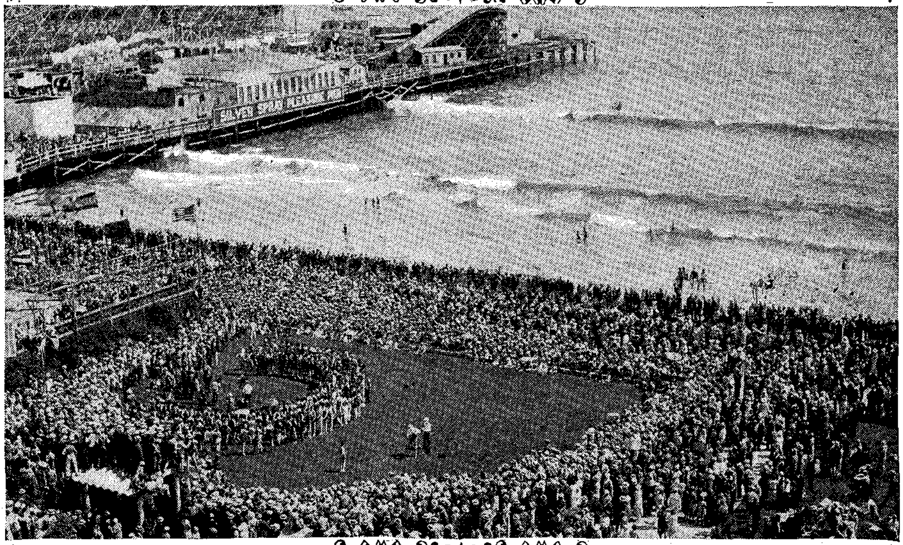
That is a triumph. And it has significance. Many cover court better than Lenglen. Helen Wills can slam a ball with greater power. Suzanne has made a trick of tennis. It is not exercise when she plays, but a subtle game. There she stands, every inch a Borgia, even tho God's bright sunlight and cleansing winds seek to make her one of nature's noblewomen.

When Lenglen wins, the spectator goes away impress by the finesse and shrewdness of which the human mind may be capable. He does not say, "Ah, yes, after such an exhibition of physical prowess I must take thought and do my daily dozen each morning, at the same time being much more cautious in the matter of nicotine and alcohol."

No, indeed. Suzanne is the finest of all champions, for she wins and wins and still avoids the reproach of being an ideal or good example to any one.

In a more orthodox vein is the sympathy for Miss Wills voiced by "Uncle Dudley" in his leading editorial in the Boston *Daily Globe*, thus:

> If placid Helen Wills does not contract a fine case of nervous prostration on the Riviera, she will be extremely fortunate. Since she set foot in France a whirlwind of publicity and intrigue has enveloped her, and it happens that she is the most unsophisticated of athletic champions. In spite of the number of tournaments she has won, she has campaigned very little, her game being kept up by play against men at the University of California, where she is a student. No other woman ranked in the first ten has been so seldom away from home.
>
> She is now in the sportiest atmosphere known to the world at this season of the year. It is dominated by the wheel at Monte Carlo and diversified by rich idlers from everywhere and nowhere, who gather to amuse themselves without being troubled by any Puritanical list of don'ts. If the great match comes off the player on the other side of the net will be the most experienced of women and the best technician ever known to the game of tennis. In addition Suzanne Lenglen is a native and the favorite daughter of that region. She is also the most successful athlete of France.
>
> It is no wonder that Miss Wills cabled to New York for advice from the tennis moguls when she found the extent of the betting on her match and heard of the $100,000 for which the film rights had been sold. The young Californian had been upset by the story of expensive costumes said to have been presented to her by a famous Parisian designer for the advertisement. A rumor has circulated that she was writing, contrary to the amateur rule, of events in which she was playing, and there has been a great squabble over what make of tennis balls is to be used. It is generally believed on the Riviera that many of the tennis cracks are subsidized



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Value of Agricultural and Livestock Products (1925)	$84,134,744
Value of Citrus Products (1925)	23,241,503
Oil Production (1925)	150,000,000 bbls.
Harbor Imports (1924-25)	4,136,799 tons
Harbor Exports (1924-25)	18,131,622 tons
Total Harbor Tonnage	22,268,421

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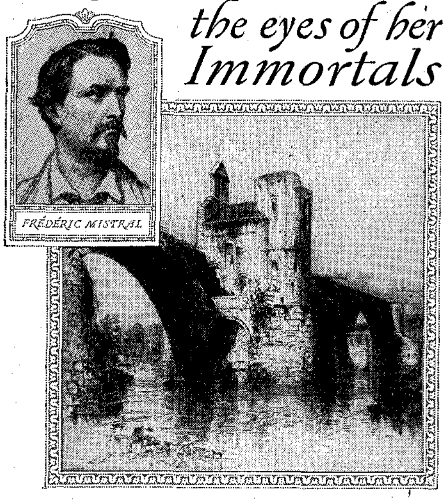
FRANCE through the eyes of her Immortals



"Empire of the Sun ··· of Solace and of Cheer · Whose very name brings joy into the World"— "Poème du Rhone"-Mistral

The Rhone hurries gaily through Provence, the land of the Troubadours. Through old Avignon, City of the Popes... under its Bridge of St. Benazet, famous for the "farandoles" danced above it. Past Nimes with its impressive Roman arena and on to Arles built in the time of Caesar.

Then down to the Riviera! Where the Corniche road twists fantastically far above the sea. And above that? Dazzling peak upon peak of snow clad mountains. And little towns frantically clutching the towering rocks.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

by the manufacturers of balls, so that pressure will be brought on club managers when they decide what make to use.

All over the world, says "Uncle Dudley," the male of the species is snickering at the spectacle of these two young women about whom there is so much excited talk, and—

> The men are saying that it shows how incapable women are of give and take, how lacking in the spirit of true sport. On the other side, a growing number of women interested in the physical development of girls are wondering if this is not an object lesson, teaching that low visibility is essential to any proper conduct of athletics for girls. Most of the trained women physical directors are determined that they will have no part in creating an overemphasis on sport for girls, such as has served to cast doubts upon the elaborate structure of intercollegiate athletic competition for men.
>
> If this were really a women's party there might be reason for sneers on the one side and anxiety on the other. Only it most emphatically is not a women's party. The fiasco at the West Side Tennis Club, New York, in 1921, when Mrs. Mallory led Mademoiselle Lenglen in an unfinished match was arranged by men. There was a dollar motive, which demanded that the French champion play, even tho she was not in proper condition to stand any such strain. A new stadium had been built and the interest on it had to be paid.
>
> The proceedings at Cannes are under male domination. The bright idea of selling the film rights was a man's idea, so was the notion of getting players to insist on certain brands of balls. When Miss Wills felt obliged to refer the situation to American advisers, she communicated with a body absolutely controlled by men.
>
> Almost all the women's colleges are afraid of an extension of competitive athletics, and many of the schools for girls feel the same way. They mistrust a tradition which men and money have combined to make. Some of the women golfers are now taking a stand in which they lay claim to the direction of their own affairs. Good luck to them!
>
> For a girl who is to take her place in the world there is much to be learned in team play and competition. But there is no reason why the women should not endeavor to avoid some of the mistakes into which men have fallen. Fortunately for them there is a prospect that the amount of attention focused on any particular event in which women are concerned is likely to diminish with the increase in the number of competitions and participants.
>
> The women now prominent in the arena are pioneers. They are subjected to the strain inevitable for those who are in the advance. Bewildered Miss Wills expressed her surprize the other day at the amount of fuss people were making. She said that no one seemed to think she had any fun playing tennis. She is not having much fun now as she goes through the fire. But, if she maintains her poise, she will accomplish much for girls all over the world.

Some idea of the gambling involved in the Riviera playing may be gained from this passage in a Cannes dispatch to the New York *World*:

> A Greek syndicate which for three years

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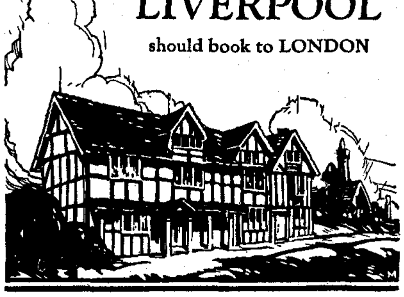

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has ruled supreme over the baccarat tables at Deauville and Cannes announced to-day it has 5,000,000 francs it is willing to wager on Mademoiselle Lenglen against 1,000,000 francs on Miss Wills.

Even money in small and large amounts that the California girl does not win five games in two sets, is the most frequent bet.

Both Miss Wills and Mademoiselle Lenglen have showed great annoyance on learning of the reports of the heavy betting, but Helen, with her usual philosophy, remarked to the guests at a tea:

"I suppose you can not prevent gamblers from betting on anything. But it seems rather incongruous that the tennis activities of two young women are treated like a race-track feature or a boxing match."

WHY GREEK ATHLETES LEFT NO WORLD RECORDS

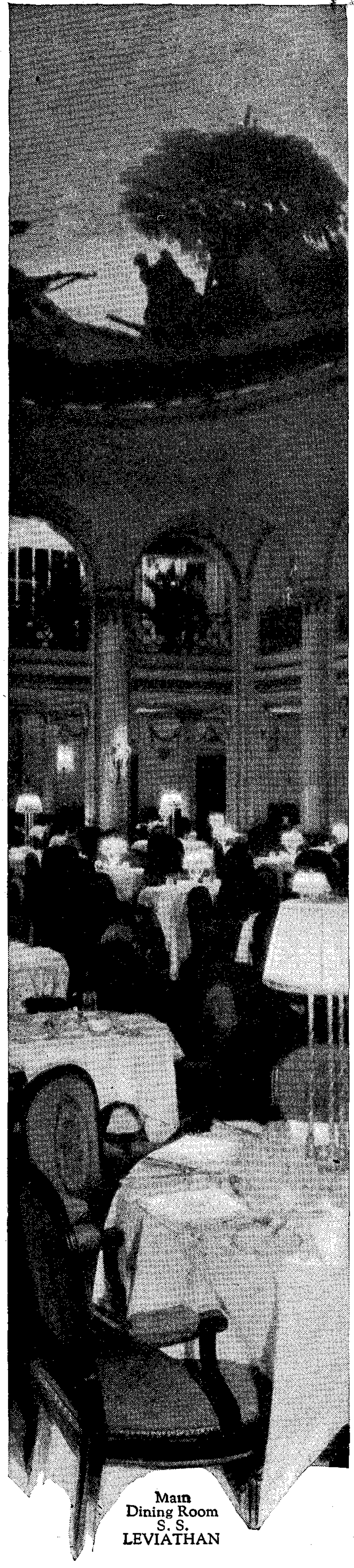
WHAT was the ancient Greek record for the 100-yard dash? What was the best time of the Athenian champion mile-runner? How far could their crack discus-throwers hurl that justly celebrated missile? Alas! We do not know, for they left hardly any records of their athletic feats to come down in the pages of history and stimulate the athletes of to-day. Concerning which Carl Shoup reminds us in the New York *World* that practically every able-bodied Greek participated in some kind of sport. And he says that a clue to the mystery was given in the remarkable collection of pictures of Greek athletes shown by the Metropolitan Museum of Art recently. From these we can see, he tells us, that the ancient athlete worshiped what to-day we call "form" and "style." He thought so much of these, in fact, that he continually sacrificed speed and distance for the sake of conventional, artificial ways of doing the feat. Developing this theme, Mr. Shoup continues:

For instance, there is a bronze statuette which shows a Greek sprinter waiting, ready for the starting signal. But the position of his feet would seem absurd to any modern coach. The feet are so close together that the runner must have been quite cramped in his effort to get off to a speedy start. This, however, was the "correct" style, in fact; it was so strict a rule that the starting place on the track was marked by two parallel grooves, just a few inches apart. The sprinter had to stand in these marks.

This is just a sample of the restrictions imposed upon the ancient athletes, which are illustrated clearly by the pictures and the writings that have come down to us.

The four main track and field events for the Greeks were the foot races, the broad jump, the discus, and the javelin throw. In each of these there was some peculiarity of style which had to be strictly complied with, and which must have hindered any Hellenic hero rashly aspiring to make record-breaking achievements at the cost of formality.

This love of form was shown particularly in the broad jump. Under modern rules the jumper can land with one foot behind the other, or with feet close together or somewhat apart, just as he pleases, without being disqualified. But the ancient Greek broad-jumper had to come to earth with both feet neatly paired together, or the whole effort would count for nothing. "No jump was allowed to be measured," according to E. N. Gardiner in his work, "Greek



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These three should be used together. They give the "Complete Mennen Shave," than which there "ain't no better." Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)

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Watch for next contest in an early issue.

The QUESTION:

For what special reason do you use talcum after shaving?

Mail your reply to The Mennen Company, *Jim Henry Contest,* 373 Central Ave., Newark, N.J.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Athletic Sports and Festivals," "unless the impress of the feet was regular, says Philostratus, meaning thereby that if the jumper fell or stumbled or landed with one foot in advance of the other, the jump was not counted."

Another peculiarity about the Greek method of broad-jumping, as compared to the modern manner, is the fact that it called for only a short, springy run of a few steps before the "take off" board was reached instead of the long sprint which the modern athlete uses to get up speed. The Greek broad-jumper took off in the same way the high-jumper does to-day. We do not know for sure that this was another iron-bound rule of form, but it seems logical to believe that if the Greek had been striving after distance alone, without regard to the niceties of style, he would have discovered and adopted the modern method.

Many of the pictures show broad-jumpers using jumping weights, one in each hand. They weighed anywhere from two to six pounds, and, when swung with correct form, actually helped the jumper attain greater distance. That is one aid toward record-breaking which the modern athlete has discarded.

The most radical difference between the Greek rule of form for form's sake, and the modern "free style" can be seen in the discus throw, says Mr. Shoup, and he adds:

The famous statue known as Myron's Diskobolos illustrates the handicaps the Greeks were under. Here the athlete is at the start of his preparations to make the throw. We would naturally expect that the next move would be to swing completely around, as is done to-day, allowing for a more powerful heave. But, instead, the Hellenic athlete was limited to taking one or two steps forward before letting the discus go. No turning was allowed; if the would-be champion could not get results according to the peculiar style ordained, he was not considered to be of first-class caliber.

This form was adhered to at first when the Olympic Games were revived in Athens in 1896, but Americans who introduced the "free style" as used to-day got more distance in their throws.

Another example of the Greek disregard for mere time and distance records is furnished by their javelin-throwing events. One of the favorite sports was hurling the javelin, not for distance, but at a target. Any one who has seen javelin-throwing as practised in the high schools and universities to-day can realize what a difference that rule must have made, and how difficult it must have been to develop a style that would lead to accuracy. But the Greeks also had the distance event as we know it now.

Pictures on vases reveal another difference between the Greek style for the javelin and the present-day form. The ancients always had a leather thong, a foot or eighteen inches in length, fastened near the center of the javelin. This throwing thong was evidently not only an additional style requirement but also an aid for achieving distance on the throw. Modern rules do not allow any auxiliary attachment of this kind. There is a wrapping around the center of the spear to allow a place for the hand to grip it firmly, but that is all.

The Greeks were very strict about stepping over the mark while making the throw. They likewise had ironbound rules about "out of bounds." And we read further:

Many other peculiarities of Greek athletic style are shown by the vases, but perhaps the most startling of all are those numerous drawings which show the athlete performing to the music of a flute. We have pictures of brawny discus-throwers and broad-jumpers going through their events, while close by stands a musician in flowing robes, blowing earnestly on a flute as if it were quite the usual thing to do. What material advantage, if any, was gained by this, no one can know. The pictorial records, however, indicate that music of this sort was a common accompaniment of all athletics.

Some of the best examples of Hellenic art that have been preserved show the favorite Greek sport of wrestling. Many of the pictures do not reveal the exact form or style used, but from writings of that time it has been ascertained that the greatest importance was attached to grace and skill. Merely throwing your opponent with a resounding whack upon the canvas—or ground—was enough to fetch frenzied cheers from the spectators; it had to be done correctly and in good style.

Boxing, too, evidently had its strict rules. In none of the pictures is there a representation of a body blow; all the damage is done to the head. It seems that it was not considered good form to strike an opponent anywhere below the chin. Philostratus, according to Dr. Gardiner, wrote that a prominent stomach was really an advantage to a boxer, as it made it less easy for an opponent to reach the face!

Carl G. Merner, track coach at Columbia University, believes this insistence on style and form to have been the distinguishing mark of ancient Greek athletics, as compared with those of to-day.

"The Greeks," says Mr. Merner, "did not care so much as we do for establishing records. Their efforts were not turned wholly in that direction. Instead, they insisted on doing the thing in a certain correct way, and the style was not to be violated merely on the argument that it would add to the distance or the speed.

"To-day there are, of course, certain styles for all track and field events that are widely accepted, but they are often changed, if a change will bring better performance."

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—*Chambersburg* (*Pa.*) *Public Opinion.*

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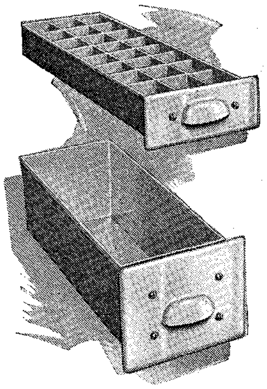

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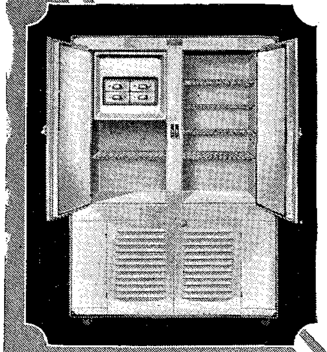

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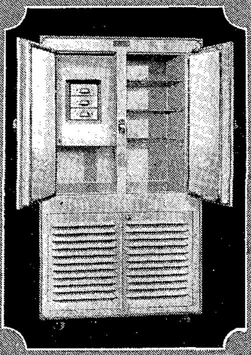

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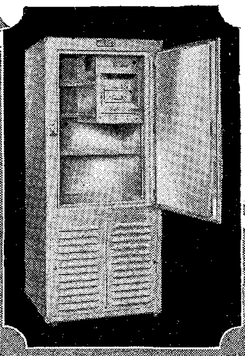

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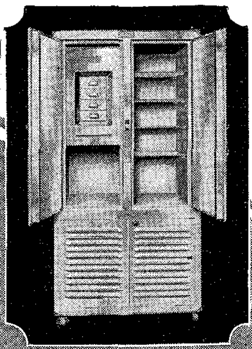

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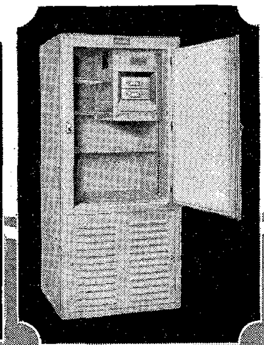

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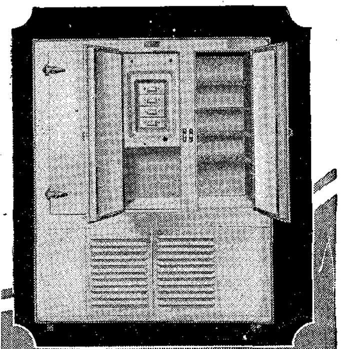

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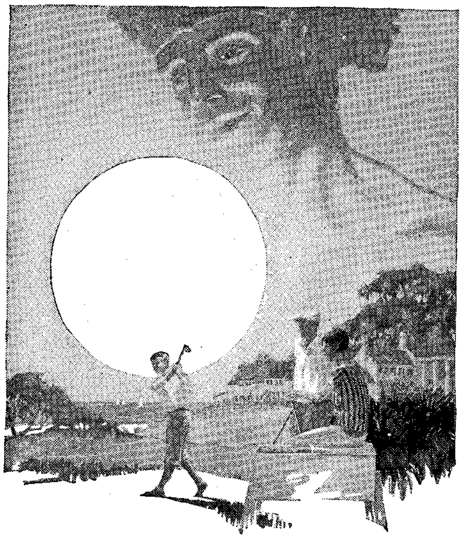

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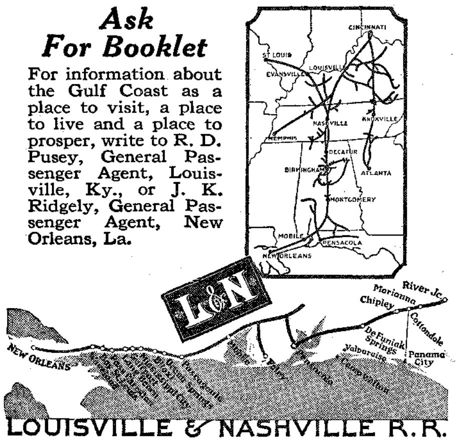

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

THE FIRST FLIGHT OF A NEW-BORN BEE

A WRITER in a recent number of *Reclam's Universum* (Leipzig), Mr. Alfred Schuessler, writes delightfully of a visit paid to a successful bee-keeper, who is evidently not merely a professional, but a devoted observer of the habits of these diligent and profitable insects. The visitor was particularly struck by the orderly entrance and exit of the honey-gatherers, who flew in and out of the hive in such vast numbers that one might have expected the traffic would constantly be balled up. However, the incoming and outgoing goes on with truly marvelous smoothness, rapidity, and efficiency without the aid of red and green signal-lights or a policeman armed with an ear-piercing whistle.

There are, to be sure, certain bees stationed at the entrance as sentinels, whose business it is to keep strange bees from penetrating the interior. Others on duty are the "ventilators," whose function it is to wave their wings so as to provide the hive with fresh air.

But look how the bees come rushing forth from the door . . . they halt a mere second to rub the eyes with the forefeet as if dazzled with the light of day; then they draw their antennas a few times through their cleansing apparatus and dart off, describing first a spiral till they reach a certain height, and then departing swift as arrows to the field of their endeavors. Contrast with this the slow and burdened flight of the heavy-laden homecomers. Among these you may see certain ones bearing upon their legs chalk-white "tights." These garments are made of pollen from the white pines in the wood over yonder, and we know from that that they must have covered a distance of three miles.

Thus spoke the bee-keeper, and when his visitors exprest wonder that such a small insect could find its way safe home from a distance so vast compared with its size, he remarked that bees were capable in covering a distance, going and coming, of three and a half miles or more. He continued by discussing the interesting problem of the bee's orientation, which he ascribes chiefly to memory-training, aided by the sense of smell:

Some authorities have asserted that bees possess a "general sense of direction." Others have spoken of an unknown power possest by bees, enabling them to return to the hive. But there are plenty of cases where these supposed gifts are entirely at fault. If, for example, one takes young bees who have never yet made a return flight to a distance of a few meters from the hive, and then sets them free, they do not find their way back. Or if a swarm is moved to a new neighborhood before the bees have had a chance to explore it, and one then looses a handful of the bees, only a few of them at most will find their way back, and these apparently by chance.

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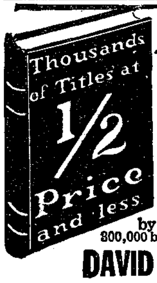

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> Most of them will fly anxiously round about the place where they have been set free, and when I come near them they carefully investigate me from head to feet. They even creep into my clothes where they utter their mournful complaints.

He went on to say that bees whose hive was placed on the shore of a lake when they were carried over the water for a few hundred yards and then thrown into the air, were unable to find their way home. They had never explored the air above the lake, since it had no nectar nor pollen to attract them. According to this observer's experience the bees orient themselves by the training of sight and smell. He went on to say:

> Let us see how the young bees orient themselves! Here is one just eight days old crawling out of the flying-hole at this very moment, to have its first look about the world.
>
> You can tell how young she is by the mouse-gray coat of hair. Daintily she rubs her eyes with her forefeet, like a child who has been put to sleep in a dark room and who rubs his eyes with his fists when his mother opens the shutters. In the meantime the bee draws her feelers through the dainty hair-comb attached to the inner side of the ends of her forelegs, in order to remove any chance particles of dust. For the antennæ are the seat of the most infinitely delicate organs of sense.
>
> Watch now how she orients herself in her immediate neighborhood by means of her antennæ. First she goes up to the sentinels to touch them with her antennæ, thus receiving from them the nest odor; for each hive has its own nest fragrance, by means of which the bees recognize each other. This peculiar smell is derived principally from the queen.
>
> Then the little mouse-gray creature walks back and forth over the flying-board and a part of the front wall, touching it with her feelers. Now look sharp! She is about to make her first flight, like a child taking its first step. See how she expands and contracts the scales upon her back and abdomen; she is pumping the air into the trachea, as we call the countless finely divided air-tubes, which run throughout the entire body of the bee. Now she turns her face toward the exit. Her wings flutter a bit; obviously she is trying out her "driving motor" which is built into her thorax in the form of powerful masses of muscles.
>
> The remarkable power possest by this muscle motor is shown by the fact that a bee is able to carry, besides its own weight, a load equal to three-fourths of the latter. Moreover, in the course of a single hour a bee so loaded will fly a sum total of 12 to 20 miles, and an unburdened bee a distance of 40 miles.
>
> The young bee next executes a rapid vertical vibration of the wings—its body rises in the air and hovers above the flying-board at a distance of a few centimeters. This flight is an anxious, uncertain wavering back and forth, the insect keeping its eye continuously upon the flying-hole. Next it makes preparations for "landing." As you see, the young creature is having some difficulty, for she must estimate the distance. Good, her first flight is an accomplished fact! Doubtless the landing was unskilful and gave her a bit of a jar. But now after a short pause she will undertake her second flight and come off a bit better. She gradually proceeds, after making brief flights back and forth, to the

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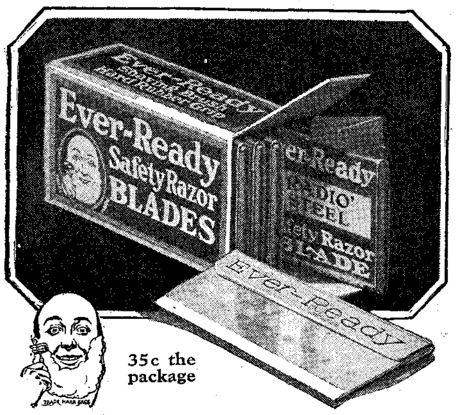
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

making of spirals, and the diameter of these increases with each new flight, but in each she keeps her gaze directed steadily at the hive. The bee-keeper calls this the "prelude." There can be no doubt about it that during these early flights the bee fixes the location of the hive and the flying-hole in her memory, and that the power of orientation is based, therefore, upon an extraordinarily well-developed memory, founded upon vivid impressions and experiences.

In contrast with this hesitating and uncertain flight of the young bees, we are told, is the confident and mathematically certain flight of the older experienced bees, who often land directly in the flying-hole when they come back with their load. It is probable, however, that it is less the hive itself than the surrounding locality which is fixt in the bee's mind, since judging by their conduct they have located the desired place while still high in the air. We read on:

> If, for example, we move the hive merely a hand's-breadth to the right the home-coming bees no longer land directly in front of the flying-hole, but a little to the left thereof—in other words, exactly on the spot where the flying-hole previously stood.
>
> And this former location of the flying-hole is so deeply graven in the bees' memory that one may see them fly to it even five or six weeks after the removal of the hive. Furthermore, since bees commonly attain an age of only about six weeks of active working time, it is probably correct to say that the location of the flying-hole makes a lifelong impression upon their memories.

The visitors remarked that bees must possess very keen sight, even granted such remarkable memories, to enable them to find their way back so unerringly after such rapid and extended flights. This brought forth the following answer from the bee-keeper:

> The eyes are the chief means of orientation; at the same time they depend more upon their sense of smell when they have arrived in the vicinity of the hive. The three single eyes on the head probably serve to observe near-by objects, while the two facetted eyes on the lateral wall of the head, each of which according to the authority, Von Buttel-Reepen, possesses from 4,000 to 5,000 separate facets, serve rather for distance seeing. The swarm is directed both by the swarming sound and by the nest odor. The former is a sonorous and joyous song which penetrates to a great distance. When the swarm takes possession of a new home one may see at its entrance hundreds of bees vibrating their wings in a lively manner and uttering a contented sort of buzz. The nest smell which is distributed by this fanning motion of the wings and, therefore, serves to guide the rest of the swarm is so strong that even the dull and blunted human nose is able to perceive it. Doubtless all the various objects seen during the flight to the new dwelling are registered in the memory in an exact series, so as to form an unbroken chain.

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PLANT LIFE AS A MINERAL INDICATOR

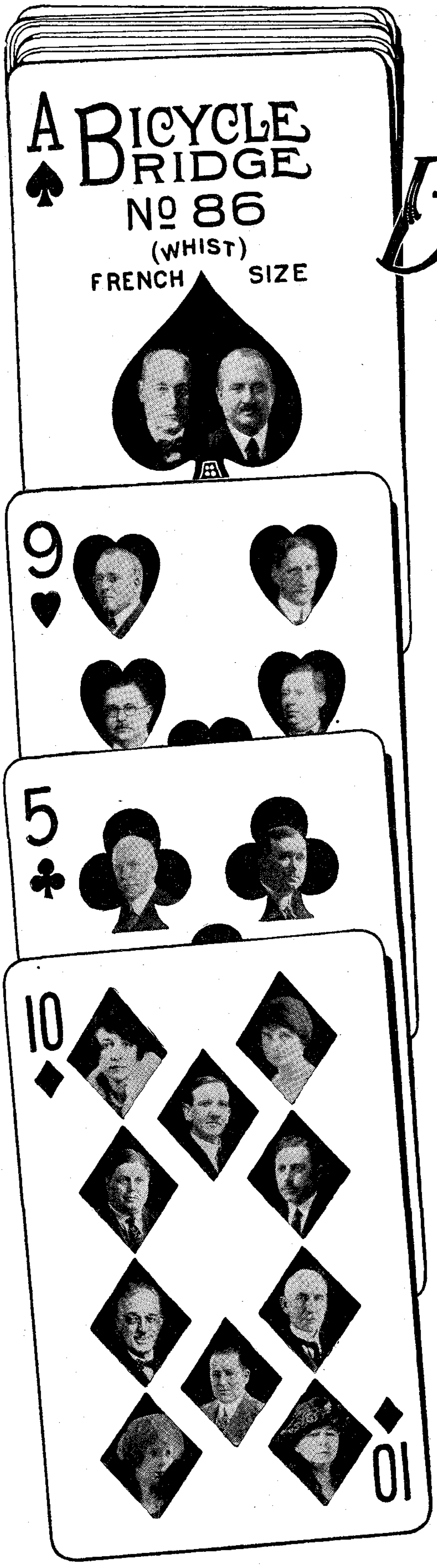
IT has long been known that some plants will thrive on certain soils and refuse to grow on others, but it is only recently that a serious attempt has been made to collect all the known data concerning vegetation, in relation to the earth from which it springs. A comprehensive knowledge of these relations would obviously be of great economic value not only to the farmer, the gardener, and the fruit-grower, but to those who seek to exploit the mineral wealth of the land.

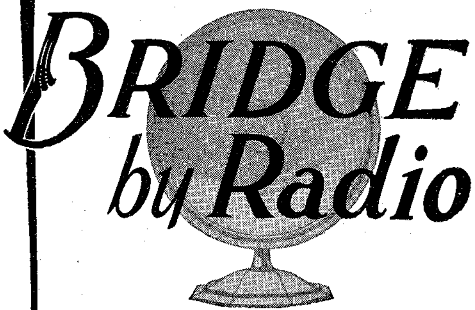
The *Illustrierte Zeitung* (Leipzig) calls our attention to a recent book upon this subject by O. von Lindstow, and gives a résumé of its contents. It is entitled "The Storage in Nature of Metallic Salts and Other Inorganic Compounds in Plants." The author tells us that already we can classify plants as containing and therefore requiring salt, soda, potash, Glauber salts (sodium sulfate), lime, gypsum (calcium sulfate), rubidium, caesium, magnesia or dolomite, epsom salts (sulfate of magnesia), serpentine, beryllium, and the familiar metals, iron, copper, lead, tin, and even silver and gold. Other plants show a marked aversion to various chemical substances, such as lime, salt, or metallic salts. Some of them prefer loam and some a sandy soil. Other groups indicate by their presence the existence of barium, chromium, sulfur, cobalt, nickel, arsenic, alum, nitrogen, carbon, titanium, and so on. To quote:

> There are plants which grow best on black soil, others which like humus, or peat, or pebbles. There are water plants, and thermal plants, as well as those that thrive on arid earth, those that prefer acid soils, and those which alkaline earth best suits.
>
> We are not here concerned [says the reviewer, Mr. R. Hundt], with giving examples of each sort, but will learn, rather, from Mr. Lindstow, his practical conclusions. Thus iodin is found in sea-weed, being present in tang and one or two other plants in quantities of as much as 1 per cent. . . . The sea-water itself is richer in bromin than in iodin, the former is not stored in sea-plants in such large amounts as the latter. The salt plants, too, may be connected with soil-sources which rise through fissures in deep-lying strata of magnesian limestone.

A very significant conclusion is that where one finds within a limited area a variety of "salt" plants, one may expect to find, by searching, deposits of such valuable mineral compounds as those which contain sodium, magnesia, bromium, iodin, chlorin, etc. To quote further:

> To both geologists and farmers it is useful to know that the common thistle always grows on a soil which contains loam, while the coltsfoot is found on a dry soil which contains lime. Many rushes prefer a soil poor in lime, on the other hand.
>
> The sweet cherry offers an interesting example of choice in soils. In the vicinity of Bitterfeld there is a road which runs through alternate stretches of sandy soil and loam, but it is only on the latter that this tree thrives. Summer plants which





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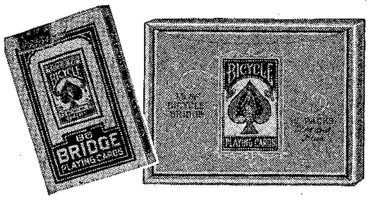

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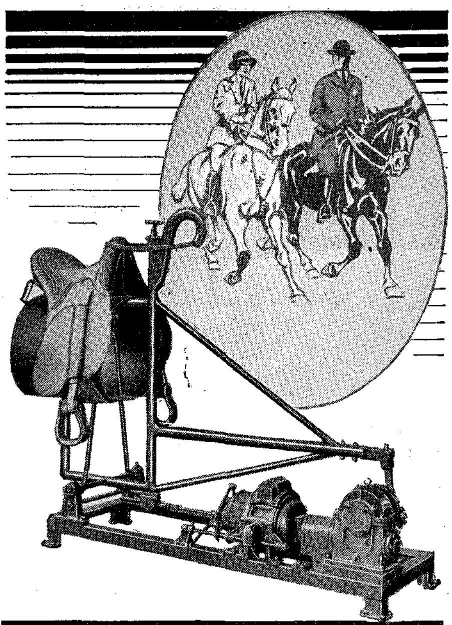

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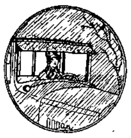

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

show the presence of lime in the soil include lucerne and esparcet, and the same thing is indicated in the fall by the gentian and the scabious, and all-the-year-round by the sloe. Where the wall-rue appears, we can count on the presence of lime in the subsoil. Investigations as to the relation between the birch and the presence of iron in the soil are not yet concluded.

A very curious fact, which might be useful, conceivably, in a case of medical jurisprudence, is that the common mold, when growing upon substances which contain arsenic, gives off a peculiar odor resembling that of garlic. Plants such as the willow, the alder, and eucalyptus may indicate the existence of underground bodies of water, useful to pioneers. To conclude:

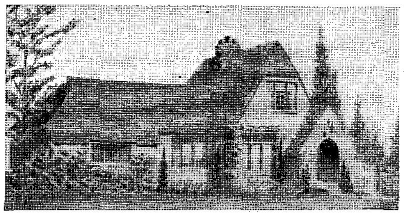
Finally, undesirable plants may be exterminated in some cases by noting their mineral dislikes. Thus to many algæ copper is a poison, while the holly abhors lime. Some of the water-plants offer proof that the streams near which they grow are pure and wholesome. The South African Boers, for example, rely on the "water-thorn" as a sign of pure water.

RIGHT- AND LEFT-HANDED FOSSILS

A FOSSILIZED skull recently found in London has been pronounced by Prof. G. Elliot Smith of University College to be that of a left-handed woman. This statement has given rise to wide-spread incredulity, and even derision. Later, Professor Smith pointed out the definite evidence, provided by the skull, of the reversal of the normal asymmetry of the brain case, and the reasons for associating this reversal with the condition of left-handedness. He now writes as follows in *The British Medical Journal* (London):

In the winter of 1907-08 Prof. Wood Jones and I investigated the significance of this reversal, accepting as the criterion of right- or left-handedness, respectively, the observation whether the right or the left humerus was the longer and stronger. In the cranium I found that the impressions upon the bone were reversed in those cases where the left humerus was longer and more robust than the right.

The question has been raised by several critics as to the validity of these inferences from the size of the humeri as indications of right- or left-handedness. Since 1845, when Arnold raised this problem for consideration, an extensive literature has accumulated from repeated discussions. An admirable summary by the late Professor Gaupp was published at Jena in 1909. He summarizes the researches on the question of the excess in length of the left or right arm, and shows that these differences are usually associated with left- and right-handedness, respectively. However, he calls attention to the fact that at the time of birth the length of the bones in the two arms is identical. Occasionally it happens (in people whose occupation compels them to exercise the left arm more than the right) that a person with a congenital



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tendency to right-handedness may have longer and stronger bones in the left arm. This is altogether exceptional, and should not be allowed to discredit the clear inference from a large mass of evidence that the length of the arm-bone in the great majority of cases is a safe indication of right- or left-handedness.

During the course of his work in Nubia in 1907 Prof. Wood Jones attempted to correlate his observations on the skeletons of the ancient inhabitants of Nubia with the conditions found in living Egyptians, and he discovered that in right-handed living people the left clavicle was longer and thinner than the right. Then, proceeding to examine the bones in the skeletons, he found in those cases where the right humerus was longer and stronger than the left that the left clavicle was longer and thinner than the right. Moreover, he found that when the condition was reversed the left humerus was then the bigger bone. He regarded this as a confirmation of the use we had made of the humerus as an indication of right- or left-handedness.

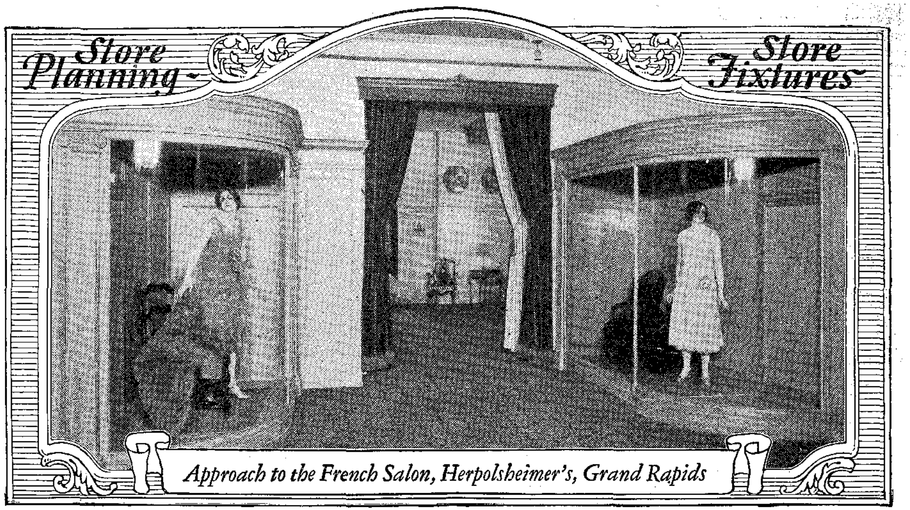
The asymmetry of the brain associated with this asymmetry of the limbs is not restricted to modern man. It is characteristic of the human family as a whole, and it seems to be one of the distinctively human traits revealed in most of the known fossil material. The asymmetry of the brain is as old as the human family itself, and is a fundamental character distinguishing man from all other members of the order Primates.

Attempts have been made in the past to determine whether extinct members of the human family were right- or left-handed, by a study of the implements made by these people. But so far as I am aware no one has attempted to solve this problem directly by a consideration of the fossil remains of man himself. The evidence of asymmetry of the brain to which I have called attention throws a light on this problem that is much more reliable than any inference which can be made from man's handiwork.

The question naturally suggests itself whether there is any trace of asymmetry in the anthropoid apes. Altho the two cerebral hemispheres in the apes are approximately symmetrical, some interesting facts suggest the remarkable conclusion that the bones of the right arm are longer than those of the left arm in the gibbons and orangs (as in man), but the bones of the left arm are the longer in the chimpanzees and gorillas. Tho there is no obvious asymmetry of the brain, there seems to be in the anthropoid apes an instability that affects the symmetry of the limbs, altho neither the right nor the left is so definitely selected as in the case of the vast majority of human beings.

It is of some interest to note that B. S. Parson, in his book "Left-handedness" (1924), came to the conclusion that the ocular dominance—that is, the use of one eye for fixation—determines both cerebral dominance and the "handedness" of the individual.

In all these discussions it must be remembered that even if the right- or left-handedness does not make its appearance until well on in the first year of life, it is due to congenital tendencies that manifest themselves at this relatively late time. It must also be remembered that these congenital tendencies may in many cases be overcome to a considerable extent by training; so that it is possible to get a brain showing the asymmetry distinctive of left-handedness with limbs which show the conditions usually associated with right-handedness."



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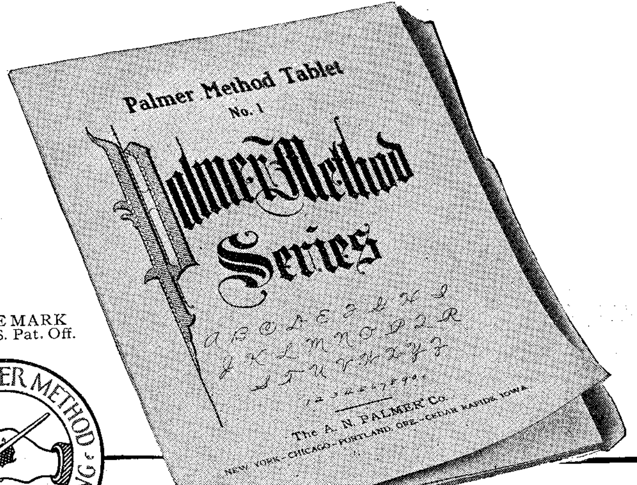

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

LENDING THREE BILLIONS TO WALL STREET

EVER since the Federal Reserve and Stock Exchange authorities announced that hereafter loans on stocks and bonds would be made public periodically, the financial district has been wondering what the first figures would show. The first statements—published this month—do show that our banks are lending at the present time about three billion dollars to Wall Street, a much larger sum than had been expected and, according to the New York *Times*, more than one-tenth of the total loans outstanding in all the banks of the United States included in the Controller of the Currency's report last June. Heretofore, facts of this sort have generally been extorted from reluctant witnesses by investigating committees, but now, observes *The Times*, the information is published "at the instance of the lending banks and the borrowing brokers, for the reader to draw his own conclusions; this shows how far we have moved since the 'money trust' and 'Pujo committee' days of 1912." The fact that total net loans of Stock Exchange members were $3,513,174,154, at the end of January, now gives us, according to *The Wall Street News*, a base line from which to calculate tendencies of this loan account; so that "it will be possible hereafter to determine whether the security loan account is rising or falling." Of course, as several financial writers point out, the Stock Exchange and Federal Reserve totals do not exactly correspond. *The Wall Street News* reminds us that:

> The report of the Stock Exchange showed a total for brokers' loans of $3,513,174,000, compared with $3,091,997,000 reported by the Reserve Board as being loaned by New York member banks to brokers and dealers. The Stock Exchange figure included loans from private banking houses and the agencies of foreign banks, so that the total reported by the Stock Exchange as being borrowed from banks and trust companies is more comparable, and that total is close to the figure reported by the Reserve Board, standing at the end of January at $3,043,044,309. Even these figures could not jibe exactly, except by coincidence, for the Reserve Board figures include loans to brokers and dealers who are not members of the Stock Exchange.

Wall Street was amazed, according to the New York *World*, to learn how extensive is the marginal speculation carried on through the facilities of the Stock Exchange. The loan total of $3,513,174,154, we are told, compares with previous unofficial estimates of $2,500,000,000, and indicates that borrowings by brokers at the height of the boom last fall exceeded $4,000,000,000, as compared with estimates at the time of $2,800,000,000.

Tho these loan figures are chiefly valuable as establishing bases for future comparisons, they also show, says *The Wall Street News*, what we all really know in a general way, namely, that an exceedingly large amount of the nation's credit is being absorbed by the New York securities market. The main question, remarks the New York *Evening World*, "is whether the stock-market speculation is absorbing an undue amount of the country's loanable funds and robbing legitimate trade and business of a fair share, or any share at reasonable rates." There is no doubt, says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, that we are tying up a very large proportion of our actual banking resources in Stock Exchange securities:

> If the board be right in reporting the loans on collateral made by member banks in one hundred principal cities at $5,200,000,000, then it would seem that three-fifths of this huge sum has been used by banks located in this district for the purpose of promoting and carrying on speculative transactions.
>
> Is the $3,000,000,000 or more which is being used in carrying securities of all classes and issues which are in process of distribution too much to use in that way?
>
> After all refinements, allowances, and modifications have been introduced into the figures it will still remain true that a very large percentage of the security loans of the country is to-day being employed for speculative purposes, while it is further true that the security loans of the country are themselves a very large percentage of the total bank lendings. Put in another way this means that the banks as a whole are very deeply involved in speculative loans—far more deeply than ever before.

In some quarters, we read on the financial page of the New York *Evening Post*, it is held that the definite information that such a huge amount of funds is tied up in speculation will result in political agitation in Washington. The total is indeed large, admits the New York *Times*. In fact, it continues:

> It is a little more than one-tenth of the $33,883,773,000 reported by the Controller of the Currency as the total of loans outstanding last June at all banks of the United States from which returns had been obtained. At first sight, this might appear to be wholly unwarrantable concentration of credit in a single market and on a single type of security. It will, no doubt, suggest to many minds the suspicion that bank resources have been placed in stock-market speculation on a wholly unheard-of scale.

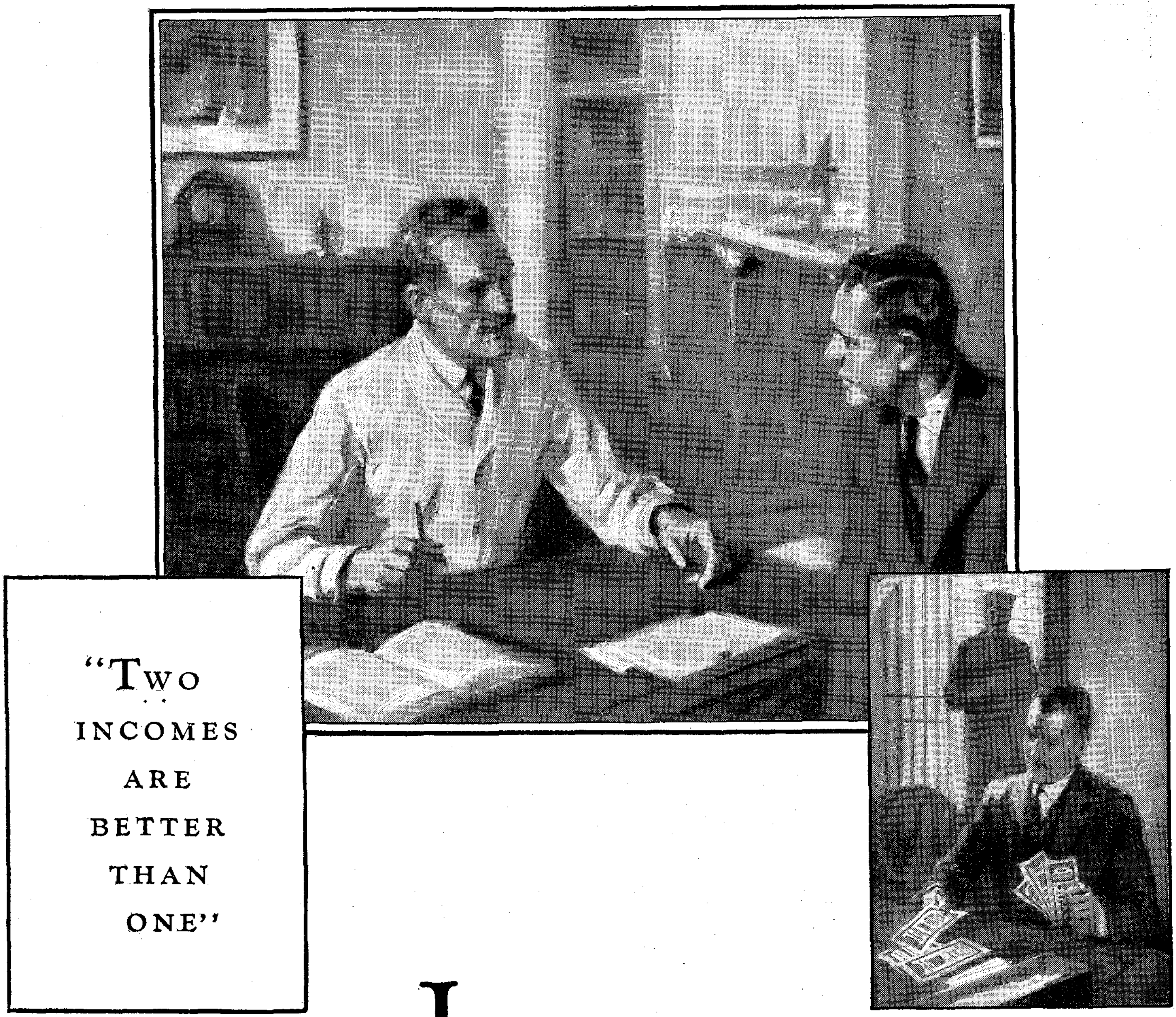
But this newspaper tells its readers that the inference is not so plain as might appear. By no means all of this $3,000,000,000 is being used for speculation. Much of it is being used for strictly legitimate flotation of new security issues:

> The distribution to investors of such issues as last November's $100,000,000 Kingdom of Italy loan, or the $145,000,000 Dodge Motor securities of last April, is effected through sale of the issue in a lump to a syndicate of bankers, by whom it is retailed, so to speak, to individual investors. But purchases of that magnitude require heavy borrowings from the banks, and the borrowings are naturally made on stock and bond collateral. This kind of transaction has its place in the calculations of "brokers' loans," equally with the broker's borrowings for speculative customers.
>
> What the relative magnitude is of the two kinds of uses to which the bank credits are applied, neither the Stock Exchange nor the Reserve Board report gives a definite clue. But the great magnitude of the figures for new security issues, and the fact that the successive issues followed so rapidly on one another's heels, are fairly good evidence that financing of that nature accounts for a great part of the total credits used.

And in making public the Stock Exchange figures, President E. H. H. Simmons of the Exchange makes this explanation to quiet any alarm over the high totals:

> Since the war there has been a marked tendency for partnership enterprises to convert into corporate form and to list their securities on the exchange. Many of the local authorities have likewise called attention to still another interesting and recent tendency in the security loan markets which the present figures perhaps reflect, namely, the increasing corporate practise since 1921 of obtaining working capital by the sale of securities rather than through recourse to banking loans and advances. The loans contracted upon Stock Exchange collateral have thus come to possess both a more completely national usefulness to business and a wider variety of important economic and financial functions.
>
> Since the war, the securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange have experienced a notable increase. Listed stock issues on January 1, 1919, numbers only 612 as against 1,045, on January 1, 1926—an increase of 433 stock issues, or 70 per cent. Similarly listed bond issues have increased between these same two dates from 1,131 to 1,368 issues—an increase of 20 per cent.
>
> If American business continues to prosper as it has in the past few years not only the market value of exchange listings, but also the loans extended on their collateral, must inevitably continue to show a proportionate expansion.

These arguments seem conclusive enough to the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, which thinks "we are simply startled for the moment because we had not realized how much we had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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

grown." And a similarly cheerful view is taken by Moody's Investors' Service:

> Brokers' loans of $3,513,174,154 serve mainly to disclose the importance of the Wall Street market to the American people, and the large and fundamental way in which it contributes to the general prosperity. The petty questions whether these loans are larger than the public thinks they ought to be, and whether somebody is making profit enough to make somebody else envious, ought to be entirely forgotten in the larger truth that there is nothing which contributes so much to national prosperity as a great, free and responsive capital market. There is not a man from Canada to the Gulf, or an industry from Portland to Portland but that benefits from this capital market. If the market is larger and broader, and more beneficial than we thought—so much the better.
>
> Thinking economists and statesmen have known for three centuries that free circulation of capital was one of the greatest aids to prosperity; but unfortunately many of our politicians, and country editors, and voters have not yet found this out. If, however, some one wants to build a great industry in the remotest corner of the United States, it is done through the agency of Wall Street. From everybody, everywhere, savings or new capital flows via savings-banks and national banks and trust companies into the Wall Street capital market, and thence to the newly built industry. The industry obtains this necessary capital by selling its own bonds and stocks in Wall Street; and then it maintains its credit and borrowing power, and its capacity to buy materials and labor on a large scale by virtue of always being able to obtain required capital through the Wall Street stock and bond markets. If we gave more thought to the great national functions of these markets, and less to cheap worthless twaddle about pools and manipulations, we should be a wiser and a wealthier people.

Much the same view is held by W. S. Cousins, who proceeds in his weekly business review for the King Feature Syndicate to call attention to the benefits of the new policy of full publicity for Wall Street loans:

> That full knowledge of speculative borrowings will exercise a constructive influence in the stock and bond markets must be quite apparent to all who have given this subject more than superficial study. Topheavy stock-markets are quite frequently caused by the heedless piling up and pyramiding of speculative purchases on the insecure foundation of borrowed money and paper profits, and could never attain the proportions they do without the employment of a large volume of bank funds. With the present volume of loans as a standard, comparisons of the full amount of speculative loans at various future dates will quickly show whether conditions in this respect are swinging violently or gradually from one point to another; whether banks are compelled to put a large proportion of their loanable funds into speculative employment (call loans are a "last resort" rather than a first choice with many banking institutions) or whether the demands of trade and industry are making heavier calls on the banks for commercial credit. It is an interesting and valuable innovation, and one for which the Reserve bank officials deserve much credit.

WHERE FOREIGN TRADE STATISTICS ARE MISLEADING

TRADE between the United States and certain European countries is not always correctly indicated by the export and import figures, writes Louis E. Van Norman in *Commerce Reports.* This is true for individual countries, for when larger groups, or continents, are considered, there is an evening up. The point is that—

> 1. All American goods actually arriving and sold in any specified country are not always included in American export statistics as going to that country.
>
> 2. All American imports into any particular country are not always included in the statistics of that country as coming from the United States.
>
> Why is this so? It is due, principally, to the fact that, scattered throughout the world, particularly in Central Europe, there are certain points of entry or transshipment which figure as the places of "destination" or "origin" (as the case may be) of goods proceeding from or to the United States. Our customs authorities can not tell just what proportion of the commodities exported to certain ports in Germany and Italy, or commercial centers in the interior of the Continent, are actually intended for those points, and what proportion is to be distributed to adjacent countries. The statistical bureaus of European Governments, on the other hand, do not always know exactly the countries in which their imports originate. Many commodities from the United States are transshipped to certain European countries from different points on the Continent (such distributing centers as Hamburg, Trieste, Vienna, Budapest, and elsewhere), while others come from various European agents of American manufacturers who are located in Berlin, Paris, London, or Vienna, and, accordingly, appear as of German, French, English, or Austrian origin.
>
> Before the war it was a quite general practise for Roumanians, Bulgarians, and Serbs to purchase American goods from German and Austrian supply houses or agents, and this custom has not been abandoned.

Taking the case of Roumania, where Mr. Van Norman represented the Department of Commerce for several years, and considering typewriters as a typical product, he finds that "nearly 50 per cent. of the American machines destined ultimately for that country are still mentioned in our statistics as going to Vienna, Hamburg or Trieste, and not much more than half are credited directly to Roumania. This is typical of the conditions prevailing with respect to numerous other commodities."

A Hot Time.—The fourth annual banquet of the Boosters' class of the First Reformed Church was hell in the church dining-room Wednesday evening, with fifty-four attending.—*From a Marion item in the Columbus (O.) Dispatch.*

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

February 9.—The Spanish airmen, under Commander Franco, who are flying from Spain to Buenos Aires, complete another lap from Rio de Janeiro to Montevideo, Uruguay.

February 10.—Premier Mussolini repeats, in a speech before the Italian Senate, that the Upper Adige, or the South Tyrol, must remain Italian in culture and politics, and says that Italy will not accept discussion of the question in any council.

Germany formally "proposes" her admission to the League of Nations. The application will be passed upon by a special commission of the League Assembly, which will meet probably March 8.

The Spanish transatlantic aviators arrive at Buenos Aires, Argentina, thus completing their voyage of 6,232 miles from Palos, Spain.

February 11.—The Attorney-General of Mexico issues orders that all church property be seized in behalf of the Government, in compliance with the Constitution, which forbids church ownership of real estate or properties and requires that priests and ministers of all denominations shall be native-born Mexican citizens. A number of Spanish priests are arrested.

The German Foreign Office is reported not to feel called on to take further notice of Premier Mussolini's second speech on the South Tyrol, says a Berlin dispatch.

February 14.—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has offered $10,000,000 to King Fuad and the Egyptian people for the erection and maintenance of a museum and archeological institute, according to an announcement made in Cairo by Prof. James H. Breasted, of the University of Chicago.

Fourteen Spanish priests deported from Mexico are not permitted to land in Havana, Cuba, because the Cuban immigration regulations forbid the landing of non-residents of Cuba who have been expelled from another country. The Mexican Government closes a convent in Mexico City and a convent and college at Coyoacan, in line with the declared intention of the Government to enforce the Constitution.

The Central Committee of the Young Communist party of Russia forbids antireligious plays, because they irritate church people.

February 15.—Ambassador Sheffield begins an investigation of the situation in Mexico so far as it affects American citizens resulting from the closing of a Catholic girls' school in Mexico City conducted by Americans.

DOMESTIC

February 9.—The value of the foreign trade of the Philippine Islands in 1925 was $268,610,038, of which $119,732,833 was imports and $148,877,205 exports, showing a trade balance of $29,144,372 in favor of the Islands, according to a cable from Governor-General Wood to the War Department.

February 10.—The Senate adopts the Finance Committee's amendment to repeal the estate tax and to reduce the estate tax rates retroactively, by a vote of

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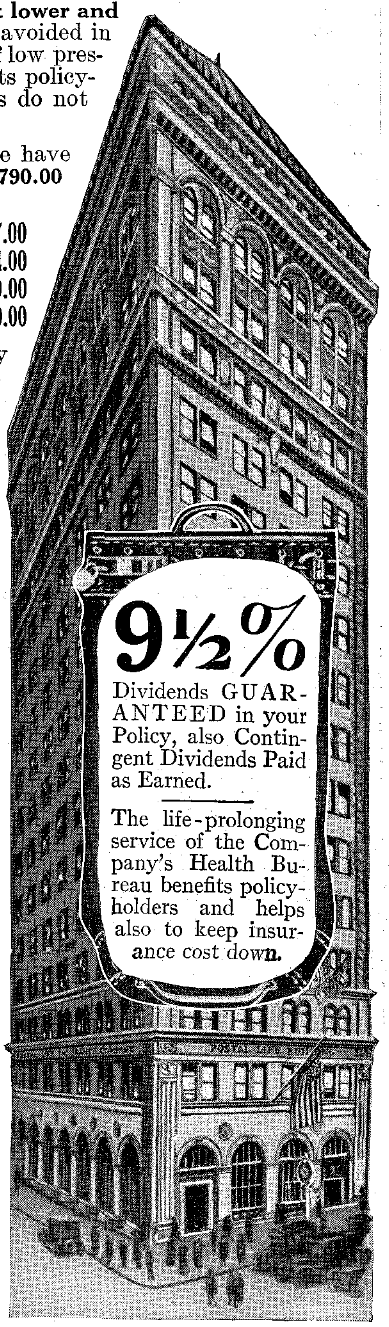

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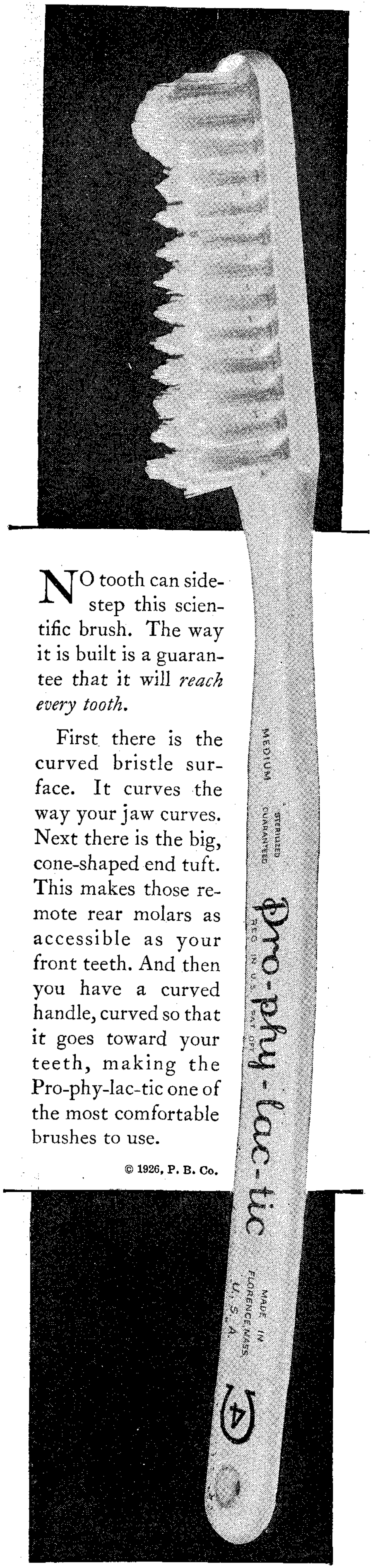

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CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

49 to 26, and increases the reduction of taxes from $352,000,000 to about $451,000,000, by eliminating taxes on admissions and dues, the 2 per cent. tax on automobile trucks and the 3 per cent. tax on automobiles.

Minister MacMurray at Peking demands that the Chinese Government release twenty-six Americans held as hostages by the Kuominchun troops at Sinyang, according to a message received by the State Department.

A formal protest against the Mexican anti-alien land and petroleum laws, said to be similar to that recently made by the United States Government, has been lodged with the Mexican Foreign Office by the British Government, according to a Washington dispatch.

Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago says that he regards Prohibition "as a purely political issue, not affecting the Church or the faith of its membership."

February 11.—Gen. John J. Pershing arrives in Washington from Arica, Chile, where he had been presiding over the Tacna-Arica Plebiscitary Commission. Ill-health forced his return.

The Senate Judiciary Committee orders a favorable report on the recommendation of Senator Walsh that the Aluminum Company of America be investigated.

Attorney-General Sargent announces that the Government has prepared a suit for more than $2,000,000 against the Ocean Steamship Company for the sinking by the coast liner *City of Rome* of the naval submarine *S-51* off Block Island last September. The submarine sank with thirty-three men.

February 12.—The anthracite operators and miners come to an agreement under which the miners are to return to their work at their old wages, and to continue at that rate until January 1, 1927, after which date, and not oftener than once a year, wage and other negotiations may be opened, to be settled by collective bargaining. The agreement is to continue until August 31, 1930.

The Senate passes the tax bill, 58 to 9. The bill carries reductions in revenues variously estimated from $456,261,000 to $463,761,000, cuts said to be too deep to meet the approval of President Coolidge and of Secretary Mellon.

February 13.—The Federal Government files suit in New York to prevent the recently formed National Food Products Corporation from combining control of various food corporations, with itself as a holding company. The company is said already to have acquired some share in the control of food corporations with aggregate assets of more than $160,000,000.

The Free Thinkers' Society brings action before New York State Supreme Court Justice Ellis J. Staley for a writ of mandamus to compel the State Commissioner of Education to stop the dismissal of public-school children during school time that they may attend religious instruction elsewhere.

Senator Edge of New Jersey introduces a bill to eliminate the present limit of one-half of 1 per cent. in the alcoholic content of beverages and to authorize the manufacture of malt beverages which are not intoxicating in fact.

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

agrarianism.—"D. V. R.," Westfield, N. J.—This is the theory or practise of equal distribution of land, or the communal acquisition of land. By extension, the term is used to denote any civil dissension or agitation arising from dissatisfaction with the existing tenure of lands. In Mexico, the Agrarians "are sworn enemies of land ownership, and preach that all land should be divided among the proletariat."

charabia.—"S. McN.," Indianapolis, Ind.—This term, used by Joseph Conrad in his "Secret Agent," specifically means "the patois of the Auvergnats, dwellers in the former French province of Auvergne." Figuratively, the word means "fantastic or grotesque language."

chints, chintz.—"J. C.," New York City.—The preferred form is *chints*. The word came to us from the Hindustani *chint*, and we added the *s*. The form *chintz* is a corruption. It is true that the Concise Oxford Dictionary gives the form *chintz* which the *New Standard Dictionary* gives as a variant, but that is the erroneous form. Murray's *New English Dictionary* states explicitly that the error was not established before the third quarter of the eighteenth century. It says: "At length *chintz*, apparently after words like *Coblentz*, *quartz*, appeared. This error was not established before the third quarter of the eighteenth century. Editors and press-readers intruded it into re-editions of earlier works." The correct form, *chints*, dates back to 1614. The form *chintz* did not come into use until 1663, and then only through error.

inkling.—"L. D.," Montreal, Canada.—Bunyan was not the coiner of this word. The fact is that one hundred years before he was born Sir Thomas More, the author of "Utopia," used the word in his "Treatise on Richard III.," which bears the date of 1513. He used it also a second time in his "Dyaloge" in 1529. Udall made use of it in 1548, and Coverdale also in the year following, but the earliest reference to the word in English literature dates from 1400–1450 in a work entitled "Alexander." In this the word was spelled *nyngkiling*, and it was used in the phrase, "To hear a *nyngkiling*." The meaning "a hint, slight intimation, or suggestion," dates, as stated above, from Sir Thomas More's time, and with the meaning of "a vague knowledge or notion, no matter how acquired," dates from John Heywood's "Proverbs," 1546–1562.

vocabulary.—"W. L. S.," Warren, Ark.—The dictionary definition of *vocabulary* is correct: "The aggregate of words used by a person or found in any collection." The definition does not imply that the "user" must necessarily be a good speller. In fact, there need be no connection between vocabulary and spelling.

One's vocabulary is not to be restricted to the root words. The choice of the fitting word from any given root frequently proclaims the extent of a man's vocabulary more certainly than any mere list of words he might compile. In fact a mere list of words is most misleading; for example, to say that Shakespeare possessed merely "a vocabulary of 15,000 words" is erroneous, altho, it is true that he employed this number in certain of his writings. These words, owing to the flexibility of our language, are employed with one shade of meaning in one place, another in another place, and perhaps even a third or a fourth sense in still other places. The word *art*, for instance, is recorded with four distinct definitions in the dictionary; the first is in turn subdivided into three subdefinitions, the second into four—actually nine distinctions of meaning in this one word.

The word *that*, used as a conjunction, a relative pronoun, or a demonstrative pronoun, if correctly employed should be classed as three words in enumerating one's vocabulary.

The vocabulary of a person or of a dictionary is measured, not by the number of meanings employed by that person or defined by that dictionary, but by the number of root-words *and their derivatives* used by that person or defined by that dictionary, and, in so far as the individual is concerned, he or she may *know* a great many more words than he may use in general conversation.

"R. D. M.," Brunswick, Ga.—In general, words of foreign origin that have become so common a part of the language of large numbers of people in different parts of the English-speaking world as to warrant their inclusion in an English or American dictionary may properly be said to have been incorporated or adopted into the English language. *Garage, hangar, chauffeur* are examples of recent adoption. Numerous native Philippine and Hawaiian terms have become commonplace in the languages of colonists in those islands. The same may be said of Australasian, South African, Indian, and Maori terminology, for as it frequently happens that the employment of such terms is not confined to the colonists but extends to the merchants who may never have visited the regions but who trade with them.

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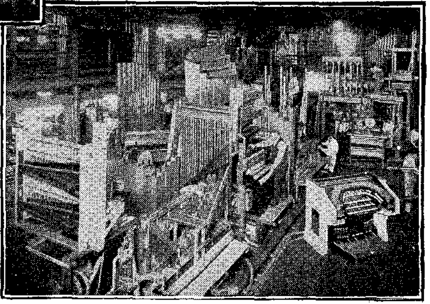
The erecting room in the Kimball Organ Factory accommodates several great organs at one time. The interior of a modern organ is a marvel to the layman. Immense pipes to tiny metal ones are required. The console, with its several keyboards and rows of stops looks intricate, but is simplified for the organist through many inventions.



In the group above—a corner of a great room—are seen many interesting operations in the making of Kimball Pianos. The men are at work on the damper-wire machines, the back-check, rib-shaping, key-lead boring and key-lead driving machines. Few realize the many processes in merely making keys.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Ouch!—OPERATORS, experienced, to sew on shirts. LEVI STRAUSS & CO., 250 Valencia.—*Ad in the San Francisco Examiner.*

Discrimination.—WANTED—Roomers. Students or gentlemen preferred. 27 John street. Phone 1512-R.—*Ad in a Kingston (N. Y.) paper.*

Proud of It.—MARY—"I didn't know Ted had any idea of marrying you."

ANN—"He hadn't—it was entirely my own idea."—*Life.*

Burning the Candle at Both Ends.—Mrs. W. F. Watson of Stearns Street will entertain at a bridge party for a few days.—*Society News in a Connecticut paper.*

Telepathy.—"I can understand how they find new planets, but I can't understand how they get to know their names!"—*Vikingon Aslo.*

Bossy's Helpful Husband.—FOR SALE—Milking Shorthorn bull—Roan—Weight 1750, Record of Merit ancestry. Priced reasonable. A. Zeller, North Liberty.—*Ad in an Iowa paper.*

A Pleasant Investment.—Gus D. Revol, well-known agent of the Cadillac Auto Company, will shortly occupy the handsome Bacher Home, 3504 Napoleon Avenue with his family, which he recently purchased.—*Personal item in a New Orleans paper.*

Prepared for the Worst.—WIFE—"That boy of ours gets more like you every day."

HUSBAND (meekly)—"What's he been up to now?"—*The Humorist (London).*

Boxes Come High.—
MEN'S TIES $1.95
THESE SELL ORDINARILY FOR $1.49. IN INDIVIDUAL GIFT BOXES.
—*From an ad in the Atlanta Journal.*

Getting Rich Quickly.—ONE ACRE IN MURRAY HILL—At Cressent and Lackawanna, 210 feet square, high and dry. This will cut into about six lots and sell at least for $1,000,000 each. Price for quick sale $3,300.00, $800.00 cash, balance 1, 2, and 3 years.—*Ad in a Florida paper.*

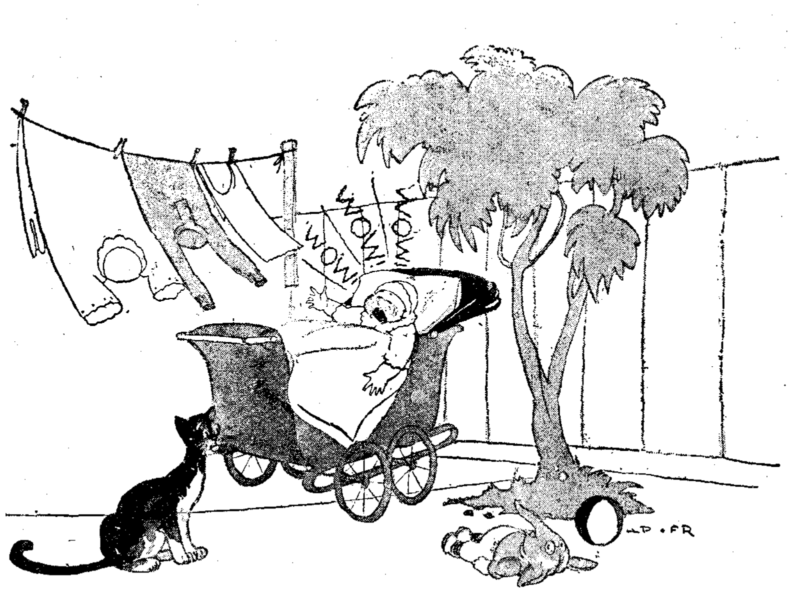
A Mixed Program.—
BAPTIST CHURCH
11:00 A. M.
A Call to Prayer
7:30 P. M.
Indifference Toward Religion and Cordial Welcome to Every Student.
—*Ad in an Alabama paper.*

Concentration.—"When is your sister thinking of getting married?"

"Constantly."—*London Mail.*

Capacious Pockets.—
COTTON ON DISPLAY
Sixteen Bales Produced by Smith County Man in Hotel Lobby.
—*Headlines in a Texas paper.*

An Acrobatic Snapshot.—Photographer Gene Webb who with his son Charles and Dr. Black went to Gatlinburg last week, got a good photograph of the icebound falls on the Roaring Creek road as they made a sheer plunge of seventy-five feet.—*News note in a Tennessee paper.*


WOW!
WOW!
WOW!
L.D. FR

THE CAT: "I suppose he'll get a bottle of milk now, but all I get is an old shoe thrown at me."
—*Collier's, the National Weekly.*

Or Penance?—Sir Harry Lauder suggests that boy scouts should learn the bagpipes. If they do, they should perform an extra good turn daily as compensation.—*London Opinion.*

Choosing One's Customers.—
BABIES
We have FOODS and TOILET PREPARATIONS for INFANTS which are GUARANTEED.
—*From an ad in an Ohio Weather Almanac.*

Ain't Nature Wonderful?—
HONEY
In Cans made by Expert Bees. Pure Honey
2½-pound cans.......... 65c
5-pound cans............ $1.25
—*From a market ad in a West Virginia paper.*

'Twould Require Tact.—Simmons had returned from his vacation.

"I certainly enjoyed the husking-bees," he said to a friend. "Were you ever in the country during the season of husking-bees?"

"Husking-bees!" exclaimed the girl; "why I never heard of that! How do you husk a bee, anyway, Mr. Simmons?"—*The Open Road.*

A "b" Famine.—Eggs covered with oiling water and allowed to stand for five minutes are more digestile than those allowed to oil for three minutes.—*Household item in a South Dakota paper.*

Bridge Runs Wild.—
JAMES BUSHEE AND WIFE
HAVE NARROW ESCAPE
—RUN INTO BY STATE ROAD BRIDGE
—*Headlines in a Pennsylvania paper.*

The Vulgar Tongue.—In Europe, George Ade was presented to a German professor of literature, who asked, "Mr. Ade, have your works been translated into German?"

"No," replied Ade, "they haven't been translated into English yet."—*The Christian Register.*

Frenzied Finance.—The American Motor Rubber Company, Mr. Hoover said, would be a $10,000,000 organization of wild rubber trees.—*From a Washington dispatch in a Pennsylvania paper.*

Where's Mr. Barnum?—A girl with no rouge on her face wins the health prize at Barnard College. Miss Elizabeth Metzger, 2 years old, is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weights 120 pounds.—*Editorial note in a Detroit paper.*

A Whale of a Goat.—Deland—During the year ending January 5, Sheriff Stone, of Volusia county, had seized 9,170 quarts of liquor of the red variety, 1,382 of "shine," 38 stills, 12,000 gallons of buck, five automobiles and a 60-horse-power motor goat.—*Prohibition Enforcement item in a Florida paper.*

The Evidence.—"I don't know whether to become a painter or a poet!"

"Become a painter!"

"Have you seen my pictures?"

"No, but I have read your poems!"—*Dorfbarbier (Berlin).*

The Busy Barber.—
HAD TONSORIAL OPERATION
Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Whitaker motored to Kansas City Wednesday of last week, where the latter entered the St. Joseph hospital for an operation for the removal of tonsils.—*Social note in a Kansas paper.*

Tempting the Appetite.—
WE HAVE EXTRA NICE CATS, Western and Native beefs, Spring Lamb. Try our Western steaks. Sea foods, King Mackerel and oysters. Dressed hens and friars.
Give us a trial.
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—*Ad in a Virginia paper.*